

It is the Taste, the Flavor of

BAKER'S
COCOAThat Makes It
Deservedly PopularRegistered
Trade-Mark

An absolutely pure, delicious and wholesome food beverage, produced by a scientific blending of high-grade cocoa beans subjected to a perfect mechanical process of manufacture.

Made in Canada by

Walter Baker & Co. Limited

Established 1780

Montreal, Can. Dorchester, Mass.



BENGER'S
is the
most easily
digested
Food
obtainable.

It is expressly
devised to be fully
nourishing when
natural digestion
is enfeebled, whether
in infant or adult.

It is prepared with fresh new milk
and forms a dainty and delicious
cream, which fully satisfies "hunger-
faintness," and soothes internal dis-
comfort. Benger's is the safe food
in illness, and in convalescence pro-
motes rapid recovery.

Delicate infants thrive on it.

BENGER'S
Food

For **INFANTS, INVALIDS**
and the **AGED**

is obtainable from all Stores, Grocers, etc.
in sealed tins, price 60 c. and \$1.

A sample with instructive Booklet on Infant and
Invalid Feeding—post free from—
BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Manchester, Eng.
or from their Wholesale Agents in Canada:—
The National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Ltd.,
Montreal or any of their Branches at
Halifax, N.S. Toronto, Ont. Calgary, Alta.
St. John, N.S. Hamilton, Ont. Nelson, B.C.
London, Ont. Vancouver, B.C. Ottawa, Ont.
Winnipeg, Man. Victoria, B.C. Regina, Sask.
180C

When writing advertisers please mention
The Western Home Monthly.

The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XV.

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada.

No. 11.

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three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription
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A Chat with Our Readers

LAST month's issue, containing as it did a wealth of valuable articles and
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reception throughout the West that is most gratifying to us. That our
readers are united in their devotion to the nation's welfare is especially shown
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progress of the war we hope to reproduce such illustrations as will form an
art gallery of the gigantic conflict in which our Empire is now engaged. These
will become rare and historic pictures and should be preserved in every home as
an inspiration and education to the young.

By the time this issue reaches its readers another great Canadian contingent
will be on its way to take their part in the fighting lines. The Western Home
Monthly will especially aim at keeping its readers in touch with the men who
have left our own shores.

Although at the time we write these lines the weather is fine and warm
and in every way typical of a Manitoba autumn, we are busily engaged getting
matter into shape for our Christmas number. We think that our 1914 Christmas
number will be a pleasant surprise to all Western Home Monthly readers, even
though by this time they are accustomed to expect from us more than from
any other publication.

Men prominent in public life both at home and in the Old Country and in
the country to the south will contribute articles and send Christmas messages
to Western Home Monthly readers. Stories, selected from the works of popular
writers, will be a feature, while there will be articles showing how people in
other lands celebrate the day of pleasant memories and happy associations. The
contributors will include distinguished authors, statesmen, and leaders in several
walks of life.

Our regular departments will assume a seasonable garb and be of the usual
high standard of excellence, while Christmas poetry and attractive pictures will
be interspersed throughout the pages of what will be far and away the most
interesting issue that has ever been run off our presses.

This year we believe we have been exceptionally fortunate in our selection
of premiums. Our readers will be glad to know that we are retaining the most
popular of last year's premiums—the combination dinner and tea set—and we
feel certain that the demand for this useful and ornamental gift will again be
heavy. Remember, however, that the manufacturers have warned us that their
stock is getting low and that there is not any likelihood of any more sets of
this particular pattern being manufactured for some time to come so the
number of sets is strictly limited. It is a case of "first come, first served," and
we advise our readers to start immediately getting the few subscriptions
necessary in order to obtain this desirable dinner set.

In addition to the dinner set, there are many other premiums which should
interest you. Particulars of some of these are given in this issue of The West-
ern Home Monthly but we cannot afford the space to advertise them all this
month so are publishing a special premium list, a copy of which will be sent to
your address on receipt of a post card.

Brandon, Man., Oct. 5, 1914.

Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sirs—We have just got your number for October. You certainly have
struck the popular demand with such a fine illustrated edition. We only regret
we did not have a good advertisement in it for it is one which is bound to attract
a lot of notice amongst those who receive it. Yours faithfully,
Patmore Nursery Co., Ltd., per H. L. Patmore, Pres.

A Valued Appreciation from the Venerable Dean of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange.
October 9th, 1914.

The Editor, The Western Home Monthly, City.

Dear Sir—I duly received your issue for October. I think it is just fine, but
to say the truth I don't feel qualified to express in technical terms the many
excellences in its getting up. The workmanship in the letterpress and the illu-
strations, cannot, I should think, be excelled. The appropriateness of the pic-
tures to present events makes them intensely interesting, and this number will
be laid by specially and kept by many a one for the sake of the pictures of the
famous men it contains. The reading matter, whether in its character of instruc-
tion or recreation, is all high class, and the whole effect makes it a most suitable
and desirable family magazine, especially in homes where young folks are grow-
ing up.

Yours faithfully,

Thomas Thompson,

Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

Rapdan P.O., via Shaunavon, Sask.

October 5th, 1914.

Dear Sir—The enclosed dollar is for renewal of subscription to The Western
Home Monthly. It's the best magazine we get and wish it was in two pieces
as we both want to read it as soon as it comes. Sorry I did not subscribe years
before for we have missed a great deal.

Yours sincerely, Mrs. H. Ince.



Painless

By our latest method we guarantee
that we can perform any kind
of dental work without the
least pain, or **Refund Your
Money.**

New
Method
Dental
Parlors

Corner Portage and Donald
WINNIPEG

Canada's Best and Most Up-to-date
Dental Office.

The One
and Only

H.P. SAUCE

ONE QUALITY

ONE SIZE

ONE PRICE

Stores sell
H.P.—here



THE LABEL

On your paper will tell when your
subscription expires.

Send in your renewal NOW

Woman and the Home

Let the Child Make His Own Decisions

Encourage the boys and girls to make their own decisions in such matters as their pleasures, their outdoor pursuits, the choice of their clothes. Make them feel due responsibility in the preparation of their studies. Nothing of all this is incompatible with parents and children being on terms of intimate friendliness. The mother or father should always be ready to be consulted, to aid in reaching a conclusion—but first let the child work the problem out on his or her own lines and then refer to the parent for approval or disapproval of the solution, but not for assistance in finding the solution itself.

Such drill as this and such custom of ruling one's life and one's self is of good stead in the inevitable battles of life that the most loving parents cannot ward off from their children.

"You weren't terribly lonely and blue because I was away?" I persisted.

"Why, of course not," she laughed. "I missed you, and it is lovely to have you now, but I wasn't unhappy just because I was alone."

"A wave of thankfulness rose in my heart," said my friend. "I had struggled hard to teach my girl self-reliance and I had won for my daughter what I had had to learn for myself through bitter fights—the ability to get along by herself."

The Too-Dependent Child Must Suffer.

A lesson well worth while for any man or woman! The woman who has been child-like dependent upon her parents, wretched when they were away, the prey to agonizing homesickness when forced to leave them for a day, has sorrow and loneliness ahead of her when she is obliged to rely upon herself. Being a woman, she may sit in her own room

judgments, to stand for their own individualities, to rely upon their own powers, need not in the process have refused tenderness and confidence, encouragement and faith. But they have supplied their children with a fund of strength which will abide when the parents have passed beyond and left the younger generation to draw upon its own resources.

Said a mother to me the other day, "I do not wish my children to depend upon me so much that when I die after they are grown they will be heartbroken and feel that their lives are blasted. I hope they will always remember me and love me and feel that my life is a dear memory and an influence for good—but no more than that."

Courage was her portion, and courage of a high sort is required to enable parents to take this point of view. To appreciate that since the children must live their own lives they should be trained to do this, to be independent growths, not parasites—here is a task which makes a demand upon the reserve forces of fathers and mothers, blots out selfishness and incites to high endeavor. How many parents are equal to the charge?

my brain could be kept unaffected by any of the tempting errors of the age, and my heart centered in the adoring love of God, all would be well with me in perpetuity. He was still convinced that by intensely directing my thoughts he could compel them to flow in a certain channel, since he had not begun to learn the lesson, so mournful for saintly men of his complexion, 'that virtue would not be virtue, could it be given by one fellow-creature to another.'

I was docile, I was plausible, I was anything but combative: if my father could have been persuaded to let me alone, if he could merely have been willing to leave my subterfuges and my explanations unanalyzed all would have been well. But he refused to see any difference in temperament between a lad of twenty and a sage of sixty. He had no vital sympathy for youth, which in itself had no charm for him. He had no compassion for the weaknesses of immaturity."

Families, happily, are no longer divided by such keen religious differences as that of Gosse and his father, but similar clashes are occurring every day all around us, whenever a father of limited intelligence and positive temper attempts to "form" a son of greater power and



Fruit Trees Flowering in British Columbia

Not only of the strength to meet temptations to evil do I think when I reflect upon the necessity for children learning to get along without their parents. One great consideration which moves me is the thought of the heart-sickening loneliness they will be spared if early in life they are taught to take it for granted that they must rely upon themselves. I recall the testimony of a friend upon this subject—a friend who had all her life suffered from the effects of having during her girlhood been "tied to her mother's apron string."

"When my eldest daughter was thirteen she went for a visit to the home of an old friend in the country. Her father and I were called out of town unexpectedly at the time fixed for her return, and by a series of misunderstandings there was no one at home to welcome her when she came back. A comparatively new maid was the only person in the house. I returned the next morning full of sympathy for my lonely child."

"Were you very unhappy when you came home last night and found no one here?" I asked.

"Not a bit," she said. "Of course I was a little grouchy at leaving Aunt Jenny's, for I had a beautiful time, but that was all."

and eat her heart out in solitude. The boy who has been similarly reared has equal pain, equal eagerness to get away from it. He also has that which she lacks, the opportunity to escape the hurt, to go on the street, to seek companions of any sort—good, if they are at hand; if not, anything he can find to help him forget his heart hunger.

"It is the exacting parents who are loved," said some one to me once when I commented upon the fact that the children of a certain self-sacrificing mother seemed to get along about as well after her death as before. "Yes," she went on in reply to my exclamation of surprise. "I have often remarked it. Notice the mothers who make door mats of themselves for their children and never let them do anything for themselves, and you will see those mothers are not the most cherished or considered. But if you will observe those who keep their children up to the mark, who demand a high standard, you will find they are the mothers who make the deepest impression and wield the strongest influence."

The "Door-Mat" Mother is Not the Most Loved.

There is a good deal in this. The parents who have taught their sons and daughters to arrive at independent

When the Boy is the Better Man of the Two

The mistake of the hard-and-fast fathers is in accepting themselves as the normal standard of all that is right and desirable and proceeding on that complacent assumption to trim or stretch their boys to conformity with the model. And when the boy is the better man of the two the worst of it is that he will conform or tend to conform, outwardly and only too readily with whatever model is set before him. He may be rebellious at heart but is unable to express himself, and therefore is forced to surrender at discretion to save any peace of his life. Later when he comes to himself he may rebel and escape; or the habit of conformity may be so strong that he will be crushed under it and spend his life in vain regrets; in either case the mistake will have yielded a full measure of tragedy in several lives.

We have a pathetic record of such a clash of temperaments in Edmund Gosse's "Father and Son"—a book which, if I could, I would put into the hands of every father. The elder Gosse was a man of the profoundest religious convictions and these convictions colored his whole life. "My father then believed," writes the son, "that if

more perception. We no longer fight about religion, but we do fight about money and questions of money."

Women need to learn to ignore petty and narrow perfections, to get the effect without the detail, to save the force some women expend on morbid scrubbing and scouring and apply it in bringing entertainment and enlightenment, and good, old-fashioned fun into the household. Most good women are too conscientious, and I have known "earnest" women to drive people to drink.

I despise bad housekeeping, and so many "bright" women are bad housekeepers. They think they are great enough to live above unwashed dishes and untidy rooms. I hope never to attain this pinnacle of greatness, but I do wish my sisters would abolish standards of painful excellence with their consequent worry and nagging for an unvarying standard of cheerfulness and humorous treatment of daily mistakes and bits of "bad luck" that one might quite as well laugh as cry over.

Soft corns are difficult to eradicate, but Holloway's Corn Cure will draw them out painlessly.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

By the Proprietors of BLUE RIBBON TEA



If we could improve "BLUE RIBBON TEA" we would do so.

But we cannot. It is a perfect tea.

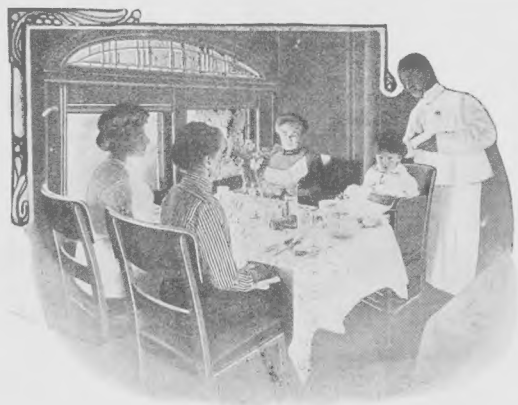
So we have improved the only thing improvable—the PACKET.

In future, "BLUE RIBBON TEA" will be packed in the new, double-material, air-tight parchment and cartridge paper wrappers—the "last word" in tea packing.

Only the enormous sale of "BLUE RIBBON" permits this improvement. No moderate turn-over could warrant the large outlay for the special machinery required.

Henceforward THE BEST TEA on the market will come to you in THE BEST PACKET.

Same price as before — same unequalled blend —
same guarantee—but a fifty per cent. better wrapper.



Annual Christmas Excursions

The Canadian Northern Railway

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Reduced Fares to all Points in Eastern Canada

Choice of Routes. Three Months' Limit.

TICKETS ON SALE, DECEMBER 1ST TO 31ST

Special Low Fares to Atlantic Ports, in Connection With Tickets to the Old Country

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Choice of Routes.

Five Months' Limit.

Call, 'phone or write any Canadian Northern Railway Agent, who will gladly furnish full information.

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Winnipeg, Man.

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Get Wingold's Ninth Annual Bargain Sale CATALOG

Every page fairly sparkles with wonderfully interesting bargains in FURNITURE, STOVES AND EVERY DAY NECESSITIES FOR THE HOME

YOU WILL ENJOY READING A WINGOLD CATALOGUE because it shows the season's newest productions in FURNITURE, STOVES AND HOME FURNISHINGS; it tells you truthfully—without buncum or bombast—just what you want to know about an article; it shows how to save money on high grade merchandise. Send for your FREE copy to-day. Your name and address on the coupon below does the trick.

Buy this **POPULAR STYLE** from us. A Widely Advertised

KITCHEN CABINET

sold elsewhere at \$35.00 to \$39.00

Sifter Flour Bin—Large glass front, holds 50 pounds flour. Dustproof, clean and wholesome. Metal sifter, sanitary, non-corrosive.

Swinging Sugar Bin—Crystal glass. Dustproof metal lid and patent dispenser on bottom. Holds 10 pounds sugar.

Five Spice Jars—Crystal glass. Airtight metal caps, preserving the strength of contents.

Tea and Coffee Jars—Crystal glass with airtight metal caps.

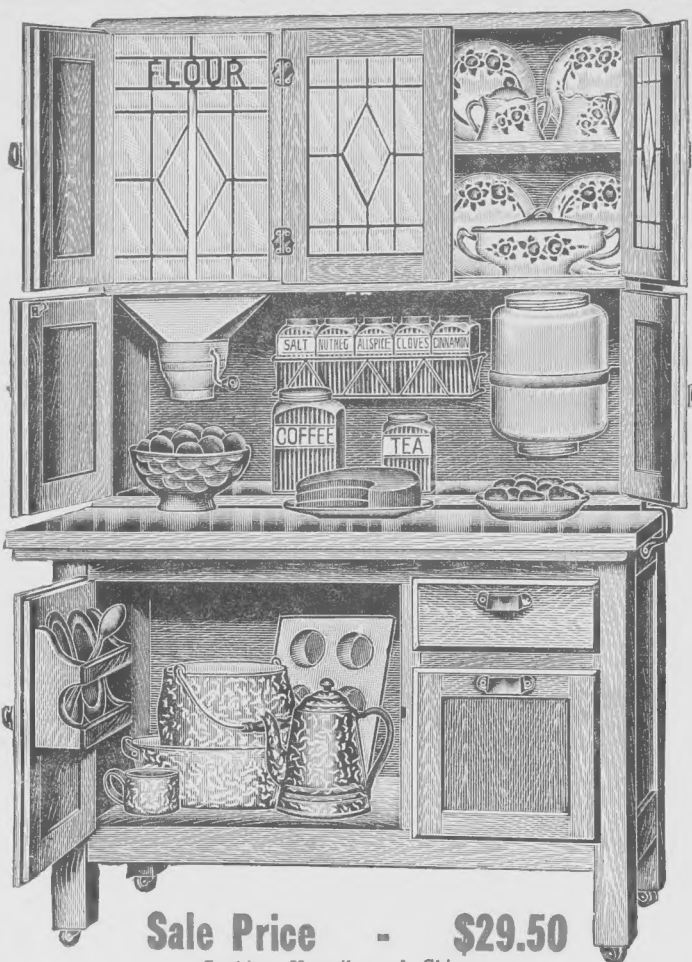
China Cabinet—Very roomy, ample room for all kitchen dishes, cereals, packages, supplies, etc. White enameled inside.

Kneading and Chopping Board—Made of white basswood. Removable.

Metal Covered Sliding Extension Top—Pulls forward, enlarging working surface to 38 x 42 inches. The metal which we use will not rust or tarnish. The surface will not crack or peel off. The ideal covering for kitchen cabinet tops.

Roomy Cupboard—In the base provides ample room for pots, pans and kettles.

Drawers—Divided for utensils.



Sale Price - \$29.50

Cooking Utensils and Chinaware not included in price

Bread and Cake Box—All metal. Has sliding lid perforated to allow perfect ventilation. Absolutely sanitary.

The Construction—This Wingold Kitchen Cabinet is well made of seasoned oak; light golden finish. Inside of the china cabinet and the space below it has white enameled lining with smooth glazed surface, always presenting a bright, clean appearance. Height, 69 inches; width, 42 inches; depth, 25 inches, when sliding top is closed. Shipping weight, 200 pounds.

No. 5618. Kitchen Cabinet..... \$29.50

THE MONARCH WINGOLD STEEL RANGE

THE RANGE WITHOUT A FAULT

In convenience, construction, appearance and baking qualities it stands as the monarch of all steel ranges

Every detail has been carefully worked out; every known practical improvement has been combined in the building of The Monarch Wingold to make it the most durable, the most convenient, the handsomest in appearance, and the most economical in the consumption of fuel of any steel range on the market to-day.

CONSIDER WELL its advantages, then the price, then our 30-day preliminary test. Then send us your order. The results you will obtain from its use will make you a lasting friend of Wingold products and Wingold methods.

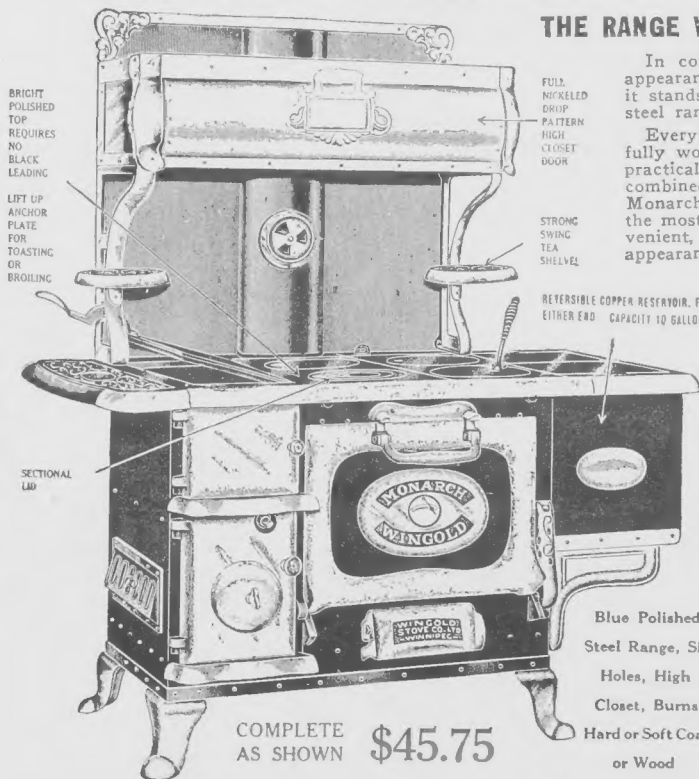
BODY is made of the best quality of Polished Steel, with parts exposed to the fire, lined with heavy asbestos mill-board.

MAIN TOP—Range has Key Plate Top. One Sectional Cover is furnished free with each range. Polished top requires no blackleading.

FIRE BOX is well proportioned. It has

Blue Polished Steel Range, Six Holes, High Closet, Burns Hard or Soft Coal or Wood

COMPLETE AS SHOWN **\$45.75**



our three-piece fire-back. Equipped with Duplex Grates which are used for either hard or soft coal or wood.

OVEN is PERFECTLY SQUARE and has removable inside rack. A Perfect Baker. The **REVERSIBLE COPPER RESERVOIR** fits either right or left end of Range. It is large and insures a plentiful supply of water at all times. Capacity 10 gallons.

HIGH CLOSET has full nickeled drop pattern door which drops forward when opened, forming a wide shelf. Shipping weight 550 lbs.

Price, without Reservoir\$39.75 Price, complete\$45.75 Extra heavy smooth nickeled trimmings, complete with oven thermometer.

STARK'S Automatic Ball Bearing Washer

\$9.95

ABSOLUTELY THE BEST AND HIGHEST GRADE SWING WASHING MACHINE MADE.

The tub swings on large steel ball bearings. These ball bearings carry all the weight, and are arranged in a steel cup, so constructed that they cannot get out of place.

By grasping the handle and swinging it to one side, the coil tempered steel springs stop it and start it back the other way with a quick reverse motion, as the tub travels the other way another spring swings it back again.

At each swing of the tub the boiling water by centrifugal force and suction is forced through every thread and fibre of the clothes, cleaning them with three times the rapidity, and more thoroughly than any other way, and doing it with very little labor.

Stark's No. 1 Ball-bearing Washer \$9.95



STEEL FRAME

BALL BEARING

Shipping weight (crated) 100 lbs. Second class freight.

SAVE \$3.25 ON THIS ROCKER

A \$9.75 ROCKER FOR \$6.50

RICHLI CARVED front posts of this rocker make it stand out as something unusual and distinctive. The frame is made of selected oak, finished golden. Front posts are broad, massive and strong. The seat is 19 inches square and the rocker stands 39 inches from floor to top of back. The back measures 26 inches across. The upholstery is above criticism in good quality fabric cord leather over oil-tempered springs. The filling is fine flax fibre with cotton felt top. Shipped knocked-down to save you freight charges. Can be set up easily. Shipping weight 55 pounds.

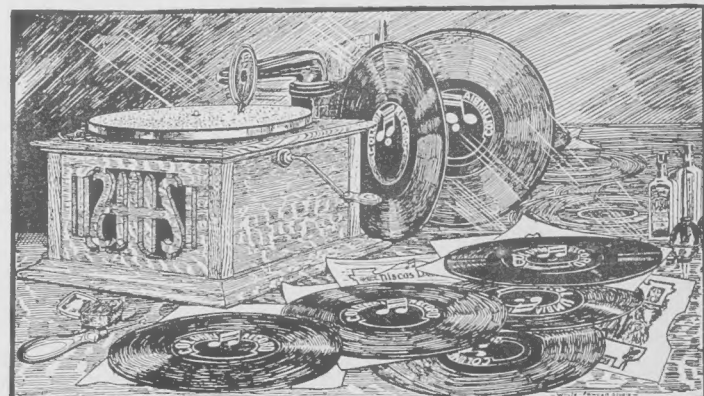
No. 63-97. Rocker \$6.50



\$6.50

The Wingold Hornless Talking Machine

now within your easy reach on Credit. \$7.50 Cash puts this Instrument and Six Records in your Home



YOU NOW are able to enjoy what was previously considered a rich man's luxury and even more—you can buy this machine of us on the wonderful credit terms of a third cash and a dollar a week during this special sale. Don't miss this opportunity to get a most welcome article for your home, as you don't know what pleasure it brings until you really have it. The Wingold will play all Flat Disc Records equal to any \$250.00 machine.

FREE RECORDS. With every order for a Wingold Talking Machine, we give absolutely free Six Double Disc Records. Send for Free List, select five—the sixth is a special record which we want you to have to show the possibilities of this wonderful instrument. Send us \$7.50 cash with order and we will ship you the outfit, you to pay balance \$1.00 weekly for sixteen weeks, Wingold Hornless Talking Machine, together with Six Free Records...\$23.50

This talking machine is the only item that varies from our regular cash terms. We reserve the right to withdraw this offer without notice.

The Wingold Co., Winnipeg:
Send me your Bargain Sale Catalog

Name
Address

WINGOLD STOVE CO. LTD. 181 MARKET STREET WINNIPEG

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY



NOVEMBER, 1914

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the country to the south will contribute articles and send Christmas messages
to Western Home Monthly readers. Stories, selected from the works of popular
writers, will be a feature, while there will be articles showing how people in
other lands celebrate the day of pleasant memories and happy associations. The
contributors will include distinguished authors, statesmen, and leaders in several
walks of life.

Our regular departments will assume a seasonable garb and be of the usual
high standard of excellence, while Christmas poetry and attractive pictures will
be interspersed throughout the pages of what will be far and away the most
interesting issue that has ever been run off our presses.

This year we believe we have been exceptionally fortunate in our selection
of premiums. Our readers will be glad to know that we are retaining the most
popular of last year's premiums—the combination dinner and tea set—and we
feel certain that the demand for this useful and ornamental gift will again be
heavy. Remember, however, that the manufacturers have warned us that their
stock is getting low and that there is not any likelihood of any more sets of
this particular pattern being manufactured for some time to come so the
number of sets is strictly limited. It is a case of "first come, first served," and
we advise our readers to start immediately getting the few subscriptions
necessary in order to obtain this desirable dinner set.

In addition to the dinner set, there are many other premiums which should
interest you. Particulars of some of these are given in this issue of The West-
ern Home Monthly but we cannot afford the space to advertise them all this
month so are publishing a special premium list, a copy of which will be sent to
your address on receipt of a post card.

Brandon, Man., Oct. 5, 1914.

Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sirs—We have just got your number for October. You certainly have
struck the popular demand with such a fine illustrated edition. We only regret
we did not have a good advertisement in it for it is one which is bound to attract
a lot of notice amongst those who receive it. Yours faithfully,

Patmore Nursery Co., Ltd., per H. L. Patmore, Pres.

A Valued Appreciation from the Venerable Dean of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange.

October 9th, 1914.

The Editor, The Western Home Monthly, City.

Dear Sir—I duly received your issue for October. I think it is just fine, but
to say the truth I don't feel qualified to express in technical terms the many
excellences in its getting up. The workmanship in the letterpress and the illu-
strations, cannot, I should think, be excelled. The appropriateness of the pic-
tures to present events makes them intensely interesting, and this number will
be laid by specially and kept by many a one for the sake of the pictures of the
famous men it contains. The reading matter, whether in its character of instruc-
tion or recreation, is all high class, and the whole effect makes it a most suitable
and desirable family magazine, especially in homes where young folks are grow-
ing up.

Yours faithfully,

Thomas Thompson,

Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

Rapdan P.O., via Shaunavon, Sask.

October 5th, 1914.

Dear Sir—The enclosed dollar is for renewal of subscription to The Western
Home Monthly. It's the best magazine we get and wish it was in two pieces
as we both want to read it as soon as it comes. Sorry I did not subscribe years
before for we have missed a great deal.

Yours sincerely, Mrs. H. Ince.



Painless

By our latest method we guarantee
that we can perform any kind
of dental work without the
least pain, or **Refund Your
Money.**

**New
Method
Dental
Parlors**

Corner Portage and Donald
WINNIPEG

Canada's Best and Most Up-to-date
Dental Office.

**The One
and Only**

H.P. SAUCE
ONE QUALITY
ONE SIZE
ONE PRICE

Stores sell
H.P.—here



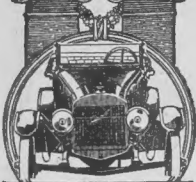
THE LABEL

On your paper will tell when your
subscription expires.

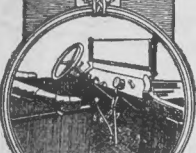
Send in your renewal NOW

New Price
\$925

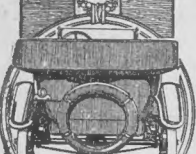
With 17 New Features



Over Radiator and Other New Features
Detailed description of the radiator and other new features, including the electric fan and the new radiator design.

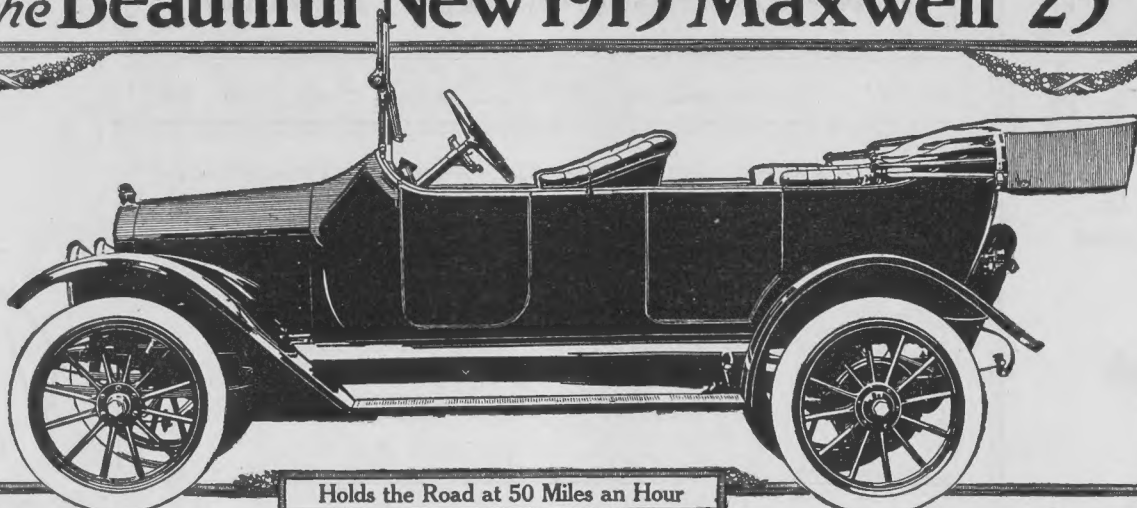


Left Hand Drive and Other New Features
Detailed description of the left hand drive and other new features, including the new steering column and the new gear shift.



New Crown Fenders and Other New Features
Detailed description of the new crown fenders and other new features, including the new fender design and the new fender covers.

The Beautiful New 1915 Maxwell "25"



Holds the Road at 50 Miles an Hour

The Sensation of the Automobile Year

The biggest automobile value ever offered for less than \$1,400 Our production of 60,000 cars makes the new price of \$925 fully equipped (with 17 new features) possible.

Here are the Seventeen New Features

- 1.—Pure stream-line body.
- 2.—Adjustable front seat.
- 3.—Six high-tension magnets.
- 4.—Three-quarter elliptic rear springs.
- 5.—Tire brackets on rear.
- 6.—Spring tension fan.
- 7.—Kingston carburetor.
- 8.—Clear Vision Wind Shield.
- 9.—Foot-rest for accelerator pedal.
- 10.—Tail lights, with license brackets attached.
- 11.—Gasoline tank located under dash cowl.
- 12.—Crown fenders with all rivets concealed.
- 13.—Head lights braced by rod running between lamps.
- 14.—Famous make of anti-skid tires on rear.
- 15.—Gracefully rounded, double-shell radiator equipped with shock absorbing device.
- 16.—Instrument board, carrying speedometer, carburetor adjustment and gasoline filler.
- 17.—Improved steering gear, spark and throttle control on quadrant under steering wheel, electric horn button mounted on end of quadrant.

Powerful—fast—usually graceful and beautiful in its lines—roomy, comfortable and completely equipped with Top Windshield and Speedometer the New 1915 Maxwell at \$925 has more high priced car features than ever put in an automobile before for less than \$1,400.

Automobile experts have refused to believe that anyone could produce a full grown five passenger really beautiful fully equipped car—a car with real high tension magnets—a car with sliding gear transmission—left hand drive control, a car with practically every high priced car feature for less than \$1,400.

Here it is. Here is a real automobile. Here is the easiest car to drive in the World—here is the greatest all around hill climbing car in the world. Here is an automobile to be really proud of.

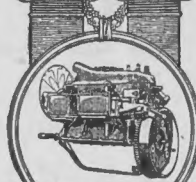
With Electric Self-Starter and Electric Lights \$70 Extra

The new 1915 "Wonder Car" is on display at Maxwell dealers. See it at once. If there is no dealer in your town write or wire us. Send your name and address for the New 1915 Catalog. Maxwell Motor Company of Canada, Limited Windsor, Ont.

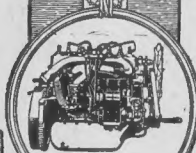
Every car backed by the great Maxwell Motor Co. Inc. Service Stations in principal cities.

New Price
925

With 17 New Features



Over A Dash Self-Starter \$70 extra
Detailed description of the over a dash self-starter and other new features, including the electric fan and the new radiator design.



Five High Tension Magnets
Detailed description of the five high tension magnets and other new features, including the new steering column and the new gear shift.



The New Adjustable Driving Seat
Detailed description of the new adjustable driving seat and other new features, including the new fender design and the new fender covers.

More than 37,000 "1915" Maxwells Ordered Within Six Weeks After August 1st

On August 1st, the double page newspaper announcement—reproduced in miniature above—announced the 1915 Model Maxwell "Wonder Car." It was published in the leading newspapers of America and was followed by Maxwell page advertising in this and other prominent national publications.

Within six weeks after August 1st, more than 37,000 Maxwells were ordered by dealers. Everything indicates that, by the time this is printed, orders for at least 50,000 Maxwell cars will have been received.

This tremendous demand proves that the public and automobile dealers have recognized the 1915 Model Maxwell as the biggest automobile value ever offered for less than \$1,400.

The Maxwell Motor Company is now shipping 800 cars a week to dealers. Within a short time, this production will be increased to 1,200 cars per week. To be sure of prompt delivery, go to the Maxwell dealer nearest you and order your Maxwell now.

5-Passenger Touring Car \$925

2-Passenger Roadster \$900 Maxwell Cabriolet \$1,105 Maxwell Town Car \$1,230

Any Model Equipped with Electric Self-Starter and Electric Lights \$70 extra

"Holds the Road at 50 Miles an Hour"

\$925

Write for the beautiful 1915 illustrated Catalogue. Address Dept. A.V.
Maxwell Motor Company of Canada, Limited
WINDSOR, ONTARIO

\$925

EDITORIAL COMMENT

PEACE—BUT NOT YET!

As the war continues we may expect that hardships will increase and that sorrows will multiply. The sense of national honor and national self-respect will be lost in the sense of personal loss as we learn of friends and relatives who have sacrificed their lives on the fields of France and Germany. There will be a strong temptation to listen to the cry for peace, and to settle the matter in the easiest and shortest way by an inglorious treaty. This temptation we must withstand by every means in our power. Better sacrifice homes, lands and lives than that we should leave our children to the cruel mercies of a world dominated by the spirit of militarism. There is only one way to deal with the monstrous thing which threatens us, there is only one way to deal with a dragon. The patron saint of Old England has shown us that way, and we can do no better than take courage from his example. There is a time for peace and thanksgiving, and that is when the dragon is dead.

The great Belgian writer, Maeterlink, knows the enemy, and he expresses in no mincing terms his conviction that there is only one way to deal with him. Here is what he says:

"Through the long course of history two distinct will-powers have been noticed that would seem to be the opposed elemental manifestations of the spirit of our globe: the one seeking only evil, injustice, tyranny and suffering, while the other strives for liberty, the right, radiance and joy. These two powers stand once again face to face. Our opportunity is now to annihilate the one that comes from below. Let us know how to be pitiless that we may have no more need for pity. It is a measure of organic defence. It is essential that the modern world should stamp out a poisonous fungus that for half a century had disturbed and polluted its days. The health of our planet is in question. To-morrow the United States of Europe will have to take measures for the convalescence of the earth."

CANADIAN PATRIOTISM

A gentleman came into the office a few days ago, and the burden of his song was the lack of patriotism displayed by Canadians. "Think of it!" he said. "Thirty-two thousand soldiers, and ninety-two per cent of them British born! I wish a dozen bombs would fall upon Toronto and Montreal and wake the people up. They sit down in smug complacency and console themselves with the thought that this is Britain's war and not theirs. With all our flag-flying and our pretensions to loyalty we have only succeeded in sending less than three thousand of our native-born to the front." This and much more he said, and said it so emphatically and so earnestly that there was no time to utter a word of protest or correction. Of course, the figures given are absurd, and even though a great proportion of the contingent consists of those born in the Homeland, that was the most likely thing in the world to happen, and it does not in the least reflect upon the patriotism of the young Canadians.

The volunteer regiments of Canada are largely composed of old country members. They were here without homes, and they joined the militia for comradeship and because in this way they seemed to retain their connection with the companions they

left behind. When the call to arms came what more natural than that most of these young men should welcome an opportunity to rejoin their friends? Many of them were not long enough in the country to have established their interests here, and so it was easy for them to get away. It was otherwise

Before and After

By S. J. Wigley, Edgerton, Alta.

Specially Written for The Western Home Monthly

When I was young—very young, mother used to call
"Sonny will you have some jam? Take it, spoon and all;"
But I found that therein lay
Very nasty powders gray
And at length I learnt to say
"No fear! mother, not to-day."
For I was not a scout

When I was young—very young, I found
a lump of dirt
Mixed it up with water clean—put it in
a squirt.
Walked abroad across the land
Saw the clean clothes drying grand.
Father came with strap in hand—
So excuse me if I stand.
For I was not a scout.

When I was young—very young, I picked
up a pin
Wondered how thick dad's clothes were,
ran the point well in.
Mother took my part I know,
Said to great things I should grow,
That it only went to show
How deep my thoughts lay down below.
Before I was a scout.

When I was young—very young, I longed
to do brave deeds
Took my sister to the pond, pushed her
in the weeds.
Now I will not tell a lie
Filled with terror then was I.
Roused the village with my cry
And to save her did not try.
For I was not a scout.

When I was young—very young, the ice
looked very thick
Went into the middle then—tried it with
a brick.
Mother cried "alas! he's dead"
For in the mud I stuck my head.
Emptied out I lay in bed
And, I'll not say what father said.
Before I was a scout.

Now I'm old—very old, I'm a big boy
scout.
Do a good turn every day—never wear
clothes out.
Mother's hair's not turning gray
Father wears a smile all day
No more worries now have they.
For I've become a scout.

with most of the Canadians. Enlistment meant the breaking of family ties and the severing of business relations. All married men were not ready for this on the spur of the moment, and the young men, to whom the idea of war was altogether new, could not take in the situation at once.

It is only now, when the seriousness of the war is apparent to the dullest, when its significance to the Empire and to the human race is clearly evident, that the Canadian spirit is beginning to assert itself. The first contingent was, but the first; other contingents composed of men who have been awakened out of sleep, who have chosen to

sacrifice lands, gold and life in a great cause, will soon be pressing to the front. Canadians will not be lacking in loyalty. For a hundred years we have been living in peace. We have come to believe that it is not necessary for the world to have war. Nor is it necessary. Yet when war is pressed upon us we shall not be content to fold our hands and watch while others win the victories. Canada is not lacking in patriotism, but it has taken time to awake her. The Minister of Militia says we can raise an army of half a million men. We may not need to do this; but we must not fail to do it if the call for men and arms continues. From every town and hamlet has come the good news that it is easier to raise the second contingent than the first. Young men and old are hurrying to enroll themselves. They are afraid they will be denied the privilege of serving. Nor are they offering in haste. They have counted the cost and they have cheerfully volunteered. In a war of this kind a volunteer is worth three conscripts. We are convinced that before this war is ended the name of Canada will be respected by both friend and foe not only because of the numbers of our troops, but because of their bravery and their powers of endurance.

MILITARISM

Have you ever taken time to consider what this militarism is and how it has grown and thrived in Europe? Take young men away from home at the time of life when their characters are just forming, and when they are beginning to feel the promptings and aspirations of young manhood. Deprive them of the association of good mothers and kind sisters. Surround them with all that pertains to slaughter, feed them with tales of conquest, and wrap them around with all the trappings that minister to vanity and pride. Preach to them that there is no glory but through "blood and iron," that there is no law but the law of might. Who can expect that such a training will produce kindhearted, chivalrous noble men, generous and brave? Can it produce other than pride and arrogance, coarseness and cruelty? It is just such a system as prevails in Germany that will end in those unspeakable atrocities with which the war in Belgium has already made us so familiar. "All these beastly iniquities are of the vampire's brood." If there is any one thing for which we might fervently pray, it is that our men may never lose their manliness, their purity and their chivalry, that militarism with its blatant pride shall never rule our land.

THE FARMER'S WIFE

This is the farmer's year. Those in the towns and cities are hard beset; but the owner of broad acres smiles as he contemplates his growing fortunes. No one will grudge him his gain, for by the sweat of his brow he has earned it all. Yet there is on his farm one who deserves more recognition than himself. It is his good-wife—the partner of his joys, perhaps, but most certainly the partner of his sorrows. So in the distribution of the proceeds let the real manager of the house be not forgotten. For every implement to be used in the field let there be purchased a convenience for the home. There is engaged a man to help outside, let there be found a woman to help inside. Real joy in this world comes from work, but not from overwork.

ATTEND
WESTERN CANADA'S GREATEST BUSINESS SCHOOL

WRITE FOR
FREE
CATALOGUE

Success

NEW
TERM NOW
OPEN

Business College

Ten Branch Schools WINNIPEG, MAN. School from Coast to Coast

Save This Coupon—It is Worth \$5.00

Any student presenting this coupon will be allowed his railway fare to the amount of \$5.00 in tuition at the Success College

F. G. GARBUTT, President D. F. FERGUSON, Principal



Let me talk to you about Nerve Troubles

Our nerves are like an intricate network of telegraph wires. They are controlled and nourished by a portion of the brain known as the nerve centres. The condition of the nerve centres depends upon the condition of the bodily health. When the bodily health is lowered the nerves suffer in sympathy. Then it is that we are tormented with "nerves," headaches, neuralgia, nervous debility. In such cases there is nothing to equal "Wincarnis," the "Wine of Life." "Wincarnis" is a powerful nerve food which acts directly upon the nerve centres and gives them new life and new vitality. The result is wonderful. Will you try it?

Begin to get well FREE

Send for a liberal free trial bottle of "Wincarnis." Enclose six cents stamps for postage. COLEMAN & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, England. You can obtain regular supplies from all leading Stores, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.

WINGARNIS
 The Wine of Life
 Recommended by over 10,000 Doctors

Representative for the Dominion of Canada:—Mr. Frank F. S. Ball, 103, St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal. Phone No. Main 3079. Telegrams "Daphn." Montreal.



How to Save Money in the House

The good housewife does not throw away faded Clothes, Ribbons, Feathers, Cushion Covers, etc., she dyes them with

MAYPOLE SOAP

—without muss or hard work.

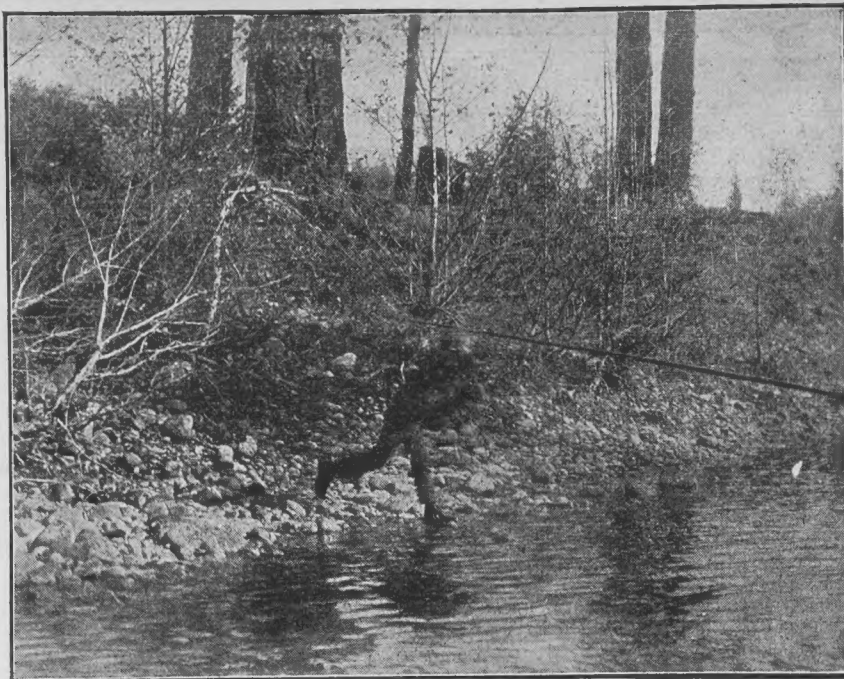
FREE BOOK FOR YOU—"HOW TO DYE"

Maypole Soap is made in 24 colors at 10c a package—black 15c—at your dealers or postpaid from us. Write for book to-day.

Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal

THE LABEL on your paper will tell you when your subscription expires.

SEND IN YOUR RENEWAL WHEN DUE



Kwakinth boy spearing salmon.

Fish! Fish! Everywhere

And not a One to Catch

***** By Bonnycastle Dale. Photographs by the Author. *****

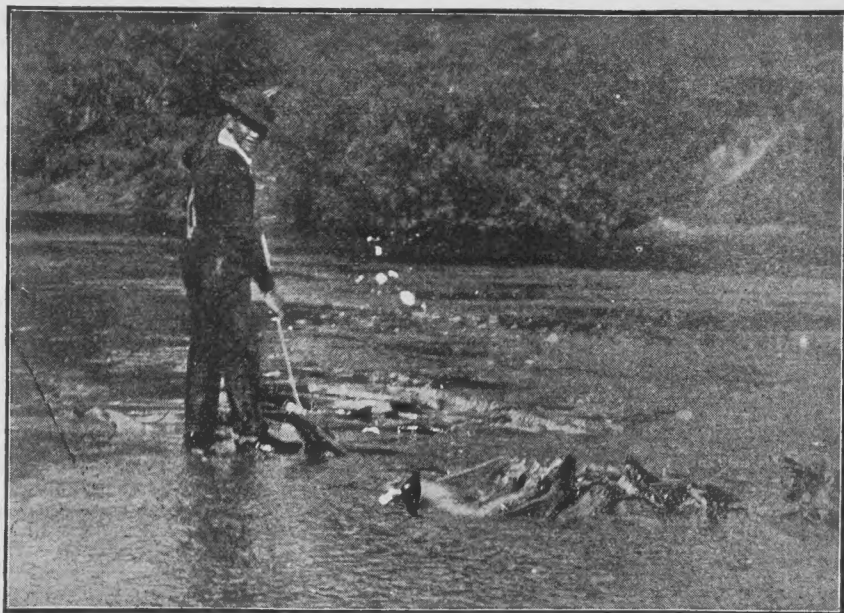
"**P**ISH ikt—mokst-lum—tak-a-mo-nuk!" gasped O'poots as he pushed the heavy canoe up the riffle over the pebbles in the shallow water, he was right there was "one or two thousand in the little pool."

"Mahsh" (get out), grumbled Laskit beside him, as an extra heavy run of salmon leaving the pool alarmed at our entrance, darted down the shallow riffle, running between the Indian's legs and splashing the brackish water all over them.

Fritz and I stood astounded. Here was a pair of small pools, neither an hundred feet in length nor fifty in breadth, of a depth of one to four feet, and in these little water spaces were fully a thousand well grown salmon, besides hundreds of dead and dying ones. As it is said, "you could walk across the river on the fishes' backs." This, although an exaggeration, conveys to your mind a scene where there are more fish than water.

...rivers to far distant spawning grounds, worn right through the scales, the skins, right into the flesh. Their fins reminded me of fans from which all the covering had been torn for they stuck out—just naked bones. Poor, poor salmon! what wonderful instinct implanted by Nature forces you to leave the clean cool sea and make passage of mountain streams for hundreds—aye thousands of miles, leaping rock and riffle and high falls, up ever up, even if the fall is twelve feet high—on over its flowing brink—on, on, until you reach the spot you were born in and there you lay your three thousand big, red transparent eggs, there the male vitalizes them with his milt and there both of you, worn to a shadow, starving, as not a bit of food has passed those now hooked jaws since you left the sea three months ago, emaciated, feeble, blind, you die.

At the top of the pool stood a little leather-brown lad of the mature age of fully ten years. He was armed with a



An Indian with his salmon catch.

Again the fish, disturbed by my Gordon setter, who had disobeyedly followed us that day, dashed past us upwards over the shallows. I shall never forget our surprise when some of the fish, evidently crowded out of the ten foot wide, six inch deep passage, actually squirmed across the dry pebbles upon their sides and bellies. We turned some of these over with our feet—it was exceedingly novel to catch fish with your feet—and they were worn and frayed, like an old cloth. The bellies had great sores on them, the size of silver dollars, worn by constant passage up shallow

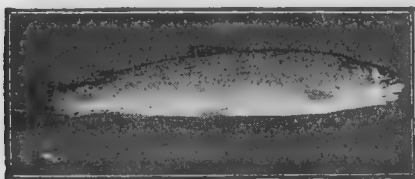
long, light, cedar pole—with a gaff hook at the end, fully twenty feet in length. Behind him, in the bushes lay thirty to fifty fully grown salmon that would average ten pounds apiece; these were dog salmon. We stood and watched him. Out launched the long pole from his hand right into the churning mass, over and over it turned; the lad faced shorewards, panting, pulling, struggling, and the big fish, rolling over and splashing, soon disappeared in a most ignoble fashion; dragged up over the stones and through the bushes, much as one of our children drags a rude toy boat from the

water. We walked over and asked the lad what he was going to do with all the fish.

"Mam-ook sla-hal," he answered, his wonderful brown eyes, with the light of a nervous wild animal in them, glancing up from under heavy black brows. He was "playing a game," he said, a pretty devilish hard game for those poor spawning fish. I have several times met these youngsters dragging out these big mature fish in a perfect frenzy. I think they are just letting their natural instincts run wild just playing the natural savage for a few hours. I am glad to say that the first Indian passing would if he saw it, take the pile of fish down to the smokehouse, where the women cut them open, take out the backbone and dry and smoke them, or at night time one of the numerous bears that roam in British Columbia, perfectly harmless to man, would nose and paw the pile and swiftly tear the heads open and eat the brains and eyes and tender parts, tear out the small heart that lies in the throat, and leave a very mussed up bunch of fish. I think he eats only the dainties, while in a land of plenty, to avoid the many troublesome bones Mr. Salmon carts about with him.

Again, in that beautiful, wild, picturesque land, where bird and beast and fish are in incredible numbers, we want to show you a ton of salmon, taken on one tide by two Coast Indians. They had all they could draw down the river to their canoe in the deeper water.

Now I want you to remember I am not telling you of the pure clean salmon that are caught outside in the deep water and canned. I am telling you of the ones that have passed the traps and drift nets and have arrived at the spawning grounds. If you want to see a scene of Dantesque splendor, more fearsome than Dora ever pictured, you want to visit one of the lower pools when those strange little diatoms, that fill all the sea with phosphorescence, arise at night—let me attempt to tell you of our experience.



A Good Sporting Specimen of the B.C. Salmon

It was 10 p.m. The tide was running in with many a gurgle and moan. The "rip" in the inside bay behind the spit was roaring like a bull as the sunken water rushed to the surface. The sky was just one sombre pall and the darkness seemed to make itself felt as the lad Fritz and I entered our canoe. For silent creeping work we used the Rice Lake cedar board one, as the big high-prowed native craft needs much pushing over shallows, while with this we could silently step overboard onto the "rifles" and pass the sixteen foot ahead noiselessly. I was in the bow armed with an electric torch in case we ran across a deer or bear drinking or fishing.

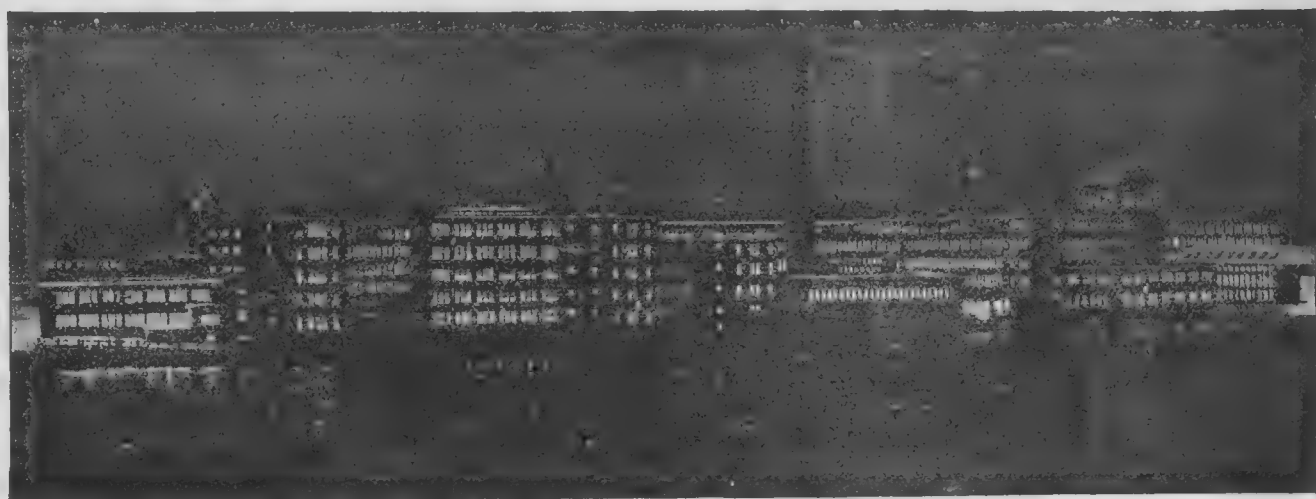
We slid over the flats at a great speed, the tide was running fiercely now. The waters here, brackish in the Estuary, were crowded with Cohoes awaiting a certain depth on this tide to ascend to the spawning grounds, and some sea lions here have a banquet amid this plunging, splashing mass. I tell you it is something terrible to have a great skull-like face of an old male sea lion suddenly dart up out of the swirling tide within a paddle length, a monster all glowing with the blue fire of the phosphorus filled water. His eye blacken in his silver blue skull, his teeth have rivers of glaring flame passing over them, his feelers grip bright blue globules of flame and his whole body writhes and wriggles in a mass of pale light, as he throws his head aloft and takes a bite out of the shining belly of the flapping salmon in his mouth. Fish after fish this monster will mutilate in this manner until he catches sight of us and then he, one of the most inquisitive harmless animals in existence, attaches himself to our wake and swims steadily behind us, his skull-like face awful in the curling waves of fire left behind by the canoe's passage. Through this nerve

kindling scene we passed, starting dog-fish and crab, flounder and trout—all leaping and splashing in a perfect marine fireworks. Up the river we passed with the tide. As we came alongside the platforms on the river's side we suddenly came across a group of squaws cleaning up a late brought load of salmon. They were working in their canoes on the tide edge and each had covered the bow of her big log craft with sand and had built thereon a bright fire. Fritz actually gasped when we ran so quickly beside them.

"How now you secret, black and midnight hags, what is it you do?" I thought of the witches in Macbeth as I gazed on this strange wild picture. The fire silhouetted the women against the black curtain of the night. Their upraised naked arms, their gleaming



Salmon hundreds of miles from the sea.



The Factory that Times the World

By night, from the River Charles, one gets an impressive picture of the Waltham Watch plant at Waltham, Massachusetts.

In capacity it is so great that it manufactures three thousand watch movements a day.

In the delicacy and scientific exactness of its processes, it has been accorded first place the world over.

This is the oldest watch plant in America—the largest in all the world. From it to every corner of the earth have gone the Waltham instruments of precision.

Nearly twenty million men and women time their daily movements by the Waltham Watches manufactured here.

Jewelers everywhere regulate their timepieces by the Waltham Chronometers, which they unhesitatingly accept as *standard*.

In official naval services and on the best appointed yachts and motor-boats the authority of the Waltham Marine Chronometer is regarded as *final*.

Motorists in every land depend upon the Waltham Automobile Timepieces to give them the exact hour under all conditions of wind, weather, and road.

And so we speak the literal truth when we say: "This is the Factory that times the World."

From this Waltham factory each year go timepieces which outclass all competitors in the tests at the famous Kew Observatory in England. These trials are the most authoritative in the world. More Waltham Watches receive the Kew Class A certificate (of accuracy) than any other make of watch—a proof accepted by watch experts as conclusive of Waltham's unrivalled resources.

This prestige of Waltham has been won during more than half a century of scientific and commercial conquest. Waltham has revolutionized the world's watch making. It has been the originator of new methods, the inventor of new machinery, a daring and successful pioneer. The story of the origin and triumph of Waltham offers a fascinating example of the success that rewards an organization seeing a human need and filling it better than it was ever filled before.

In Europe watch-making was a *household* industry, subdivided into more than a hundred distinct branches and employing thousands of men, women and children in their homes. At Waltham all these processes were placed under one roof and automatic machines replaced

the hands of the workers. The most important result of this change was that the watch parts became *interchangeable* so that a part may be taken from one watch and placed in another without changing it in any way and both watches give perfect results.

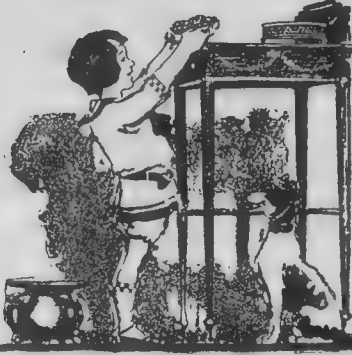
Waltham thus introduced uniformity and regular standards into watch making, where chaos prevailed before. To the watch purchaser this meant not only the finest watch in the world, but the possibility of quicker, easier and cheaper repair in case his watch met with an accident.

The nucleus of the Waltham Company was formed in 1849 by Aaron L. Dennison who had observed the manufacture of muskets on the interchangeable system in the government arsenal at Springfield, Mass. He reasoned that similar economy of method could be utilized in making watches. He set up a few machines in a clock works in Roxbury, then a suburb of Boston. In 1850 a small factory was built and the model of the first watch completed. It was made to run eight days without rewinding, but this was found impractical. The first watches were actually placed on the market in 1853. Seeking a more favorable environment, free from dust, the company moved in 1854 to its present location at Waltham, 12 miles from Boston, and this site today remains unequalled for the manufacture of delicate instruments. On the one side is the River Charles, on the other an open park, with abundant foliage, sunlight and flowers. The atmosphere is pure and dustless.

In 1854 the company employed 90 hands and its output was 5 movements a day. Today it manufactures 3000 movements a day, employs a "small army" of people, and its total output is nearly 20,000,000 watch movements.

Many of the most delicate and difficult processes or watch manufacture are exclusive to Waltham. The best method of making the over-coil or Breguet *hairspring* is possible only at Waltham. Waltham *mainsprings* are made by a secret process and are so superior that any jeweler will tell you that "the best mainsprings come from Waltham". The Waltham "escapement" is celebrated for the attention and care which is bestowed upon it.

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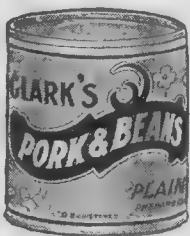
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knives, the running water on their arms—all fireblood and copper flesh and flashing weapons one instant—then blotted out by the sinking flames they were but weird phantoms upraised beside the gloomy salmon river.

The tide hurtled us on and we entered the first pool. Have you ever seen the whirlpool at Niagara? Imagine this illumined by billions of tiny phosphorescent atoms until the whole great swirling thing was one cauldron of blue flame. Then you have some idea of this awful pool this Nature's morgue, for here the live fish and the dead and the dying and the bones and fins of those long since dissembled spun around and around in an eye straining circle, all burning and gleaming and sparkling with the mysterious ocean lights. Our canoe entered this giddy carnival of horrors and spun once about the pool. The fresh entering waters had disturbed this mass of ancient, fragmentary fish and the odor! Oh! the fearsomeness of it. Fritz grabbed his paddle and we turned the bow against the tide and urged her homeward, amid fresh manifestations of this most uncanny power of Nature at every stroke.

to the west, we see the rolling foothills, the sunlight playing its jolly pranks as it travels back and forth, and then we follow the shadows on and on, and our gaze at last rests on our grand old Rockies. Range after range standing majestically with their ever changing lights and shades, and their little snowbeds gleaming in the sunlight. It is then that we realise that "Indeed creation is wonderful."

We gaze for a while at the Livingstone Range, and then turning slowly we see Crow's Nest Mountain, with her mighty peak raised so high above the rest. Then, looking again along the range, we discern Old Castle and Sofa, and away around, near the end of the Range, stands Big Chief.

But we turn back again, and our eyes rest lovingly on "Old Sofa." Why? Why, because it was there we had our camping ground. It was there we thought not of "Paradise Lost," but "Paradise Found." It was at the foot of Sofa Mountain we came to the first of the Waterton Lakes. It was there we pitched our tent, and built our camp fire. There, where we sailed over lake after lake, and through narrow after



The usual good day's catch

A Pen Picture of Pincher Creek District

By A. H. Derrett

Almost every train passing from the East at the time of year leaves with us a visitor, and it is indeed an ideal time to visit the prairie. Most of our towns are dotted with lawns of velvet green, bordered with fragrant flowers, but we will leave these; we have been accustomed to them, more or less since our early childhood, and we will wander out across our vast prairie.

It is when we find ourselves on a steep cut bank, probably of the Waterton River and we look down and down into its deep surging waters, and watch for a time its ever changing shades of green and blue, or the madcap white caps dancing away in the sunlight from the huge boulders sunken so deep in the river bed. And then we raise our eyes to the fields around us and see the fields of waving grain, wheat and rye all headed out. Oats and barley in their deepest coats of green. Great pasture fields with their many lakes, and the groups of cattle here and there.

Brood mares grazing quietly, their baby colts lying out flat in the sunshine, or scampering gaily about, and by the lake a bunch of yearlings, two and three-year-olds, leaning their necks lovingly together, and calmly switching off the flies that dare to light on their glossy coats. The best acres of breaking and summer fallow where the ploughman are preparing their land for the sowing of fall wheat.

Again we raise our eyes, and, turning

narrow. There where we climbed our first mountain, where we found wild flowers of every description. Great large poppies standing higher than our heads. And following the old Oil Trail up to the Falls, we came across a beautiful bunch of young maple trees. With one accord every man of us took "off his hat," and as we climbed on and on there echoed through the old pine trees this sweet refrain:

The maple leaf, our emblem dear,

The maple leaf for ever;

God save our King, and Heaven bless

The maple leaf for ever.

Then we realise that we are still standing on the bank of the Waterton, and looking at our watches we see it is a few minutes after six a.m., and whistling for the dogs we swing into an easy stride and cross the fields for the cows.

We stop occasionally to pick a lucious strawberry and to smile back at the brown eyed Susans growing along our pathway. We inhale the fragrance of the roses and drink in the beauty of the acres and acres of bluebells as they nod and bend in the morning breeze. The gay meadow lark flies hither and thither, calling gaily, "Here we are at Pincher Creek!" "Here we are at Pincher Creek!" The prairie hen scurries out of the way with her little brood, and the curlew circles around and around with its weird call. The greater hawk poised loftily on high, poised yet moves not. Then going down the hill and across the coulee we find the cows and we call.

Come "Daisy," come "Stucky," come "Stouky" and "Curry," come "Nigger," come "Whitie," come "Jersey" and "Mary," and one by one they file into line, and we come slowly back over the old cow path and home to breakfast.

A June Romance in Muskoka

By M. E. Denison.

"To have, to hold, to love, you,
Forever and a day—"

Lightly sang Dorothy Blake. Her companion glanced curiously at her from under the brim of his tourist's hat.

"How young and how buoyant she is," thought he with a sigh. He felt a stir under his breast pocket while he watched the rhythmic motion of her slight figure as they slowly rounded the curve at the top of the little hill.

The snatch of song died away on her lips as she suddenly stood still and gazed spell-bound before her. At the foot of the hill, not fifty feet away, a tiny bay nestled contentedly into a shrub-fringed bank. Just beyond the bay the blue waters of Lake St. Joseph stretched out to meet the still bluer sky. Woolly white caps rode on the waters as lightly as the fleecy clouds floated in the sky.

Eric Grant still watched her. He had visited Muskoka each summer for ten years and although its beauty still charmed him he had grown accustomed to it.

"Oh," breathed Dorothy in a whisper, "Isn't it beautiful?"

He nodded his head in assent as her brown eyes met his. A little breeze played with her curls and blew them in confusion about her face and forehead. Again he was conscious of a peculiar flutter in his breast.

"See those water lilies. Aren't they lovely?" She spoke half to herself, almost forgetting him.

"Yes, they are lovely," admitted Eric. He was thinking of brown curls and two brown eyes. He turned to reassure himself and smiled meditatively.

"How I wish—" she began regretfully.

"What do you wish, Miss Dorothy?" he queried.

"Quite an impossible thing, Mr. Grant. But how I wish my Walter could spend two whole weeks in this country with nothing to do the live-long day but ramble through these delightful woods, pick posies, gather curios, hunt bugs, and go boating, bathing and swimming as I

have. Poor boy." Again she spoke half to herself. Then gazing absently before her, she lapsed into silence.

Eric felt chilled. He did not know if he were called upon to say anything or not. But since he could say nothing sympathetic he too looked across the bay and silently watched the little mad caps dancing. He felt moody and admitted it to himself.

Her Walter? Who was he? Her lover he supposed. It was likely such a girl would have plenty of admirers, especially among those of her own age. Evidently this Walter stood highest in her favor. Perhaps he was a nice boy, but he didn't care for him. But why? He need not care. It didn't really make any difference to him. Of course not. But—was it possible?

He glanced quickly down at the girl beside him. The unconscious beauty of her—the woman of her. He caught his breath as he realized what she meant to him. For one dizzy moment he struggled against the revelation, then resolutely he pulled himself together.

"Quit it, you fool," he told himself. "What business has a grouchy old bachelor falling in love with a girl of twenty anyway, especially when she is already in love with another fellow and in all probability engaged to him. Anyway, you've only known her two weeks and she's leaving to-morrow. Surely you knew better."

He straightened up and the lines about his Scotch mouth grew tight. With a little laugh he turned to her.

"You seem greatly pleased with this Muskoka, Miss Dorothy," he remarked awkwardly, almost nervously.

"I am, particularly with this locality. I never saw anything like it," she answered.

"Would you care to go down?"

"Please."

Taking her arm he assisted her down the hill. The descent was not so difficult as it was rough.

"If all these stones were chunks of gold," ruminated Eric.

"If all the gold the world could hold On land and on the sea,

Were all my own, just mine alone

How useless it would be—"

sang she. Her voice was well trained and Eric loved to hear it. He stood below her and listened as she finished.

"What need have I for wealth, and why Should I such things pursue, When you are near, to love me dear, The world is mine when I have you."

Quietly she hummed the last two lines over to herself. Eric was irritated. Was she teasing him? One look at her face convinced him she was not. She was looking absently across the lake.

"Thinking about him," he concluded bitterly. He had a habit of jumping at conclusions. As a matter of fact, Dorothy was regretting her holiday was so near an end. She had enjoyed herself in Muskoka. Such rambles! Suddenly it came home to her she had enjoyed the society of Eric Grant quite as much as the holiday—perhaps even more. Yes, it would be decidedly lonesome to go back home to it all to grind, grind, grind in the office for another year. Of course there was Walter. He was a darling, but he wasn't Eric Grant.

The last note died softly away. Somehow her thoughts and that song produced a headache. She loved him. Of that she was certain. She was surprised at herself and mortified as well. Her love was unasked. What if he suspected? She glanced quickly at his face. Good gracious, how cold it appeared! Had he suspected?

"Do you know the song?" she asked. Anything to break this awful silence. "No, I don't," he answered grimly. He impatiently kicked at a small stone. What blunders. Dorothy was almost ready to cry.

"Shall we go on?" he asked quietly.

Without a word she gave him her hand and took a step forward. Then the catastrophe happened. Her ankle suddenly turned over, giving her a nasty wrench. With a little inarticulate cry she sank to the ground.

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The unthinking life some people lead often causes trouble and sickness, illustrated in the experience of this lady.

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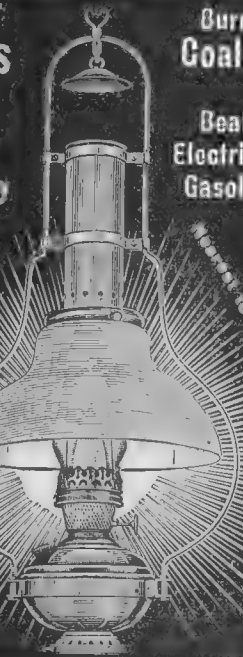
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"Oh how careless of me. Are you hurt, Miss Dorothy?" anxiously questioned Eric as he quickly bent over the white-faced girl.

She could not answer but she smiled bravely back at him. For a few minutes she lay very still. Then she tried to move. She couldn't. Helplessly she looked at her companion.

"It's my ankle," she gasped. He knelt beside her, mute. He wanted to put his arms around her and carry her back to the car.

Presently he held out his hand to help her as she struggled to a sitting position.

"Does it pain a great deal?" he asked gently.

She nodded. "It will be all right if I sit quietly for a bit. We can see the lake from here just splendidly."

He knew the smile she gave him was a blind to hide the pain she felt, and as she resolutely tried to be enthusiastic over a little yacht that ploughed across the lake, he told himself she was the pluckiest woman he had ever met. "Clear grit, every inch of her," he thought admiringly.

She held out her hand and he helped her rise. Cautiously she stepped on her injured foot. With a little cry she shook her head and looked hopelessly up at him.

"I'm afraid there is but one way to get you to the car," he smiled hesitatingly. He put one arm around her. A faint red tinged her face.

"I'm sorry I can't walk," she smiled in assent, "but accidents will happen, I suppose."

With a little gasp he gathered the girl in his strong arms. His heart throbbed wildly, painfully. Through his brain rushed the words she had sung an hour before:

"To have, to hold, to love you
Forever and a day—"

Oh heaven, why couldn't he? Almost unconsciously he bent his head and looked longingly into her eyes. It was the psychological moment; each read the other's thought. Instantly two hearts throbbed together, two pairs of arms hugged their precious treasures, and two pairs of lips met.

FALL IN!

By Harold Begbie

What will you lack, sonny, what will you lack
When the girls line up the street,
Shouting their love to the lads come back
From the foe they rushed to beat?
Will you send a strangled cheer to the sky
And grin till your cheeks are red?
But what will you lack when your mate goes by
With a girl who cuts you dead?

Where will you look, sonny, where will you look
When your children yet to be
Clamour to learn of the part you took
In the War that kept men free?
Will you say it was naught to you if France
Stood up to her foe or bunked?
But where will you look when they give the glance
That tells you they know you funk?

How will you fare, sonny, how will you fare
In the far-off winter night,
When you sit by the fire in an old man's chair
And your neighbors talk of the fight?
Will you slink away, as it were from a blow,
Your old head shamed and bent?
Or say—I was not with the first to go,
But I went, thank God, I went?

Why do they call, sonny, why do they call
For men who are brave and strong?
Is it naught to you if your country fall,
And Right is smashed by Wrong?
Is it football still and the picture show,
The pub and the betting odds,
When your brothers stand to the tyrant's blow
And England's call is God's?

He threw himself down in the grass and pretended to watch the gulls dipping and skipping along the water.

Dorothy played with a blade of grass. She felt sick and dizzy and she wished he would put his arm about her. She flushed as that thought came to her. "Oh dear, I hate him. He has suspected and scorns me. Well, I don't care. Why on earth did I ever leave home and Wallie and meet this horrid man? I wish I were back at the hotel. How'll I get there? Oh dear."

She dropped her head in her hands and pressed her fingers over her eyes to keep back the tears.

"Does it hurt?" he asked solicitously. She nodded miserably.

"Worse?"

Another nod.

Inwardly, he damned things. "Darn it, I wish I didn't care so much," he sighed.

It was getting late, too. He noticed it with uneasiness. Muskoka roads are not the best in the world for a touring car in daylight. At night they are simply out of the question.

He jumped to his feet. "We had better go, Miss Dorothy. The sun is going down and the roads are pretty bad. Do you think you can walk to the car?" he asked anxiously.

Quite overcome, Dorothy closed her eyes. She wanted to laugh and cry both at the same time. But she only prayed. She didn't hate him at all. She never had hated him.

Then he started. She knew he was picking his way to avoid the rough places. How strong, how masterful, how gentle he was. And—best of all, he loved her. At the top of the hill he sat down upon a rock.

"Dorothy," he cried.

Her eyes flew open.

"Look at me," he said softly.

She looked at him in silence for half a minute.

"Really," he questioned.

"Really," she affirmed soberly.

He held her close. A little later he sat her in the car.

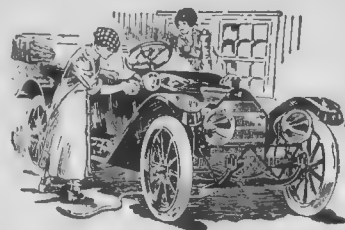
"Tell me," he demanded, "who is Walter?"

"Walter? Why he's my dear little crippled brother," she answered with a comprehensive laugh.

Chug, chug, went the machine. She did not hear his answer.

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Mining the World's Diamonds

By W. G. Fitz-Gerald

A PROSPEROUS world expends every year \$25,000,000 in rough diamonds, and such of them as do not come from the mines of Kimberley may be considered a negligible quantity. That may not be the case for long, however, for the precious gems have been discovered recently in the Transvaal, and the finding a year or two ago of the famous "Cullinan" stone, which weighs over one pound avoirdupois, marks a record in the history of mineralogy.

Do not believe that romance is dead, for I will take you to an ugly little town of twenty-five thousand people that has grown up around four or five yawning holes in the earth. A very dreary town, this Kimberley, dumped on the desolate African veldt that produces not an ear of corn. Little better than a desert, in fact, where artificial irrigation is everywhere necessary.

The city's streets stretch like protecting arms around the precious caves which in a few years have yielded more than twelve tons weight of diamonds, valued at half a billion dollars! Look back on the story of this desert patch and you have a strange romance. It begins with two little bands of Boer emigrants fleeing out of Cape Colony a generation ago to escape British oppression. One of them by some strange fate settled on a patch of gold forty miles in extent which has since become the famous Rand, and yields a hundred million dollars every year in the precious metal.

On the other hand Burgher Jacobs off-saddled on a hundred acres of diamonds, and his little claim to-day contains an absolute monopoly of the world in these gems. His children used to play in the sand with bright pebbles for marbles. Neighbor Schalk Van Neikirk saw one of the stones, took it from the little ones with the remark that it might be valuable, and the following year it was on show at the Universal Exposition of Paris as a magnificent diamond of twenty-one carats.

Two years later old Van Neikirk himself picked out of the mud plaster of neighbor Du Toit's hut the famous "Star of Africa," which sold for \$56,000. That was the beginning of the diamond mines which to-day employ fifteen thousand Kaffirs and four thousand Europeans—"All this for the vanity of women," as Lord Randolph Churchill remarked, on his first visit to the diggings.

It seems ages since the Griqua native shepherds were seen wearing rough stones as charms worth \$100,000 each; yet in reality it is but very few years ago. Little wonder that before the De Beers era twelve thousand diggers swarmed along the magic banks of the Vaal, grovelling in gravel and locrustine sand. The stuff would be dumped in heaps at the water's edge and washed in cradles over screens of various mesh.

Soon there were one thousand six hundred separate claim-holders in the Kimberley Mine alone; and the big pit showed weirdly with its cobweb of wires stretched at various angles from the lip of the precipice to the working-places of the busy bees below. Even in those days thousands of savages were employed; and their roaring war songs and strident laughter, with the incessant clatter of ever-running hide buckets, made up a hideous din.

The pits run in "tubes" or "funnels" many acres in extent, evidently forced up ages ago by volcanic action. At first a yellow ground was found, and men left the blue below this severely alone. But the era of open workings soon came to an end, although thousands of independent diggers made huge fortunes in a few months. To-day you will find depths of three thousand feet in the diamond mines, and the bottom of the blue funnel has not yet been reached. Both blue and yellow earths, which are studded with diamonds like a geological pudding, are supposed to be volcanic mud that has bubbled up through the action of subterranean heat of unthinkable degree.

Soon elaborate machinery took the place of the primitive gear, and after a long series of reckless disasters such as falls of rocks, floodings in the mine, and sinister rushes of mud, a regular system was adopted, and the Mining Board established. Then came an era of large companies whose competition brought about overproduction of the gems and much lowness of price. At this stage Cecil Rhodes came upon the scene, and with his colleagues secured entire control over the mines, drawing a check for more than \$25,000,000 for one claim. Any visitor to the De Beers' offices in London may see the original check for himself, duly framed and hung.

The mines were practically shut down after the amalgamation and no production allowed in order that the economic law of supply and demand should right itself. The largest stone from the Kimberley Mine was secured about this time and weighed 503 carats. It was imperfect, however, and only fetched \$60,000.

There are at present five magic caves: the De Beers, the Kimberley, the Bultfontein, Du Toit's Pan, and Wesselton. All these are within six miles of each other, a roaring hive of industry whose

mere machinery is worth over \$20,000,000. Each cave has above ground great compounds, where the working Kaffirs are practically imprisoned during their term of service. There are high walls and roof-nettings to prevent the inmates from tossing diamonds over to confederates outside, for the Kaffirs did a great trade in the old days throwing over tin cans containing fine stones to be picked up by wives or friends and sold for the benefit of the family. And to-day, in spite of the most perfect system of espionage that science can suggest, and with expert searchings three or four times a day, a traffic is done in illicit diamond-buying to the tune of \$4,000,000 a year. So complete is the monopoly in the world's diamonds, however, that the De Beers people themselves buy back these stones, in reality their own property.

The shortest period for which the Kaffirs contract to work is three months. The work of the underground drillers and blasters is extremely hard, for the famous "blue" in which the precious stones are embedded is as hard as rock, and many tons of dynamite have to be used, causing smoke almost poisonous.

Holes for blasting are first drilled and then the blasts are touched off. The crushed blue ground is conveyed to the mine shaft one thousand five hundred feet away from the tunnels. Here at the foot of the shaft the ore is dumped into buckets on wheels and swiftly drawn out of the mines by powerful engines. Then

you will see thousands of men, mostly negroes, earning \$1.25 a day perched upon the blue-ground rock in the tunnels, patiently drilling with hammer and chisel.

Great stretches of ground known as the "floors" are marked off like tennis courts to receive the precious ore; for air, rain, and sun will do the work of disintegration as no costly machinery could do it. One mine alone has five miles of dumping floors. Upon their smooth surface is spread the "blue" to the depth of a foot, and after several months it crumbles and releases the indestructible crystals within, such as diamonds, garnets, olivines and other stones of lesser value, usually found associated with the most precious of all gems.

The disintegration process is helped by harrowing with steam plows; and all such ground as remains obdurate goes into the crushing machine to be pulverized. The vast washing-gear is a marvel of ingenuity; and as the dirt and gravel pass down its plane the diamonds are arrested by a tallowy coating. This fat is then scraped off and melted in a caldron, in whose bottom the diamonds are found like precious grounds in a gigantic coffee-cup.

They are taken from here to the general offices of the monopoly and sorted according to value and size. Stones worth \$200,000 have been washed in a single day. But even the waste earth is not yet done with. This is specially treated lest tallow and machinery alike

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should have overlooked anything of value. That the precaution is worth while is seen from the fact that diamonds worth \$1,400,000 were recovered from these tailings last year.

A London syndicate contracts to take the entire output of the mines; and all cutting is done on the Continent of Europe, chiefly in Amsterdam and Antwerp. The stones vary enormously in quality and fetch in the rough from \$1.50 to \$200 per carat. There is very little "leakage" considering the stupendous scale on which the diamond mining is done. One year, however, a negro sorter was found to have swallowed \$3,700 worth of stones, but a colleague broke this record by swallowing 348 carats of diamonds valued at \$5,300.

The Kaffirs are constantly devising new modes of smuggling. They will load their pipe-bowl with small diamonds under a layer of tobacco and vigorously puff smoke to divert suspicion. Leaves of books have been so cut that no one would think diamonds were concealed between them. Other smugglers have gone so far as to inflict serious cuts upon themselves and stuff valuable stones into these wounds.

It will be news to most people that diamonds are found of every color—yellow, brown, blue, green, black, red and purple. None of them are impressive in the rough; you would take them for scraps of soda or dull glass. The cutting of the stones by the lapidaries of Antwerp and Amsterdam is a most delicate task, handed down from father to son. One diamond is cut with another, and the dust has a high commercial value.

From the cutter the stone passes to the polisher, who goes to work on its sixty-four facets until the diamond as a whole is sufficiently brilliant. Each polisher stands before a solid iron wheel whirling horizontally at two thousand five hundred revolutions a minute. The cleaver can cut in a day what it takes a polisher a month to polish. Altogether the magic caves of South Africa turn out at least \$20,000,000 worth of stones every year; and the De Beers people are naturally the power of the African continent. They have just spent nearly \$7,000,000 on a dynamite factory, so enormous an item is the annual bill for explosives to dislodge the flinty blue ground which holds the precious hoard.

These people are all powerful in the

matter of diamonds; and periodically the dictum goes forth from the palatial offices in St. Swithin's Lane, London, that a five or ten per cent increase is to be made in their price. Last season colored stones were becoming fashionable owing to the increased cost of diamonds; but women the world over revert sooner or later to the most beautiful of all the precious stones.

Careful official calculation has it that fashionable New York alone wears \$150,000,000 in precious stones; and statistics compiled at the custom-house of that city for the first ten months of this year show the assessed imports of precious stones to be more than \$39,280,550, which is eight times greater than the same period in 1896, when pure stones were from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent cheaper.

As to diamonds alone, \$57,000,000 worth of them in the rough were admitted into New York within the last five or six years. It is estimated that the duty on stones brought into America's greatest city during 1906 amounted to more than \$4,000,000, or nearly half the entire appropriation for the expenses of the custom-house.

Prairies from a Train Window

By E. R. Roberts

TO acquire a new object of admiration and enthusiasm is one of the tonic pleasures of life. I think, also, it is an added joy if the admiration is for something which you have not expected to like. Personally—and it is of the very nature of the essay, so those who define it assure us, to be personal—I did not anticipate forming any great attachment for the prairies. True, I had been told of their charm, but I had listened with silent incredulity. Being then (and now, and forever) a lover of trees, I did not see how any region where trees were few and far between or not at all, could be beautiful! But it took just one long look from a train window, coming eastward from the land of mountains, to add one more to the list of prairie-devotees.

A sense of liberation and of boundless possibilities comes to one as the great spaces spread out on every side. There is no likeness but that of vastness, I suppose, between the prairies and the "Marshes of Glynn," but two lines from Lanier's beautiful poem of that name came to me as I gazed:

"As the marsh-hen builds her a nest in the watery sod,
Behold, I will build me a nest in the greatness of God."

and then the feeling of restfulness in the largeness brought to mind Elizabeth Barrett Browning's similar thought:

"And I smiled to think God's greatness
Flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness His rest."

To many, the prairies suggest but monotony, wearisome sameness, a dreary blank of plain. To those whom they attract, they make an appeal that cannot readily be clothed in words. They mean, for such, rest, peace, space, recuperation.

The soul expands to inhabit that great sweep of airy vastness. The horizon is far, far—but thought goes out to it, and vision rejoices in its amplitude of range. There is nothing here to shut us in. The scope of life seems limitless in this great breadth of earth and sky.

Then, there was a sunset seen from that train window, and put away among the not-to-be-forgotten things "in some close corner of the brain." A sunset! Was it a sunset? A sea of fire, a deep of unimaginable splendor; a golden ball descending slowly through it from a dark, bluish-purple band of massive clouds! For pure immensity of color that sky surpasses all that I have ever seen. Miles of it, leagues of it, the clear spirit of gold and rose and amber and shades for which we have not found a name. I remember hearing of a child who had lived always in the mountains, and who was on her first journey to the east. When she went to sleep the train was still among mountains, but during the night the prairies were reached, and when she looked from her window in the morning her eyes met only the open plains. The child was aghast.

"Mother!" she cried; "mother! everything's all gone!"

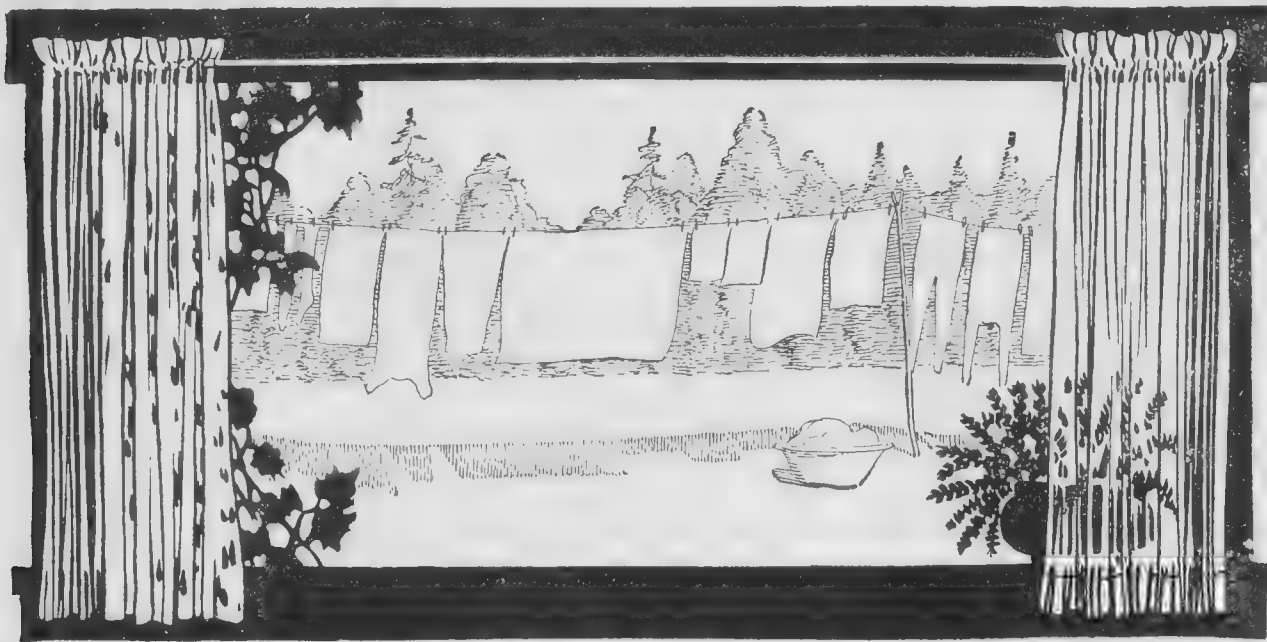
But my feeling, as I looked from the window on the great spaces was very different, and my instinctive exclamation, if I had made one, would have been: "There is room for everything!"

Our Appalling Censorship

To try the patience of the Press to the last limit, to render a collective understanding of the war impossible, to make a people uneasy to the point of apathetic despair seems to have been the ideal of the Press censorship.—H. G. Wells.

The Alchemy of War

No work is nobler or more beneficent than the creation of a national temper at once calm, enduring and resolute; and that is the temper which, again and again, has been wrought in the English people by the dreadful discipline of war.—Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell.



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Big Dividends

By Charles R. Barnes

MINNA Harding had known of Marvin Turner, the lawyer, for two or three years. Indeed, she had been in the man's office with her father, before he died. And now that young Prouty had made that questionable jumble in the Fleming matter, she turned naturally to Turner, who had performed legal services for her father. As she thought over the circumstances of Prouty's shady work, she reflected that it would have been the part of wisdom to seek out the older and more substantial lawyer in the first place.

People had told her to be careful of lawyers, for there are so many dishonest ones; and her newly inherited fortune of

her father's property had made her a woman of affairs, she had taken to reading a newspaper each day to keep pace with events. One was before her; and as she glanced down the columns, she came to this item:

Marvin Turner, a well-known lawyer, who is noted among his associates as a man of high ideals, spoke to the young men of Calvary Church last evening on "Honor in the Law." He said that the aim of every lawyer should be to elevate his profession by setting a high standard of integrity for himself. The speaker deplored the occasional blots which appeared on the name of the law, and said that he and others were doing all in their

On Board H.M.S. "Dreadnought"

When the sea grows grey and silent, and the moon sinks out o' sight,
And the stars turn sick an' tremble after seven hours of fight,
God keep us dirty sailor men, from the Pole Star to the Cross,
For we need Almighty keepin', an' some high, Almighty Boss.

For when the whole deck's throbbin'
There ain't no time for prayer;
But it's 'Point your Long Tom dainty
Over twenty miles of air!"

When them wounded German fellers came a-shakin' up our side
I was funny round my stomach, an' my bloomin' British pride
Trembled like a silly pennant, they was all so human like:
They had eyes an' hands an' faces just like any other tike.

But when the horizon's spittin'
And we're coughin' back at it,
Say, it's "Sweep the sea o' Germans!"
An' "I guess—that—hit!"

I was walkin' past a cabin where we kept our prisoners tight,
The sentry-go says, "Look here," an' I see a funny sight;
There was two of them a-lookin' at a picture in their hand,
Just as if there's German mothers in the German Fatherland.

But when we're in the fight line,
It's "Forget your thoughts and fire!"
While the look-out says beside you,
"Steady! Nose her up a little higher!"

When I stopped an' looked to seaward in a tiny breathin' spell,
I see a Dreadnought stagger with her nose deep in the swell:
She was struck below the belly, an' she sunk an' gurgled down
Very casual like, an' careless; made me sweat to see her drown.

But when we're stripped for action,
Say, it's "Glory! glory!" then,
An' it's "Sweep the sea o' Germans!"
As we pick the range again.

We were lyin' close in harbor, coalin' up at Halifax,
I was messin' with the range guns, streakin' polish down their backs.
There was somethin' in the air—fell like a happy English rain;
An' my mate, he says "You're bawlin'" an' I says, "I guess that's plain!"

But when we're sweatin' dirty,
An' the sea's unholy red,
Say, it's "Mates, we'll fight for England
Till the sun hisself is dead!"

ARTHUR L. PHELPS in Montreal Daily Witness

two hundred and fifty thousand dollars might prove a glittering lure to some one. Prouty's dishonesty—or "bungling," as she charitably spoke of it to him—had cost her eleven hundred dollars. And, as she contemplated that quickly made hole in her cash on hand, she grew a little bit afraid of the great big world outside. If one young man could scheme that much money out of her, what could a lot of them do? She felt herself longing for some one great and honest and strong, who would stand between her and whatever threatened.

And here was Turner. He was a member of the New York bar, "in good standing." That phrase, however, stands for little. For if a man is not in good standing, his faults are known; if he is, either they are not known or the people who know them won't tell. Miss Harding, however, was only twenty-two and phrases meant more to her than to older persons. She had heard her father say that Marvin was a well-known and prosperous lawyer, who stood well in the community. He was a church member. She was breakfasting as she turned over the man in her mind. And since

power to discover the dishonest practitioners and urge their disbarment. Turner is a member of Calvary Church, and prominent in the work of the institution.

"There is a good man," murmured Miss Harding. She ceased thinking about her bothers at once and made a great deal more of her breakfast than she had started out to do. The world became less of a menace. Marvin Turner had known her father, and as he was a fine Christian gentleman he would advise her honestly and well.

Two hours later she stepped forth to visit his office. She was a trim little figure, still retaining much of her mourning. Her pretty, frizzly hair was caught severely back under a plain but modish hat. There was the pink of health in her cheeks, and red vitality colored her lips. Her eyes were brown and had depth to them—the depth that betrays the dreamer, the impractical person. And this characteristic was accentuated by the heavy, dark-fringed lids that drooped over them. In her heart she felt the need of a guardian; and any trained observer would have seconded this idea. She was

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showing good sense in taking her affairs to a man with the character and world experience of Marvin Turner.

When she arrived at his office, she found a well-dressed, well-fed man of forty, scrupulously clean shaven. He was bordering on the portly, but had not yet reached that interesting state.

Have him in mind, a big man, almost six feet, with the chest and shoulders of an athlete. Let him have gray unemotional keen eyes, set close together. And, too, fit him out with puffy protuberances under them, wigwagging tales on him, telling the world that he loves his table more than his wife, and his cellar more than either. Then there were his thin lips—not the lips of the idealist who would reform the bar, but the demagogue, the self-seeker. The skin of his face was lusterless, like flesh-colored wall paper.

This was the man Miss Harding saw when she was ushered into his inner office by a blonde stenographer who chewed gum. He arose and greeted her with a manner that was just enough short of the courtly to be consistent with the business atmosphere of the place.

"I knew your father, Miss Harding," he said in a big, deep voice. It was a voice that would command attention in a panic on a sinking ship. There was in it an authority, a note of command that impressed strangers with the importance of the man. And it appealed to Miss Harding. It gave her a sense of security; it was as if she had stepped from the perils of the outside city into a friendly haven, where those wishing her harm could not come. He went on to speak sympathetically of her dead parent.

"I knew that you and he were friends," she told him. "That is one reason I came to you." Then she went into the details of her experience with young Prouty, and ended by saying that she wished to change lawyers. "I am thinking of selling some property of mine," she continued, "so we can have some business dealings from the very first—that is, if you can find the time and inclination to take me as a client."

Turner thought he could arrange that, but the visit quickly took on the nature of a friendly chat. There was little of business in it—just enough to bring about an understanding.

Turner was sorry his new client had made the acquaintance of the law through a rogue like young Prouty, who was indeed a rascal. One had to be careful with whom one dealt. But there was not much of this talk. Mr. Turner's family and Miss Harding's household affairs entered into the conversation to such an extent that they were embarking upon a very agreeable friendship at the end of the interview.

As she was going, he asked:

"How do you intend to invest the money you will receive for that Harlem apartment?"

"That is one thing that was bothering me," she replied. "I hoped that you might advise me. I hate my bankers' advice, because they always want me to buy things that pay only four per cent."

"That's a banker every time," laughed Turner. Then abruptly: "Did you ever try the coppers?"

"The what?" she asked, puzzled.

"Copper mines," he explained. "They are very profitable investments. Many of the old families in Boston hold copper stocks and bonds and will consider no other form of investment. They pay big dividends. But we'll talk that over some other time when we're in a business frame of mind. Of course I can advise you about other ways of placing your money."

"Well," said Miss Harding, with relief in her tone, "I'm glad I came. I believe that we're going to get along famously. This morning I was almost worried ill; and now it seems as if a great load had been lifted from my shoulders." And she went away, as happy a girl as there was in all New York.

Turner went to a window and looked out of it a long time. Then he returned to his desk, spread out a piece of paper before him, and wrote on it:

\$250,000.

He leaned back in his chair and looked at the figures. The ink dried and still he looked. Presently his lips puckered until they formed a small round hole. When it was made to his liking he whistled: "Whe-e-e-ew!"

Immediately thereafter he picked up the paper bearing the figures. He tore it in strips. The one on which the amount appeared he put into his mouth and chewed until there was nothing left of it but a soggy paper wad. The others went into his wastebasket. When this strange bit of office routine had been accomplished Turner went to the door and called to his stenographer.

"I shall go to Chicago on the Twentieth Century Limited this afternoon. Arrange to have Merriman and Johns call next week some time, instead of tomorrow. I'll be gone several days."

Then he closed the door, locked it, and spent an hour in deep thought. Afterward he left the office, and that afternoon, when the Century pulled out of the Grand Central Station he was aboard for the thousand-mile overnight dash.

About nine o'clock he went into the buffet-library car where were writing desks and materials and sat him down at a desk well removed from any other occupant of the car. On a piece of paper he wrote:

Cooperative Copper Mines Company. He looked at this critically. Then he shook his head and tried again:

Continental-American Copper Mining Company.

But this evidently would not answer, for though he muttered something about "European investors as an argument," the title was passed by. At length, after deep cogitation, he produced this:

Eastern Consolidated Copper Mines Company.

This was what he wanted. At least he appeared satisfied with his work, and, carefully tucking away the paper in his pocket, he went to one of the easy-chairs and beckoned to a waiter.

When the train pulled into Chicago the next morning he stepped down nimbly and was rushed in a cab to a hotel. There, after a quick visit to the barber shop, he called another cab and was driven to the offices of the Union Printing and Engraving Co., sending in his name as B. Thornton Myers, of New York. He had a consultation with a clerk, and left.

A few days later a small flat package was delivered to him at his hotel. Immediately he took off the wrappings and retied the package with plain white paper. Then he went back to New York as quickly as he could.

As soon as he was on the streets of his home town again he made for a

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No one is in better position to know the value of food and drink than a trained nurse.

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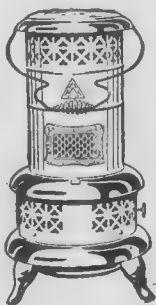
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messenger office and handed in the package for delivery. It was addressed in printed capitals to Marvin Turner at his office. Then as rapidly as a taxicab could take him he was driven there, arriving, of course, long before the messenger boy. He was in his inner office when the youngster shambled in. The package was slammed quite ungallantly on the desk behind which sat the blonde stenographer, startling her out of step in her gum chewing.

"W'y, dearie," she exclaimed, "what you tryin' to start?"

"Aw," grumbled the boy, "cut out that talk. Chee, I get tired bein' handed it by every skoit in de downtown offices."

"There, there, sweetheart," the blonde stenographer soothed, "don't take it so hard. What's this?"

"I bet you wish it was gum," he retorted. "Here, sign." He held out his book.

She signed Marvin Turner's name and the boy shuffled out. Thinking the package contained stationery, she was about to open it, when her employer's voice sounded behind her.

"Miss Cummings!"

She started, and flushed, remembering how often he had told her not to take too much for granted.

"I guess this is some new office paper," she excused, handing it to him.

"No," he said, "it is some confidential papers in a case I have taken up." He stalked back into his private room.

"The dickens it is," murmured the girl. "You wouldn't tell me that if you didn't want me to think it's something that it ain't. I wonder what it is." After that, she took up the telephone book to find the number of May's new place. She couldn't let mysterious bundles take up her time with a swell dance on, that night.

Marvin Turner locked the door of his sanctum and opened the package. It contained a book of stock certificates to be issued against certain copper mines—namely, the Eastern Consolidated Copper Mines Company. They were pretty certificates, copper-colored, and looking very much like millions of dollars.

Marvin Turner liked their appearance. He had gone to much trouble to get them. And the really satisfying thing about the transaction was that nobody could possibly know about it. He had taken every precaution against identifying himself with those certificates, buying them under a false name and not even bringing them into the office himself—but the blamed inquisitive girl had nearly seen them. He would take care that she had no opportunity to stumble upon them. They were for no one to see save Miss Harding and himself.

Straightway he filled in several of them with his own name, the entire amount being twenty-five thousand dollars.

Then he locked the book in his office safe, together with the detached certificates, neatly folded. He had completed the first step toward taking care of his client's property. The next step had not so much running around in it, but it might prove more difficult. And he must await the proper time before taking it.

Perhaps it was a week later before Miss Harding came into the office to see about the sale of her apartment house. All the preliminary details had been completed; the deal was to be closed that day. Morris, the purchaser, was there with his check and handed it over. Thus Miss Harding became possessed of not quite one hundred thousand dollars in ready money. As soon as Morris left, Lawyer Turner said to his client:

"Have you any idea how you wish to invest that?"

"No," she replied, "I was hoping that you would suggest something."

He arose and went to his safe, returning with the beautiful copper certificates.

"You might try this sort of thing," he advised. "I have fifty thousand myself in this company; here are shares amounting to twenty-five thousand which I bought the other day. A client of mine who is badly in need of ready money offered me one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of stock at par. It sells higher than that in the market. But I was not in a position to take it all."

"Would you advise me to buy some?" she questioned, her eyes on the alluring pieces of paper.

"Decidedly, yes," he answered. "You might put the money you received to-day into this stock. It pays big dividends. You were not getting more than six per cent out of your apartment house; and this copper is paying twelve this year. You would double your income—you would receive twelve thousand dollars a year from an amount of principal that has been bringing you in only six thousand."

After some further discussion and explanation, Miss Harding said:

"Very well, I'll take it. What do I have to do to get it?"

"Leave that to me—that is what you are retaining me for—to look after your business affairs and save you the bother of the detail work. Just indorse that check; that's all you have to do." He thought a moment. "Yes, that is all. The stock will be delivered to you in a day or so."

He handed her a pen, and she, removing her glove, dashed off her name across the back of the check. Then, the business concluded, she bade him good-by and went out.

When she had gone, Marvin Turner got his book out of the safe and proceeded to make out one hundred thousand dollars' worth of certificates in his mythical mine, in the name of Minna G. Harding. He had explained to the girl that he would make up the trifling difference between the amount of the check and the hundred thousand. She could hand him her check for it later.

The securities were duly mailed to her; and she was so pleased with them that she kept them about her for two days before depositing them in her safety box at the bank. Two months later Turner called her to his office.

"You'd better give me a power of attorney to act for you in the matter of that mining stock," he told her. "Those people will be paying a dividend shortly. You can let them send it here, and I'll collect the check and deposit the money for you, if you wish. A girl like you shouldn't be bothered with those details."

Miss Harding certainly knew very little about business. And then, this lawyer was so nice and thoughtful. Of course she would do as he suggested. She signed the power of attorney. In two days she received a package by messenger. It contained three thousand dollars in fresh bank notes, together with a note from Marvin Turner. It read:

It occurred to me that you might need some ready money, so I am sending you your first mining stock dividend in cash. It is a quarterly one of three per cent. You will receive a like amount every three months, making twelve per cent. in all. Isn't this better than the real estate?

Certainly it was! Miss Harding did not know that Marvin Turner had paid that money out of her original hundred thousand dollars, which reposed in bank to his credit—that is, all of it save the \$7,500 he had paid for a new imported automobile. She was very happy in the knowledge that she now had a brainy, up-to-date business man looking after her perplexing affairs. Things were going a lot better than they had under the administration of young Prouty—yes, ever so much better.

The next time she went into Turner's office she was in a receptive condition for his advice. He began to tell her more about coppers; of the manner in which the metal is mined; of the wide demand for it; of the high price it brings. Then he went into the affairs of the Eastern Consolidated.

"Before I invested in that company," he said, "I made a personal investigation of the properties. Afterward I knew why so little of the stock is to be had. People cling to it like grim death because it is one of the safest and most productive of the coppers. That stock can only be bought when some one has a strong reason for selling."

He went on to say that he had heard of some that was soon to come on the market. It seemed an estate was to be divided, and that another hundred thousand dollars' worth of the securities would be sold. "Do you think you'd like to have it?" he inquired.

"But I haven't that much money un-invested," she said.

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"Why not sell the Lenox Avenue place?" suggested he.

That was an idea indeed! The property in question was beginning to need extensive repairs. It was time to sell it, anyway; and it didn't bring in twelve per cent.

The girl listened as Turner outlined the conditions to her; and she began to realize what a wonderfully bright commercial mind he had. She herself never would have thought of turning over the money in that way. But it must be remembered she was just a girl, with no business about her beyond knowing how to buy millinery and dress goods. So she consented to the transaction.

At the end of the month she had one hundred thousand dollars more in Turner's brain mine; and fifty thousand dollars left of the property her father had willed her. Before a year had elapsed Marvin Turner had that, too, and he was quite well satisfied with himself. He went to church regularly and spoke about business integrity before the young men, exhorting them to live upright lives and never to cheat in business.

He was prosperous, and looked it, did Turner. He had nothing to worry him, beyond the question of getting back the stock in Miss Harding's possession. While she had it, there would always be something hanging over him. But he had paid the dividends regularly—in cash. He had used the power-of-attorney fiction so that he would not have to start an account in the name of the mythical mining company and check against it.

All in all, he was not much afraid of being identified with the concern, once he got back that stock. There would be only the girl's word against his; and he planned that she should never suspect him.

Of course, she would lose almost all that she had, but many people do that. Also, wasn't he apparently deeply interested in the copper? Wouldn't the two of them sympathize with each other in their losses? Of course. And so Marvin Turner let things slide along until a dividend time was near. Then he called up Miss Harding on the telephone.

At this point Miss Cummings, the blonde stenographer, enters seriously into the calculations. She had grown suspicious of late. You couldn't fool her! That Harding girl wasn't coming in so often merely on business. Nope, you couldn't fool the blonde stenographer. She had worked downtown too long; she knew what perfect devils those married men were. And in her mind there was a continual suspicion that almost any day she might come downtown and find her employer gone, having eloped with his pretty client.

So it happened that when Marvin Turner telephoned from his inner office, Miss Cummings listened in on the instrument upon her desk, the outer and inner telephones being on the same line. She heard Miss Harding's clear "hello," and then the rumble of Turner's voice. "I have bad news for both of us," he began.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I have received a circular letter from the Eastern Consolidated Mines Company addressed to all stockholders, announcing that, for the time, dividends will be passed."

"Why, what's the matter?" exclaimed the girl.

"It seems that the vein in the Alta mine has run onto other property and there will be litigation. Then the Nevins mine has petered out—oh, they certainly have plenty of trouble!" The voice broke off. Softly the door from the inner office opened and Turner looked out, catching his stenographer in the act of listening.

"Ah," he said, "I thought so. I'll see you later about this. Kindly hang up that receiver."

"I—I—" began the girl, but Turner had gone back into his room. She flushed hotly.

"He got me right that time, the mean thing," she muttered. "I bet I get fired!"

She was quite right about it. After he had finished his telephoning Turner told her that he could not keep her any longer. She tried to excuse herself, but he would not listen.

"You lack a sense of honor," he told her. "You are dishonest and I cannot

trust you. What you did amounted to stealing—getting information that was not intended for you."

"Oh, I don't know," she flashed back, "I ain't the only crook downtown."

"What do you mean?" he sharply asked.

"Take it any way you want to," she snapped back. She had in mind her suspicions concerning him and his client, but of course he did not know that.

"I mean to know specifically what you refer to," he thundered, advancing toward her.

"Don't you touch me," she cried, "or I'll holler. You let me go. I ain't goin' to say anything, but I ain't been workin' around here all this time without keepin' my eyes open. And that's all there is to it."

Once outside, she called up a certain swain, yeapt Harry, who toiled in a Broad Street brokerage establishment, and the two went to luncheon together.

"He called me a thief," she complained, "and I never took nothin'." And besides, hasn't a lady got a puffed right to rubber, once in a while?"

"Sure," replied Harry; "anyway, they all do. It must have been something he didn't want you to know about, or he'd just have scolded."

"It was a mine busting, or somethin'," she said. "She must be in it good and deep, by the way she talked."

"What mine was that?" the boy asked.

She thought a moment, then:

"Oh, yes, I remember. It's the Eastern Consolidated Mines Company. All the stockholders was wrote letters, he said; that there wasn't goin' to be any more dividends."

"I never heard of that one," said the boy.

"Say," she exclaimed excitedly, "when he told me I was a thief, I says: 'Oh, I says, 'I ain't the only crook downtown.' And what does he go and do? He goes and worries about it and tries to make me tell what I mean. See?"

"Uh-huh," responded Harry. Then, after a moment: "Come along down to the office and I'll look up that Consolidated. Maybe it's just one of those crooked concerns that's all on paper. Every office building down here is full of 'em. If it's true, you got something to get back at him with."

"All right," agreed the girl, "I'll go." So the two of them trotted off to search out evidence of Marvin Turner's villainy. And they were more successful in every way than they had anticipated. Not only was there no record of any Eastern Consolidated, but old-time copper operators, when appealed to, shook their heads and vowed that the company did not exist.

Finally Harry went to Fitch, one of the partners, and told him of Turner's conversation with Miss Harding.

"Boy," ordered Fitch, "get her on the phone. I don't know the girl, but I've heard that man Turner's name mentioned once or twice lately. And, taking a snapshot at it, I'm of the opinion that she ought to be warned."

Presently he was barking into the transmitter.

"This is Fitch," he told Miss Harding, "of Fitch and Thompson, brokers. I learn that you are holding some Eastern Consolidated Copper. That right?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Come down and see me," the broker advised, "and bring your certificates with you. As far as I can find out, that concern is all on paper."

She was not long in making the trip. And Fitch, being a man of action, was not slow in causing things to happen. A very well-known detective was hastily summoned—a man whose specialty was the criminal side of Wall Street.

"What do you make of it?" asked Fitch, after he had related the story.

"Does he know he's suspected?" questioned the officer, turning to the girl.

"I believe not," she replied. "I said nothing to make him suspicious. You see, I really did not have any idea that there was anything wrong."

"Then," the detective decided, "I'll get a search warrant and search his office. If we find the stock book there, or any literature pertaining to his fake mine, we've got him. And you come with me, Miss Harding. Your presence will help to make him break down."

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They went out and got the necessary legal paper. Then the detective picked up one of his associates and they went to Marvin Turner's office. On the way they impressed a uniformed officer, to make sure of sufficient physical force, should their man be troublesome. Turner met them with a smile that faded, faded, faded as their mission came out.

"I shall not submit to a search of my office," he growled. "Miss Harding, I am surprised—very much surprised—that you should attempt to disgrace me like this."

"She's surprised, too," put in one of the officers. "She thought her paper was good." He produced the warrant. "Get busy, boys. I'll take the inside room, there. You go through this one."

The safe stood in the corner of the private room. When the officer saw it, he told Turner:

"Unlock it, you."

"I refuse."

"It won't do you any good to act that way. I'll get an expert; if I have to, I'll blow it." He walked over to it and twisted the handle. The door swung open. It had not been locked. Turner rushed toward it.

"Aw," grinned the officer, "chop it, I'll get them other fellows to do a little roughhouse work with you if you don't. I'm going through it now, see?" He stopped and began to haul out the contents. The stock book came to light after a moment's search.

"I guess this is it," said the man, opening it. "And now it's up to you to prove that this company exists legally. Otherwise, I can see a cell door swinging on you, up Ossining way."

Turner went white. Then suddenly he dashed out of the room and was making for the outer door, when the other two officers flung themselves upon him, bearing him to the floor. The girl watched, terrified.

"Will you make a complaint against him?" the detective in charge asked her.

Turner stared up at the girl. "Don't make the charge," he implored. "If you let me off I'll return every cent of the money. I'll give my check now."

"No," the detective broke in, looking at his watch. "It's five minutes of three."

Where do you bank?" He moved to the telephone.

"The Interstate National."

There was a rustling of paper as the leaves of the telephone book were turned. The bank's number was found and asked for. Soon the officer was talking.

"This is Mike Collins. Yes. Now listen. Is Marvin Turner good for two hundred and fifty thousand? Yes. Twice that? All right. Now make out a certificate of deposit for two hundred and fifty thousand in the name of Minna Harding and hold it for us. We'll be right down and bring Turner with us. Oh, it's all right. Have it ready. We want it to-day."

He hung up the receiver and turned to the men holding Turner.

"We're all going down to the bank now," he said. "If Miss Harding gets her money back, it's the best thing that could happen in this case. We'll get you on some other charge"—to Turner—"for a crook's a crook. You've probably done a lot more that will come out after a while. If you haven't, you will; and we'll get you in time. Let him up, boys, and come on."

Minna Harding went home that night with a little slip of paper in her shopping bag calling for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. She was dazed but happy. And yet, overwhelming as had been her good fortune, she found her mind reverting again and again to the figure of a little blonde stenographer who sat in Turner's office and talked slang and chewed gum. And the following day that same petite figure flitted through her thoughts, chewing, chewing, chewing that everlasting gum. So Miss Harding ordered out her car and finally located the girl in Brooklyn.

"What would you like to have?" Miss Harding asked. "You know you saved me from being swindled."

"What I'm crazy about," answered the girl promptly, "is Harry."

Miss Harding smiled.

"But I can't get you him," she demurred.

"You don't have to. We're engaged already. But he ain't clear got yet, and you can't tell me about them men."

"Well," Miss Harding said, after a moment's reflection, "when you buy your wedding outfit go to McMurray's for it. They'll let you have anything you want, if you'll mention me."

"Oh," cried Miss Cummings, "thank! That wedding dress had my goat, with me only gettin' eight a week."

After which Miss Harding stopped in at McMurray's and fixed it so that Miss Cummings could trade to the extent of five hundred dollars. And Miss Cummings plunged, for her. The bill was \$7.49.

Blood-Guilt

(By Frederick George Scott)

The brand of Cain is on your brow,
Emperor!

A crown of gold may hide it now,
Emperor!

But when the day of reckoning comes,
When flags are furled and hushed the drums,

When labor goes with bruised hands
To plough once more the blood-

stained lands,
A people's wrath will rend the skies

And topple down your dynasties,
Emperor!

In vain you call upon the Lord,
Emperor!

You boast of honor and the sword,
Emperor!

What god will bless the hideous flood
Which drowns the world in human

blood?
The vengeance of a broken trust

Will grind your empire in the dust,
Till Hohenzollern crowns are cast

Upon the refuse of the past,
Emperor!

The cries of multitudes unfed,
Emperor!

The curses of the millions dead,
Emperor!

Will these not heap on you the scorn
Of generations yet unborn?

Are there no murmurs in your ear
Of retribution drawing near?—

The fingers of a hand that write
Inscribe your doom upon the night,

Emperor!

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Included in the list are the most popular works of some of the most celebrated authors of America and Europe, and each book is published complete, unchanged and unabridged. Look the list over, and we are sure you will find therein a considerable number that you would like to read and own:

By A. Conan Doyle

g12 The Secret of Goresthorpe Grange

By Josiah Allen's Wife

g9 Miss Jones' Quilting
g19 Our Jonesville Folks

By Mrs. Jane G. Austin

g14 The Cedar Swamp Mystery
g46 The Twelve Great Diamonds
g58 The Wreck of the Kraken

By Emerson Bennett

g11 The Kidnapped Heiress
g21 The Midnight Marriage

By Charlotte M. Braeme

g6 Lady Gwendoline's Dream
g16 Beauty's Marriage
g24 Coralie
g28 On Her Wedding Morn
g34 My Mother's Ring
g41 The Mystery of Birchall
g47 Marion Arleigh's Penance
g59 The Story of Two Pictures
g64 The Tragedy of the Chain Pier
g69 The Coquette's Victim

By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett

g30 The Tragedy of a Quiet Life
g36 Pretty Polly Pemberton

By Mary Kyle Dallas

g15 Cora Hastings
g33 The Mystery of Mordaunt Mansion
g73 The Devil's Anvil

By "The Duchess"

g25 A Maiden All Forlorn
g32 A Little Irish Girl
g48 Sweet is True Love
g57 A Little Rebel

By Alexander Dumas

g44 Otto the Archer
g55 The Corsican Brothers

By Mrs. May Agnes Fleming

g3 Hilton Hall
g10 The Child of the Wreck
g20 The Rose of Ernstein
g45 The Mystery at Blackwood Grange

By Anna Katherine Green

g56 Two Men and a Question
g60 Three Women and a Mystery
g65 The Old Stone House
g70 The Doctor, His Wife and the Clock

By Marion Harland

g13 Lois Grant's Reward
g50 Stepping Stones

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

g1 The Gabled Roofed House at Snowdon
g17 The Old Red House Among the Mountains
g39 Rice Corner
g61 The Brown House in the Hollow
g66 Tom and I
g71 Kitty Craig's Life in New York

By Etta W. Pierce

g22 The Blacksmith's Daughter
g31 A Mad Passion
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By Effie Adelaide Rowlands

g62 The Power of Paul Latrobe
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g8 The Little Rough-Cast House
g18 The Refuge
g29 The Phantom Wedding
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g68 The Fatal Secret

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g26 The Bride of an Hour
g37 The Love That Saved Him
g51 The Charity Scholar

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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG. 1914

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send me The Western Home Monthly for one year and the following books, postpaid (order by number)

Yours truly,

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—the sweet centers of choice Indian corn; cooked, seasoned just right, rolled thin as paper and toasted until they become golden brown flakes—crisp and delicious!

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Toasties are packed in an inner container inside the tight-sealed, familiar, yellow carton—keeps the food fresh and crisp for your appetite—

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THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally—

F. U. Morris, Manager, 1900 Washer Co.,
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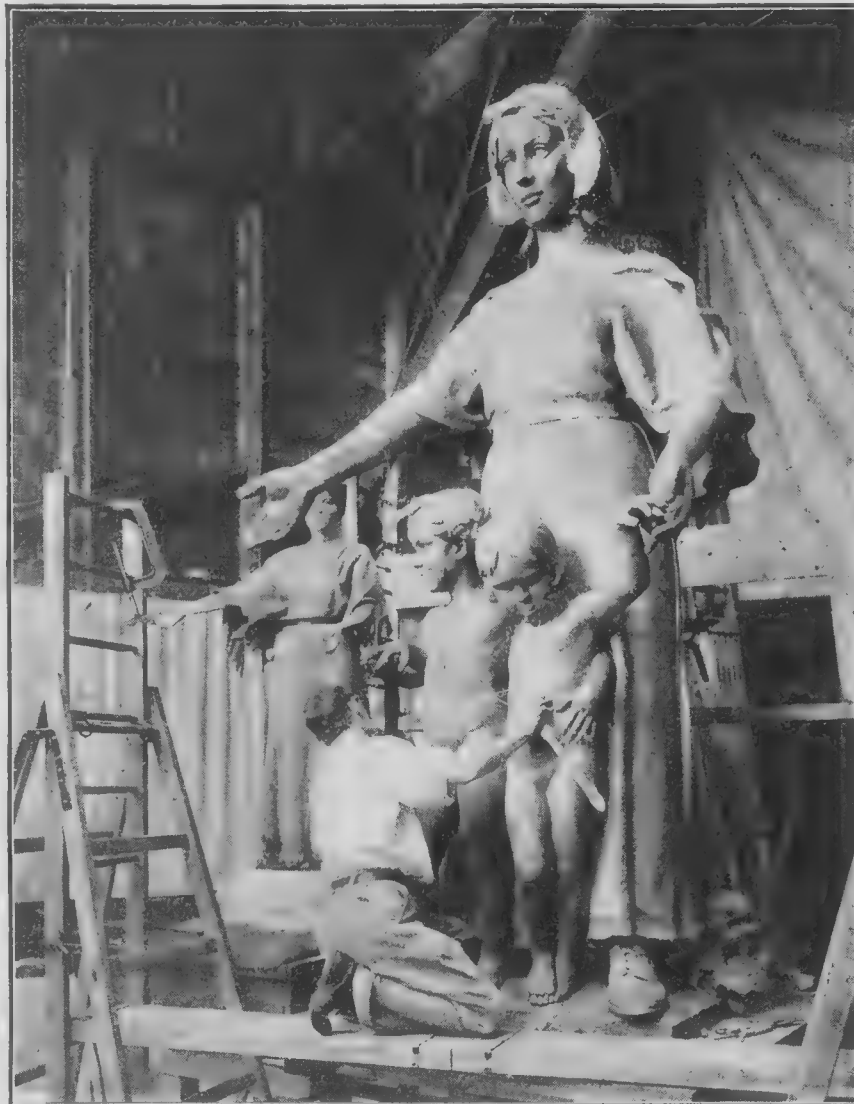
The "Pioneer Mother" Monument

A Striking Tribute to the Women of the Early Days is Completed at the Suggestion of the Woman's Board of the Exposition—Children's Pennies Build Great Statue.

THE women of the pioneer era will be exalted in the Pioneer Mother Monument, the work of Charles Grafly, one of America's foremost sculptors, at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. This monument, in bronze, is designed to perpetuate a spirit of love and veneration for the women who crossed the plains and, amid the hardship of pioneer life, faithfully played their part in the settlement and civilization of the west of America.

eties. He has won gold medals of honor at Paris, Buffalo, Charleston and Buenos Ayres expositions and elsewhere. The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts awarded him the gold medal of honor in 1899.

When the idea of a statue to motherhood, a tribute to the pioneer women of California, was suggested by the Woman's Board of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, Mr. Grafly was selected as the sculptor. Ten or more of the leading American sculptors had been invited into competition. With the project started, the execution of the plan was placed in the hands of an independent organization, the Pioneer Mother Monument Association. A financial cam-



The Famous Mother's Monument Subscribed for by Children.

In its design and execution, its freedom from conventionality and especially in its harmony with the theme portrayed, the monument is pronounced by ablest critics worthy of the sculptor, who, in his career of twenty years at home and abroad, has achieved many signal honors.

The chief figure of the group is the mother, a woman of dignified poise and expression. Her garb of homespun is appealing in its simplicity and would befit the pioneer mother of the early days. At her knees are her two children, sturdy children from a sturdy stock, well reared to lay the foundation of an empire amid a wilderness. In its sincerity and simplicity this work is a worthy homage to the courageous women of the past generation.

Charles Grafly, the sculptor, was born in Philadelphia in 1862 and at the age of seventeen left school to enter a stone quarry, where he worked for five years. He then studied under Eakins in Philadelphia and in 1888 went to Paris, where he entered the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Since then Mr. Grafly's upward career has been rapid. His work has won him the admiration of his fellow sculptors. Mr. Grafly is a member of many national and international sculptors' soci-

ties. He has won gold medals of honor at Paris, Buffalo, Charleston and Buenos Ayres expositions and elsewhere. The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts awarded him the gold medal of honor in 1899.

Among the first to respond were the school children of California. From one end of the state to the other, they sent in their pennies and their nickels—the latter was the largest contribution any child was allowed to make—and from the very first it was made clear that the latest generation of Californians was glad of the chance to pay homage to the women of the early days. Grown up California, too, responded loyally and enthusiastically.

Aside from its importance as a work of art, the Pioneer Mother Monument will have a distinctive place in the Panama-Pacific International Exposition because of the sentiment—one in which the east will be able to join in spirit no less than the west. After the close of the exposition the Pioneer Mother Monument will be placed permanently at the civic center of San Francisco.

Sacrifice and Victory.

To lead in sacrifice is the first condition of leading the nation to victory.—A. R. Orage.

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SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON is taking Bovril to the Antarctic because his men must get every ounce of nourishment out of their food. You, too, can be sure of being nourished if you take Bovril. Even a plain meal yields much more strength and nourishment if you are taking Bovril. But remember, Shackleton's words: **It must be Bovril.**

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

The Effect of the Present Situation on the Wage Earning Girl of the Future.

The Unemployed Woman.

The army of unemployed women and girls come and go—a weary, dejected, heart-sore line, battling for an opportunity to work. First, a gray-haired woman with hope kindling in her eyes as a woman worker asked her if she can do housework. "I can do any kind of housework," she exclaims as visions of past experiences inspire her with confidence.

"Here is a place," says the woman at the employment desk, "a man with a young family wants a housekeeper. Shall I send you?" For a moment the applicant is pleased.

"I should like to go, but—perhaps when he sees me he will think I am too old. I think a personal application would be better. I can work, though I may appear old," and the lonely body waits eagerly for a bit of encouragement.

A young mother with her babe next approaches the woman in charge. Too weak to walk she staggers as she holds her little one near her heart.

"I'll go any place for a home for my babe and me," she begs. "Have you a place?"

A kind answer. "We'll do our best—come to-morrow morning," and she goes away with a feeling of confidence. She returns the next day and the next until one morning when the last cent is gone she comes into the room and drops into the nearest chair and mechanically waits.

A kind hearted woman anxiously goes to her with the message, "We have a good place for you now," and arrangements are quickly made for her fare to a good home in the country where mother and babe shall have nourishment and kind treatment. These mothers with young children appeal to me. Then there is the girl who is willing to go anywhere. Women of experience say the better educated they are the more willing are they to go into the country. These girls can find places quickly as there are many rural homes asking for girls. These are worthy cases—efficient women and willing ambitious girls and they deserve the utmost consideration. Then there is the opposite type.

"I'm going to the mayor of the city and ask him why you do not get me a good position. I've been waiting since the first of September and you have not placed me yet!" she exclaims in excited anger as I calmly wait for the storm to subside.

"Will you go into the country?" I ask.

"Oh, no, I would not consider that at all. It's too lonely and I simply will not leave the city." She breaks out again in more abuse about the women in charge and threatens again to see the mayor. I smile as I think of the awkward predicament of the mayor, since his wife is convener of the committee of women who have charge of this employment bureau—women who are devotedly giving their time and services free to aid their less fortunate sisters in finding employment. This young woman had been offered several positions but they were not exactly what she wanted.

"Do they entertain much at this place—are there any children—is there any washing?" asks one chronic whiner with her fingers pointed at an application that is tacked on the bulletin board.

"Wages—\$25 a month" I read, as the girl looks into my face for an answer.

In front of the bulletin board—girls just over from the old country, others well familiar with Winnipeg homes, and many experienced store and office girls—all eagerly scan the positions open for the unemployed. Some go away determined on not doing home work, others jot down addresses only to return again and again for an easy place—some work so hard in their search for a position with little to do—but there are those who go out after the position and gladly accept a place—willing to put up with difficulties. These are not among the inefficient. Among the applicants are several girls dressed in the latest winter fashions. These girls have spent every cent for dress—regardless of the future and they are absolutely penniless and hungry. They cannot do housework, they will not go into the country, there are no positions in their own particular work—and patience in persuading them is most necessary. They are good girls but false pride hinders them from putting aside their own preferences for the better judgment of the women who try to convince them of the fact that any honest work is honorable. After facing these applicants and listening to their stories of failure and discouragement I ask:

What effect will the present situation have on the wage earning girl of the future?

The wage earning girl of the future will be more economical. She will spend less on dress. She will sacrifice more and be less selfish. She will place efficient service before self and will adapt herself easily to new conditions. The young girl in her teens will be found more in the home than in the office and store and there will be need

for less social service work. She will be more domestic in her taste, more resourceful, and hence a better home-maker; best of all, she will be a woman prepared to create peaceful home atmosphere—which is the highest desire of every man who marries.

"Almost any hill seems long if we stand at the bottom and look up. But almost any hill can be climbed, if you go up it a step at a time."

New Professions for Women

This is a time when the alert girl will make new opportunities. Find a need for a certain kind of work—then fill it.

New fields for women are opening. The "going back to housework" movement offers possibilities for new professions for women. A manager of an employment bureau in the States says: "I strongly recommend that any girl proposing to make her living specialize in some definite way if she wishes to make a place for herself worth while. There are not enough well trained women to fill the higher positions that are open to them." Laundry overseers, landscape gardeners, dietitians, farm-managers, interior decorators, chemists and bacteriologists are all professions that the future needs. Professional laundry overseers study textiles and chemistry and are made familiar with economical methods for washing clothes and for removing stains. There is a woman who has made the washing of woolen sweaters a profession as she has a large income.

Dietitians now manage kitchens for preparing food for invalids and doctors find them filling a long felt need. Other women make a profession of cultivating a certain kind of vegetable or flower. Others put up a fine grade of fruit.

The visiting housekeeper is another new profession—she is called upon to systematize housekeeping for a new home-maker.



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The illustration shown here is a notable example. This coat is made of Northern Muskrat and is lined with Skinner's Satin guaranteed for two seasons' wear. It is cut on stylish lines with loose back and front and rounded bottom. The new butterfly sleeve with 4-inch cuff gives the shoulder a very smooth and pleasing appearance. The coat is 46 inches long, and is supplied with either notch or shawl collar. The skins used in the coat and muff are genuine natural muskrat, neither blended nor dyed. By blending and dyeing, unprincipled manufacturers can make handsome looking garments from inferior skins, but in this coat no deception whatever is practised.

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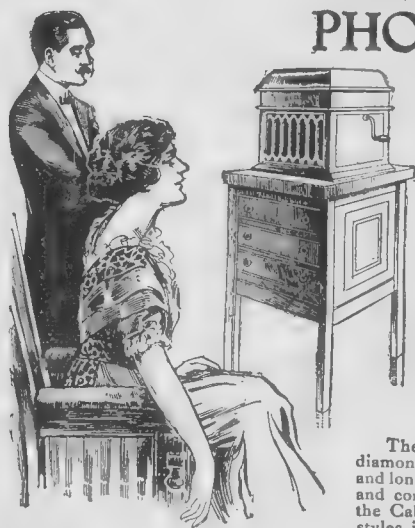
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The girl who learns chemistry and bacteriology will be needed in health departments to examine foods, milk and water.

Another employment agent states: "Girls who have creative and artistic ability should not hesitate to enter the field of design." This work is reaching into many new lines, for women are now found as commercial designers, that is, of such things as labels, monograms, trademarks; also as festival, pageant and stage designers, in which a knowledge of historical costume and setting and of the principles of effective composition are of first importance. There are branches of design known as pictorial composition, which includes illustrators for books, magazines, newspapers and advertisements; mural decorators and stained-glass designers. In these directions women are very successful. There is a demand for designers of furniture, lace, mosaics, wall paper, rugs, carpets and all kinds of textiles." Opportunities will open along many new lines of work and a girl in housework may find her future profession if she observes. A colored woman at Saratoga Springs, New York, fried potatoes a new way and began to put out a product that is known in every city as the "Saratoga chip."

There is no other way to progress except the gradual unveiling of successive levels.

The College Graduate

In an article under the question: "What is wrong with the college?" Harold C. Goddard gives us a few thoughts worth considering. He says: "From the kindergarten to the university, our present educational system is undergoing radical readjustment. The wide-spread tendency is to vitalize education by bringing it into closer contact with the actual life. The growth of industrial and agricultural forms of vocational training is becoming general." In referring to the debating society of his own youth, he says their debates created intellectual enthusiasm, and a normal boy or girl introduced into an atmosphere of high intellectual pressure must become mentally enthusiastic. In every college there are students who are intellectually alert, but since a large number of students attend for social reasons—or because "it is the thing to do"—or for no reason at all—the individual intellectual enthusiasm does not fuse into collective intellectual enthusiasm. These indifferent students prevent the emergence of a mental current. One college idler will do more to mar intellectual college atmosphere than three can do to create it. Then get rid of the college idler before he or she contaminates hundreds with the virus of intellectual listlessness.

The first and crying need of the college to-day is the ejection of the student with the idle mind—he is the leper of college society.

The process of vitalizing or humanizing knowledge is the essence of making education liberal and practical. The teacher who helps is the one who makes his subject interesting by making his students feel that his subject is a truth permeating all life. He transforms dead signs and symbols into a temple of intellectual beauty.

The great truth in the doctrine of the liberal education is the perception that power of things that are large and high and far away often bestows the best control over things that are detailed and near. The great truth in the doctrine of the practical education is the perception that nothing is worth while that does not relate itself to the everyday life of man. Results must be shown to be worth while in the light of human life as a whole. The liberal education must remember that a subject has a relationship to the real and palpitating issues of human life; it is necessary that the student be made to see and feel that connection clearly, constantly and vitally.

Youth the period of vision. If we deny vision to our young men and women, let us not complain later, if the people perish. Young people should catch a vision at college—a vision that will hold their faces toward a goal amid the blackest passages of their later experience; for

"Tasks in hours of insight willed,
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled."

In this couplet is the whole philosophy of the liberal education, and of its practical relation to human life.

Mr. Goddard closes his article with the following paragraph in defining the aim of the college student: "Let him come not to acquire the superficial polish of a useless culture; not be transformed into one more crack-brained, pettifogging researcher; not to heap up a little pile of information, or to acquire a few tricks of skill, which a few years later can be converted, unit for unit, into bread and butter—but let him come to acquaint himself with problems of the world as it is now, to make his own all that is choicest in the inheritance of the past, and to catch a vision of the world as it ought to be; and to do all these things not for their own sakes, but to the end that when he approaches his own particular task in the practical world, he may bring to it background, amplitude, imagination, grasp the combined daring and restraint, serenity and tenacity of the disciplined mind."

Good Times

Perhaps the times have been too good for girls. "It is upon the smooth ice that we slip." When it is rough and treacherous we watch our way. When the way is clear we go too fast and give less attention to our steps. In buoyant self-confidence we forget caution. "It takes a steady hand to carry a full cup." When the cup of success is not quite full we walk more carefully for fear of losing what we have gained. Hard times may be necessary—and after all times are not hard so long as we can work and have friends and a bit of sympathy.

The Pleasant Things

Emphasize the pleasant things in life. There are people who emphasize always only the unpleasant happenings. One girl tells me she tries to do her best but those around her are so disagreeable. She is never happy because she continually finds the faults in others. One can not attain any success who sees only imperfect models. The artist chooses a perfect model to copy. Converting a pessimist is not an easy task because their mental blindness is almost chronic. I know of two girls whose minds have been greatly weakened because they thought continually about others' faults.

"Every day is a fresh beginning.

Every morn is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sighing

Here is a beautiful hope for you."

Every unpleasant thought weakens the mind.

Mrs. Browning says:

"There are nettles everywhere,
But smooth green grasses are more common still;
The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud."

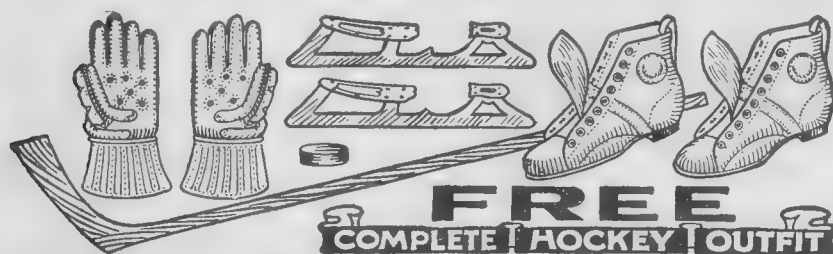
The Question Drawer

Among the questions that have come to me through the mail is this—the question of a doctor in a western town. Is it worth while for parents to deny themselves in order to send their girls to college when they might go to a good high school near home? This man says girls do not appreciate the sacrifice and it is not worth while.

Personally I agree with the doctor. If a girl has educational opportunity near home it is to her advantage to remain home. Away from parental influence she creates ideals that wean her from domestic ties and are not practical in her home environment. This experience often causes heart breaks because of lack of sympathy. If parents have to sacrifice much and the girl is really sincere in her desire to go to college—let her earn her own way by teaching near home for a time. She will appreciate her opportunity more. A college education is a desirable ambition but if gained at the cost of home-love and too much parental sacrifice, the price is too high.

Another question from a social survey class has come to me by mail.

"Is the church interested in the laboring man, the mechanic or with us—the



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C. E. BROOKS, the Discoverer.

C. E. BROOKS, 1705 B State St.,
Marshall, Michigan.

working girl? The statement is made by the social service club of Winnipeg that 75 per cent of the members of the Trades and Labor Council do not attend church and that, in the United States the percentage is 90 per cent—and social service workers say this is because the church does not welcome the common wage-earning class."

I believe, from personal observation, that the church welcomes the wage-earning class more warmly than is realized. At the present time our churches are trying in every possible manner to reach out and help all classes. A man or woman with a high purpose and an honest ambition is usually welcome in any church. A universal brotherhood and sisterhood exist, but eyes blinded by pessimistic lenses cannot see either. I believe the present crisis brought on by the war will cement more closely the relationship between the wage earner and the church. The social coin of courtesy and optimism

that is not possible in rooming houses. A little home in the beginning is the only sure foundation of domestic peace.

Will our readers discuss these questions?

Happiness

It is an actual duty for people to be happy, I believe. Nothing is so contagious as joy and it is our first duty to find it for ourselves. No missionary work is so good as unconscious missionary work, and a happy family can never know how far-reaching is their influence. If you are disturbed, made wretched, kept unsettled by some question of duty pertaining to your immediate household, perhaps you can best settle it by simply ignoring it. Behave as if it were not in existence. I was at one time distracted over the presence in our family circle of a person whom I considered a detriment to our respectability. I spent years of



Jain Temple, Calcutta

will buy the ticket for the most conservative circles in churches.

Does a woman's sphere narrow after marriage?

It should broaden. The inspiration of home love should make the wife grow until the horizon of her personality becomes continually larger.

What is there in religious faith that gives people strong and absolute serenity of spirit?

The feeling of sure guidance and safe protection creates serenity of mind.

Is it right for a girl whose particular work has not been affected by the war to save this year when so many are in need?

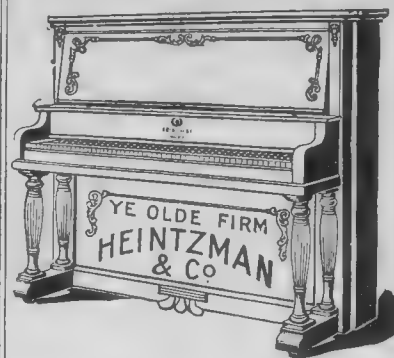
Most of us are sharing with others—but we must at the same time make our own future safe—can you not give and save a little as well? When any body in Belgium makes bread now, they take half the loaf to the sufferers.

"What would you do if you were engaged to a man who lacks 'push'? We have been engaged two years and he asks me to begin married life in a room. He is not ambitious."

A girl is running a great risk when she marries a lazy man. Too many young couples begin married life in boarding houses. The happiest homes are begun by genuine home-making and

worry over it and finally decided that I must take hold of life with the strong hand. So I cast this old uncle out. I trampled on old ties of affection and tenderness, old obligations of gratitude, and bodily lifted my family away from what I was sure was a deteriorating influence. I am now fully convinced that I did wrong. It would have meant ten years of martyrdom for me to have kept him, but I should have done it. And I should have changed the martyrdom to plain business: accepted the care of this old human derelict and allowed the task to develop in me fine qualities of which my nature stands sorely in need—patience, orderliness, management and courage to face little annoyances. I am notoriously brave if the horse runs away or the house gets afire, but I flunk horribly if anybody spills coffee on the tablecloth or needs a bit of personal attention, such as being hustled into a clean shirt or having his head shampooed willynilly. It is pure courage we need for such brotherly offices—and these are the things we oftenest shirk "in justice to ourselves."

There may be such a thing as being too poor to be economical, but there surely is no such thing as being economical when it means loss of life or property.



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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Winnipeg

YOU!

This civilization was built for you. This century was born for you. This hour was pre-arranged for you. All the ages have been conspiring to erect a platform for you to stand upon at the present moment. All this for you. For you. "D. L. Moody was first awakened to an interest in spiritual things, while sitting drowsily in Dr. Kirk's church in Boston, by some one suddenly rousing him, and telling him that the sermon meant him."

"BUSINESS IS BUSINESS"

When a man's business is not just the kind of business which a man's business ought to be, he usually remarks: "Business is business." "All kinds of rascalities are buried beneath that phrase 'Business is business.'" Whenever and wherever "business is business" keep your eye open. Dr. Talmage remarks: "Some time ago, in the city of New York, a young man in a jeweler's store stood behind the counter offering gold rings to a customer. He said, 'Those rings are fourteen carats.' The lady replied, 'I want a ring of sixteen carats'; and not getting what she wanted, went away. The head man of the firm came and said to the clerk, 'Why did you not tell her that these rings were sixteen carats?' He replied, 'I cannot deceive anybody.' The head of the firm severely reprimanded him, and said, 'You never can get along in this way. It is lawful in business to make these little misrepresentations.' Who was the young man? A hero! Who was the gentleman representing the firm? He was a deacon in a Brooklyn church!"

SHAKE HANDS

Shake hands! Get into the hand shaking habit. The habit is a good one. Shake hands! Shake hands with everybody. Shake hands with the people who are neglected. Shake hands with obscure people. Shake hands with the little folks. The following authentic story shows how Dean Farrar appeared to a small boy who regarded him as nil mortale: "I was never in the Sixth," he explained, "but Dr. Farrar came to review the lower school form in which I then was. As he came in, in his silk gown, with that stately form, oh, I did feel small! 'Go on, —,' he said to me. I went on and got through it. When the review was over, he stopped and talked to us, among others to me. 'Where were you born?' he asked. 'In India, sir,' I replied. 'Ah, I was born in Bombay myself.' We had quite a talk, and then he shook hands. I was proud of myself. I didn't wash that hand for two days."

GOLD BUGS

Certain men are gold-mongers. They think gold, talk gold, dream gold, clutch gold and breathe gold. Gold in the teeth of such a man must be absolutely at home. God save us from the golden idolatry. Beecher once said: "I heard a man once say, 'If I could stand and receive dollars over a counter, I would not like any better heaven than this world.' I do not think it would take much to make that man happy."

MOCK HUMILITY

If you love praise, say so. Don't lead people on to tell you how handsome you are and then look surprised when they assert that you are nothing less than Apollo. Away with your mock humility. I will have none of it. Personally, I like to be complimented. I don't detest praise. Somebody writes concerning Oliver Wendell Holmes: "One evening he was the guest at a banquet given by a Boston club, to which I had been kindly invited. When he arose to make a speech they cheered and applauded to the echo. His face was radiant, beautiful. After he sat down I said to him: 'Are you not tired of cheers and applause, after all these years of triumphs?' 'No,' he replied, 'they never cheer loud enough; they never applaud long enough to please me.'"

THE DAYS OF YOUTH

Time is but brass at seventy. It is silver at sixty. It is gold at forty. It is radium at thirty. Youth possesses all the elements of prophecy. Youth is the seed time of life and the foundation period of character. "When the worn-out slanderer and voluptuary, Dr. Wolcott, lay on his death-bed, one of his friends asked if he could do anything to gratify him. 'Yes,' said the dying man, eagerly, 'give me back my youth.'"

THE JEW

The Jew has proven himself a true and genuine patriot. A citizen without a land, he has always been loyal to the land which has crowned him with the privilege of citizenship. When Renan said: "A Jew will never be a citizen; he will simply live in the cities of others," he was simply flying in the face of the facts of history. The Jew is human—has heart, soul, emotions, affections, enthusiasm and sentiment like unto us all, and is susceptible to all those influences which engage and captivate. The Jew has never proven false to the nation which has honored him with commercial opportunity and political recognition. The Jew is human. Treat him in a mean manner and you produce a mean man. Treat him like a man and you produce a patriot. "Wherever the Jew has found a friend in his country the country has found a friend in the Jew."

A Prayer

This solemn appeal, from the pen of Neil Munro, the well known Scottish author, was read in the churches of Glasgow on a recent Sunday

Lord, from this storm-awakened isle,
At this dark hour on land and sea,
'Twixt bugle-call and Sabbath bell
Go up our prayers to Thee.

For the long years of sanctuary
We tender thanks, O Lord!
For peaceful fields and sacred hearths,
And the unused sword.

Thine be the praise! And now when
Quakes
The world, and trials come,
O God! preserve inviolate
Our sacred island home.

O! had we died untried, unproved
And missed this hour of stress—
Praise be to God for this last gift.
The joy of steadfastness!

Where'er our people be to-night,
Our husbands or our sons,
Tossed on the thunder-bolted deep,
Or bivouacked by the guns—

Treading the mire of a foreign land,
Or guarding our native coasts,
Be Thou our Shield and Comforter,
We pray Thee, God of Hosts!

NEIL MUNRO.

INSPIRATION

Inspiration is the greatest miracle in human experience. It is the touch of the divine. It is fabric woven out of threads which are purely spiritual. It is the best evidence of an unseen realm. It has in it all the power of pure force and all the subtle moods of spiritual energy. When Father Taylor, the sailor preacher, was approached by a newspaper reporter and asked for a copy of one of his sermons, his answer was: "I might as well try to give you a copy of chain-lightning!" Some person asked Henry Ward Beecher "how long" he preached. His answer was: "Until the flash comes!"

AN IDEAL HOME

An ideal home is the castle of a genuine love, the tower of an enthroned friendship, the citadel of every pure joy, the walled city of every sacred relationship and the round-table of social communion and all the highest forms of human intercourse and intellectual exchange; for here we may find a woman's heart, a husband's strength, a father's wisdom, a child's awakening consciousness, an infant's smile and the kindling touch of a neighbor's loyalty.

'Mid pleasures and palaces
Though we may roam;
Be it ever so humble
There's no place like home.

BUILD A HOME

Build a home. Let that home be the centre of all beautiful influences. Invite your friends into it. Let the poor always be fed at your door. Let every window shine with the light of human sympathy. Make your fireside a refuge for the broken hearted. It was said of Emerson that when his children told him that the subject given out for their next school composition was "The Building of a House," he said: "You must be sure to say that no house nowadays is perfect without having a nook where a fugitive slave can be safely hidden away."

THE MAIN ISSUE

There is always a main issue. There is always a cause which is uppermost, an agitation which is supreme, a question which is cardinal and a problem which is pressing. The biographer of William Lloyd Garrison, writes: "He returned to Boston and established the Liberator. This was in 1831. Supposing that he would have a certain ally in the churches if he could but win them to consider the question of slavery, Mr. Garrison became an itinerant missionary and waited upon clergyman after clergyman. Being of the orthodox faith in those days, he began with the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher. 'No,' said the divine, with a shake of the head; 'I have too many irons in the fire already.' 'Then,' was the solemn reply, 'you had better take all the rest out and put this in.'"

YOUR WIFE'S ADVICE

You may know more about your own business than your wife does, but, as a rule, there is one thing on which she can advise you. She is usually a good judge of human nature. Julia Ward Howe says: "To my husband Parker often spoke of the excellence of his wife's discernment of character. He would say, 'My quiet little wife, with her simple intuition, understands people more readily than I do. I sometimes invite a stranger to my house, and tell her that she will find him as pleasant as I have found him. It may turn out so; but if my wife says, 'Theodore, I don't like that man; there's something wrong about him,' I always find in the end that I have been mistaken.'"

BLOOD AND THUNDER NOVELS

High wrought fiction produces a dangerous type of mental intoxication. When a youth is mentally intoxicated he is living in an unreal world. No young man ever brought reality out of unreality. A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here it goes!" And he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

KIND DEEDS

Kind deeds are like white shining diamonds on black velvet. Kind words are like flowers that bloom in the crevasse of a rock. Kind thoughts bless both the thinker and the one who is the object of tender thought and kind regard. Remember what Robert G. Ingersoll said at the grave of his brother Eben: "Were every one for whom he did a kindly deed to lay a single bloom upon his grave, then he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers."

THE HARDEST YEAR

The first years of married life are apt to determine the destiny of a family. The hardest year in the establishment of a home is very often the first year. Learning to live together is the greatest problem in life. Two wills, two natures, two temperaments, two souls—coming into contact. What an opportunity for tact, consideration and fair play. How many biographies have been written in blood. Such was Shelley's. "She can't bear solitude and I can't bear society. The living chained to the dead," muttered the great poet. The greatest tragedies are the tragedies of the home life.

TOLSTOY'S CONFESSION

Begin easy and you will end hard. Begin hard and you will end easy. Hard times are produced by people who insist on having a good time. Pleasure is a splendid result but an exceedingly poor pastime. In order simply to enjoy yourself in life you must pay the price of all that which enters the lists for the achievements of purpose, ambition, noble endeavor and the possibility of fame. And what a flimsy reward comes to the mere pleasure seekers in the end.

Canada and Imperial Defence

By Hugh Mackay, M.D., Winnipeg.

We have so long taken British protection by land and by sea as a matter of course, that we are not fully alive to its momentous significance. At the outbreak of this devastating war, when it became known that the high seas were unsafe for ocean traffic, when passenger ships with lights extinguished were racing wildly, they scarce knew whither, in the inky blackness of the starless night across the ocean lanes, pursued hot foot by German cruisers, and when

the question of our ability to transport our food products to the world's markets overseas was in doubt, then there was borne in upon us in a very real fashion the true inwardness of Britain's protecting care.

A few years ago, under the Laurier regime, a measure of naval defence was inaugurated in Canada. This was the immediate outcome of an agitation throughout the country looking toward an easement of our compatriots in Great

Britain who had generation after generation borne alone and unaided from this great colony the ever-increasing burden of naval defence.

It was felt throughout all classes in the community that common decency, not to mention patriotic fervor, demanded something worth while, something in accord with our growing national importance and steadily increasing financial prosperity. The average Canadian did not know, neither did he care, what form our contribution might take in this important matter so long as it was adequate and commensurate with the national needs.

With the advent of the Borden administration a reversal of policy ensued. It was announced that after long consultation with the Imperial authorities,

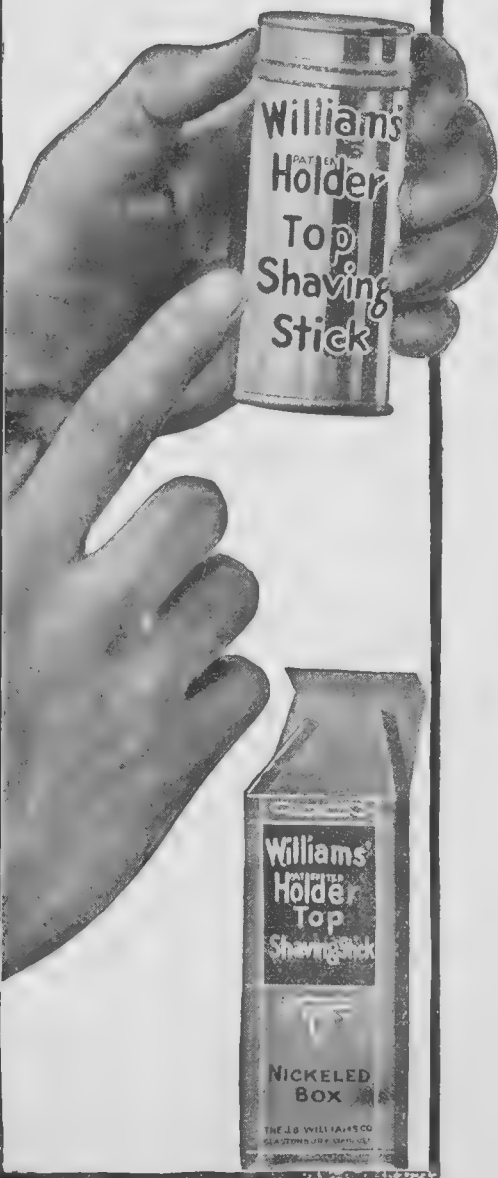
a conclusion had been reached that direct contribution to the British navy was the immediate and pressing need, and for the present the sole avenue through which the country's aspirations might find fitting expression.

If our representatives at Ottawa had been big enough to take the matter out of the realm of party politics, an arrangement agreeable to the people could have been reached forthwith. As it was, we made ourselves superlatively ridiculous in the eyes of the world in the political deadlock that followed. Day after day and week after week the titanic battle of words and policies went on, each party proclaiming in flamboyant and grandiloquent phraseology their unswerving loyalty to Great Britain and their consuming desire to

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offer aid to the Empire in the most effective manner. If the measure of their utterances is the measure of their patriotism then indeed are we Canadians thrice blessed.

Far be it from me at this juncture to disturb the waters of the political maelstrom at Ottawa, which happily, for the time being, are quiescent. I simply want to point out in passing that while the heart of the Canadian people was all right in this connection, their wishes were frustrated by their parliamentary representatives.

Time has demonstrated that the much ridiculed emergency is a very real thing. He is indeed a radical liberal who does not feel that the country's interests would be better safeguarded by the presence of two or three Canadian battleships in the North Sea. The great throbbing heart of the nation goes out in sympathy and admiration to the brave seamen who are fighting our battles in those waters—the men constantly on guard against attack—the men who now and then when nature becomes exhausted, lie down beside their guns on the steel clad decks and endeavor to snatch a little rest. Verily

abortive by further exhibitions of the curse of party politics. If it should be proven that these charges are true, then in the name of national decency let us have a political house-cleaning, lest we be shorn of our status among the nations and the tattered remnants of our self respect fall from our palsied hands.

Modern Diplomacy, or How the War Started

Said Austria: "You murderous Serb, You the peace of all Europe disturb;

Get down on your knees,

And apologize, please,

Or I'll kick you off my front curb."

Said Serbia: "Don't venture too far, Or I'll call in my uncle, the Czar;

He won't see me licked,

Or insulted or kicked,

So you better leave things as they are."

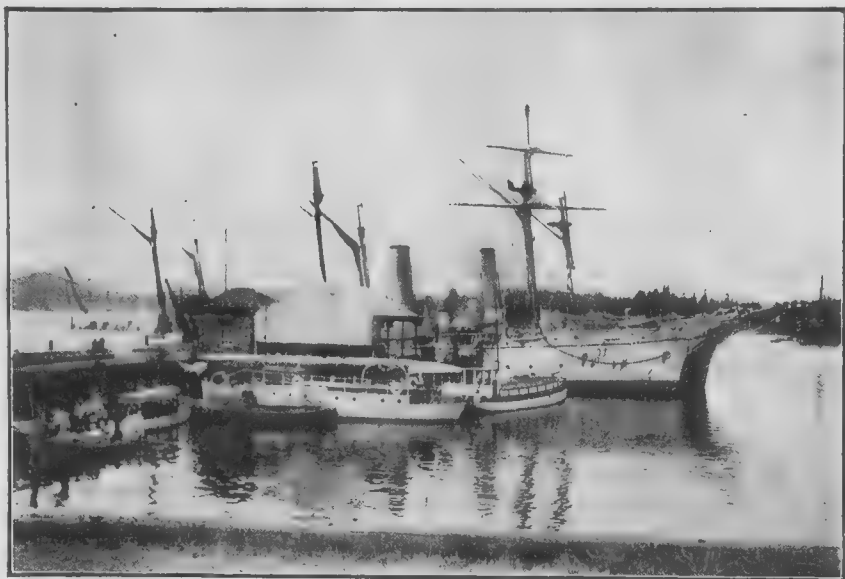
Said the Kaiser: "Push in that Serb's face,

It will teach him to stay in his place;

If Russia says boo,

I'm in the game too,

And right quickly we'll settle the case."



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British sloops of war Algerine and Shearwater in Esquimalt harbor. These vessels, formerly on fishery patrol, and used as training ships at the outbreak of war, were assigned to coast defence patrol on the Pacific and with the Newcastle and Rainbow are on the lookout for German ships. This is the only picture taken since the declaration of war, all harbors and war vessels now being forbidden to photographers.

"in the midst of life they are in death." What Canadian but would have experienced a thrill of pride had one of our ships been ranged alongside of that of little New Zealand and been privileged to defend Britain and the right in this Herculean contest!

On the other hand, the most dyed-in-the-wool conservative can scarcely fail to realize that even the much despised "tin pot navy" of the Laurier government had in it the elements of national strength. More especially is this true of the men living on either seaboard who were devoutly thankful to have the much ridiculed Rainbow and Niobe put in commission once more to guard their coasts against marauding hostile cruisers.

Both policies were good. A combination of the two would have been a burden on the country far less proportionate than that which has been borne so long and uncomplainingly by the patient, long-suffering British tax payer.

So far as preparedness by sea in this crisis is concerned, the country's representatives at Ottawa have failed lamentably in offering a solution of the problem. We confess it with shame and sadness. All that is left us is a belated opportunity to furnish men and equipment for a land force. In this connection it is gratifying in the extreme to witness the unanimity of our people. The common instincts of loyalty to the mother-land and self preservation make insistent demands for a continuation of this attitude.

In a recent issue, a Winnipeg journal made sweeping charges of graft and incompetence in the equipment of the first Canadian contingent. It may be that these charges have no basis in fact but the government would do well to take heed, for the Canadian people are not in a mood to have their desires rendered

The Czar said: "My cousin the Kaiser, Was always a good advertiser; He's determined to fight, And insists he is right, But soon he'll be older and wiser."

"For forty-four summers," said France, "I have waited and watched for a chance

To wrest Alsace-Lorraine From the Germans again. And now is the time to advance."

Said Belgium: "When armies immense Pour over my boundary fence, I'll awake from my nap, And put up a scrap They'll remember a hundred years hence."

Said John Bull: "This 'ere Kaiser's a slob,

And 'is word isn't worth 'arf a bob,

(If I lets Belgium suffer

I'm a blank bloomin' duffer)

So 'ere goes for a crack at 'is nob."

Said Italy: "I think I'll stay out

Till I know what the row is about;

It's a far better plan

Just to sell my banan,

Till the issue is plain beyond doubt."

Said our good Uncle Samuel: "I swaow

I had better keep aout of this row,

For with Mormons and Niggers,

And Greasers, I figgers,

I have all I kin handle just now."

—F. Waver.

We have temporarily nothing for the men to do; let us make them better fitted, in mind, body and technique for their future work. . . . Fall back on the costly utilities known as relief works only in the last resort.—Sidney Webb.

The Third Dimension in Naval Warfare

By Maurice Prendergast,

SEA WARFARE, ever since its inception, has been conducted on a basis of two dimensions. The antagonists opposed each other on a common surface embodying the two dimensions of length and breadth in relation to their movements. Neither side could obtain any advantages by occupying a position of higher altitude as in land warfare; all combatants were compelled to fight on the same level. The importance of certain parts of the surface in relation to land (as in the case of various straits) cannot be denied, but the arrangements of land and sea are peculiar to each series of hostile operations. In the present case, it is assumed that movements are carried out on a surface of unlimited dimensions.

The agents of warfare,

the fighting ships, acting against each other on a two-dimensional basis, are themselves creations moving in counterpoise between two media—one medium being the sea and the other the air. They depend for this counterpoise on the two opposing forces of gravity and buoyancy. Destroy that counterpoise and the ship descends and becomes completely enveloped in the lower medium—in other words, she sinks. We therefore have two dimensions and two media as constant factors in naval warfare.



Lieut.-Commander Max Kennedy Horton,
Whose Submarine has two German
Cruisers to its Credit.

Naval warfare, as regards actual fighting between ships, has recently shown a tendency towards one dimension. The adoption of the centre-line disposition of guns in battleships implies, to a certain extent, broadside fighting. This, in conjunction with modern systems of range-finding and fire-control, indicates that the opening stages of an action will demonstrate the maintenance of a constant length or range between the two fleets moving on parallel or concentric courses.

Within the last few years, two new agents

of warfare have been created with the power of using a Third Dimension, and also of moving in one medium alone. These new agents are the seaplane and the submarine. Not only can they move on the surface of two dimensions like older forms of warcraft, but they have the power of moving in a vertical direction, and by using the Third Dimension of altitude or depth, they can ascend above or descend below the surface, becoming completely enveloped in one medium alone—that of the sea or air.

In all previous maritime warfare, the opponents could only vary their relative positions by either drawing nearer to or going away from one another. The new Third-Dimensional agents can vary their positions by going above or below each other in their own media and also going above or below surface-fighting ships. In the past, warfare has always assumed the visible presence in battle of any enemy to be attacked. The submarine has nullified this assumption and its invisibility confers the right of invulnerability upon it. The seaplane is however visible, but its small size, mobility,

and rapidity of movement render the determination of its actual position and future progress very difficult for the purpose of attacking it, so that it is, to a certain extent, invulnerable. In the past, surface-fighting ships directed their attack against each other rather in a horizontal manner.

Vertical methods are needed

to deal with the new conditions of naval air-craft. Howitzer and mortar-fire have been used in the past, of course, but principally against land defences. Since the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War, Russian warships have had the upper portions of the barbette ports composed of large armoured hinged flaps which, together with special elevating gear, permit of high-angle fire by big guns. But this need not be regarded as a direct resultant of aerial attack since, in 1906, Messrs. Vickers incorporated these methods in the Russian cruiser Rurik. It is rather the outcome of the high-angle bombardment over Liaot-shan of the impotent Russian Fleet immured within Port Arthur during low tides.

So long as each Third-Dimensional ship remains in its own medium, it is more or less

immune from attack

from surface-fighting ships. Both "super-marine" and submarine depend on a combination of horizontal planes and mechanical power for their movements from the surface and above or below it. If the motive power fails, both types must return to the surface and lose their powers of using the Third Dimension. This entails loss of their invulnerable properties and they become two-dimensional surface craft liable to destruction by the older types.

The points of dissimilarity between aerial and sub-aqueous craft are however more strongly marked. The seaplane is capable of a speed seven or eight times that of a submerged boat. The increase of aerial velocity is said to give the seaplane greater stability; no real advantage is gained by any increase in the sub-surface speed of a submarine. The fastest destroyer cannot keep pace with a seaplane and the submarine below the surface would be out-stripped by our oldest warships.

The submarine's radius of vision, even when on the surface, is of a circumscribed nature on account of its low command of visible horizon. When submerged at a small depth, it is obtained second-hand and in an indifferent manner by a periscope. At greater depths, vision is nil. To the seaplane is given the power of commanding a horizon far greater than that of any other type. In addition to this, it possesses an advantage denied to all other surface-craft; that of

locating a submarine

running below the surface. Neither the submarine nor the ship attacked by the submarine can see each other continuously. The seaplane can see both, and were the means developed, it might assist either side in delivering or repelling an attack. If the introduction of the Third Dimension influences the

future course of Naval warfare,

the condition of hostilities may be complicated by the relation of three types. super-surface, surface and sub-surfaces acting separately, in conjunction with or against one another. In its present stage of development, the seaplane is virtually impotent of effective attack. The submarine is perhaps the deadliest menace to surface warships ever conceived.

The possibilities of conjoint warfare between Third Dimensional craft against surface ships were recently discussed by Mr. Jane in the "London Magazine." Were it possible to establish direct communication between the seaplane and submarine by wireless methods, the latter's defect of vision might be rem-

(Continued on Page 25)

During War Only



Owing to the present war conditions it is the desire of the manufacturers of the Gerhard Heintzman Piano to retain all of their help at the factory. In order to do this it is necessary to sell more Pianos. For the first time in the history of this high grade instrument, they are being placed on sale at

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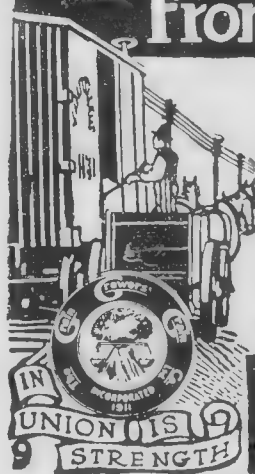
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References: Bank of Toronto, Northern Crown Bank and Commercial Agencies.

THE PHILOSOPHER

Current Events under Review.

AS TO BARBARISM AND COMMONSENSE

One of the wise fools in Shakspeare says that there is a soul of goodness in most things evil, if only we would observingly distil it out. Take this notion that has poisoned the minds of not only the aristocrats and militarists of Germany, but of German university professors as well—the notion that “intelligent brutality” is to be cultivated as the finest of all possible human attributes, and that “the virtues of savagery” are the noblest of human virtues, and that human advancement, in the only true sense, cannot go forward unless “ruthless hardness” and “intelligent brutality” and the other “savage virtues” are cultivated, and the qualities of gentleness and humanitarianism are suppressed and regarded with contempt as being mere softness and weakness. As a matter of fact, it is true, in a large measure, that civilization does in many cases tend to soften men, and there is a need of a corrective of that tendency. But there is above all an ever present need of the sane and saving virtue of common sense which the German Emperor and those who surround him so sadly lack—otherwise they would see the absurdity of the idea that any one nation can impose its domination upon Europe by brute might and hold mankind in subjection to a military autocracy. But to return to the talk about ruthlessness and brutality as virtues that should be cultivated; the learned German professors who write ponderous books preaching this savage doctrine are simply overgrown schoolboys gloating over stories of wild adventures and of the bloodthirsty doings of pirates. Often, as was the case with Nietzsche, whose name crops up so persistently in this discussion, they are themselves physical weaklings, with a morbid worship of brute strength. For sane-minded people the vast benefits of civilization and of the gentle domestic life that civilization protects mean the development of all the best and truest possibilities of humanity, including true courage and true hardiness. The poem that tells how the British soldiers in the trenches before Sebastopol sang “Annie Laurie” in an interval of quiet when the fortress guns had ceased firing for a time before the fighting was renewed with redoubled fury, says:

“Each heart recalled a different name.

But all sang Annie Laurie.”

In the same poem are these true and noble lines:

“The bravest are the tenderest.

The loving are the daring.”

When boys play at being Indians, or pirates, they are obeying a natural instinct of boyhood; but when they grow to be men, they cast off the things of the boy—if they are truly normal and fully developed, sane men.

* * *

ANGRY ABUSE OF THE AMERICAN PRESS

The failure of the schemings of the militarist ruling system of Germany to secure the approval and sympathy of the people of the United States is so complete that two new publications—the Fatherland and the Vital Issue—have been launched in New York with German money in a futile attempt to reverse the verdict against Germany which has been pronounced in the United States. These two precious sheets are now assailing the newspapers of the United States with accusations that they have been bribed by British gold to slander, insult and malign Germany and the Germans. With characteristically stupid insolence, these two German publications are even threatening the United States. “By these revilings,” says the Fatherland, “the press of this country are carrying its people along dangerous paths towards a precipice.” No doubt the Kaiser and his General Staff have it all planned to subjugate the whole of this continent after they have subjugated Europe. The Vital Issue says that “it is deplorable that American newspapers, sunk from their high level of fifty years ago, should be permitted to exercise such a fatal influence over the masses.” The German system of dragooning the press should be introduced, of course, and freedom of the press, as well as freedom of speech, crushed out under the mailed fist of despotic militarism! The course which the Fatherland and the Vital Issue are now taking can only serve to strengthen the feeling in the United States in favor of the Allies.

* * *

THE SONG THE SOLDIERS SING

Just why the favorite song of the British soldiers at the front, as of the first Canadian contingent, should be “It’s a long, long way to Tipperary,” is a question which might be discussed at great length. That sort of song has always appealed to English-speaking soldiers. The United States soldiers have made it their practice when on active service to make some current popular song their favorite. The German soldiers, on the other hand, obediently sing

what they are ordered to sing. In that, as in all else, they are machines. Our soldiers, unlike the Germans, prefer a joke that reminds them of home to a song that tells them they are heroes, and they are all the greater heroes for that. It is more truly heroic to joke in the face of death than to assume a heroic attitude. High spirits in time of peril and steady cheerfulness, which is natural, not assumed, are of the essence of true heroism. That is the British spirit, which has so often surprised the enemies of Great Britain. Victor Hugo said it was not the Iron Duke who won the battle of Waterloo, but the Iron Nation. “There spoke the generosity of a Frenchman,” an English writer has written. But there is something stronger than iron in soldiers of the British breed, stronger than the “iron and blood”

seclusion at Elba, lamented to his physician that he found it dull not to be at war. “It is the greatest and most exciting of games,” he said, “the finest of occupations.” That is the Kaiser’s point of view, too. He wants to have his name and fame as “William the Greater” eclipse the name and fame of Frederick the Great, who also protested publicly about the loftiness of his motiveness but who left this confession about his first war, in his memoirs: “Ambition, interest and the desire of making people talk about me carried the day and I decided for war.” To quote Macaulay:

“The selfish rapacity of the King of Prussia drove the whole world to arms. On the head of Frederick is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe, the blood of the column of Pontenry, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and in order that he might rob a neighbor he had sworn to protect and defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America.”

It will be for future historians to do full justice to the successor of Frederick, who has already so completely eclipsed Frederick in bloodshed and destruction.

* * *

THE HONOR OF BELGIUM

It will be the business of the Allies, so far as they are able, to relieve the people of Belgium, and to redress their wrongs, so far as that can be done, after the war is over. Never before has there been so much suffering concentrated in so small an area in so short a time. With 650 people to the square mile, Belgium was one of the most highly industrial of nations. It has been overrun and ravaged by the invading Germans, cities have been burned, foodstuffs seized, crops destroyed, huge contributions levied and those of its people who have not met death in the devastation of their country are, in great part, left destitute, many lacking even shelter. And all because the brave Belgian people defended their country’s treaty rights, which Germany was under solemn obligation to protect and defend. History holds no record of suffering more cruel and more undeserved, or of loftier heroism. Australia has done well to give \$500,000 to help the Belgians, and without doubt that good example will be followed. Belgium has rendered a wonderful service of self-sacrifice to the cause of freedom and human progress. Her name will stand forever glorious in the roll of nations that have kept alive the torch of liberty.

* * *

DESTRUCTION

In 1870 when the Germans rushed down on France “like the wolf on the fold”—a performance which they counted confidently upon repeating, via Belgium, this year—their progress, for all that it was so overwhelming, was at times checked. On several occasions French cavalry captured German guns, and being unfamiliar with breech-loaders, they did not know how to disable them by spiking them, and were driven off before they had succeeded in making the guns useless. The celebrated “needle” muskets with which the German soldiers were armed and breech-loading cannon were novelties introduced in that war by the Germans. In all previous wars the cannon had been loaded in the manner which had prevailed from the time gunpowder was invented and first used to propel a shot from a gun. That is to say, the charge of powder was put into the cannon at the muzzle and rammed in with a ramrod, and then the cannon ball was inserted in the same way. Breech-loading weapons and artillery were an extraordinary novelty in 1870, but what are they to the weapons and artillery and aircraft and modern warships and submarines and telephones and wireless telegraphy and the hundred and one wonders in use in the present war, which were undreamed of in 1870? An interesting parallel to the unfamiliarity of the French with the breech-loaders in 1870 is furnished by the fact that expert suggestions have been found necessary in this in which automobiles, motor trucks, motor guns and motorcycles are playing a great part, in regard to the quickest way of putting motor engines out of business. Various ways are suggested by which a person quite unfamiliar with the mechanism of a motor engine can rapidly and expertly make it useless. This is the time of smashing things in Europe on a scale monstrously greater than that of any previous smashings by men of the works of man. As for smashed motor engines if they cannot be repaired, they can at any rate be replaced. But how about cathedrals and other monuments that are legacies from past ages, that have been smashed by the Germans?

The Call

By Hugh McKay, M.D., C.M., Winnipeg.

Hark! on my listening ear
 Outborne upon the night wind’s mystic
 breath
 There falls a cry!
 Resounding o’er the endless deep
 From Britain’s distant shore,
 A call to arms!
 A call, that reaching to the very ends
 of earth
 Grows loud and ever louder yet:
 A call, that rugged, rocky coast
 And promontory gray and grim out-
 standing.
 Nor endless plains that stretch to where
 The sky is lost in earth’s embrace,
 Nor mountain peaks that rear their
 serried heads,
 Snow-clad and robed in white above
 the clouds,
 Nor all the weary waste of waters,
 Nor time, nor place, nor distance
 Weakens nor grows less.
 A call to arms! The clarion call of
 duty!
 A call to draw the sword in Freedom’s
 cause.
 And fight for Empire, Home and
 Native Land.
 And ever the answer comes
 From Britons the wide world o’er.
 Oh! gray haired stately mother,
 Proud mistress of the sea,
 My heart responsive beats
 In unison with thee!

of German vauntings. All the machinery of modern warfare cannot turn them into machines, nor has that ever been attempted by a mechanical discipline and the methods used on the German soldiers. So they have a spirit which cannot be broken like a machine—a spirit which makes fun of every danger and hardship and which is terrible only to its enemies, not to women and children. The language of the songs the German soldiers sing is lofty, but these songs will be infamous through future ages because of the things done by the armies singing them.

* * *

FREDERICK THE GREAT OUTDONE

Persistently and in endlessly varied forms the falsehood that the German Emperor strove for peace and yearned for peace and had no desire for war, is still being put forward by the various German agencies for the dissemination of falsehood, especially by the highly organized system operated from the office of the German Ambassador at Washington. That system is laboring strenuously, but in vain, to secure a reversal of the verdict of public opinion in the United States, which is against Germany. At St. Helena Napoleon was never tired of protesting that peace had always been his supreme desire and the constant object of his unfeeling and consistent efforts. The facts were against him, however, as they are against his would-be imitator. In the negotiations after the battle of Leipsic Napoleon said to Count Mettenich that what he called his “honor” came before peace, and that the lives of a million men meant nothing to him. They mean no more to the Kaiser. A hundred years ago this month Napoleon, then in



Western Home Monthly War Illustrations

Showing incidents in the great struggle being waged by the allied troops of Great Britain, France, Belgium and Russia for the maintenance of honor among nations.



Peace and War in the Champagne Valley
French soldiers marching through a vineyard in the champagne country of France, where the peasants are picking grapes for the famous sparkling wine.



Seeing Daddy off to the Front!
A common sight in England nowadays. The wife of one of the soldiers of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards and their young son accompanying him to the station where they entrained for the war zone.



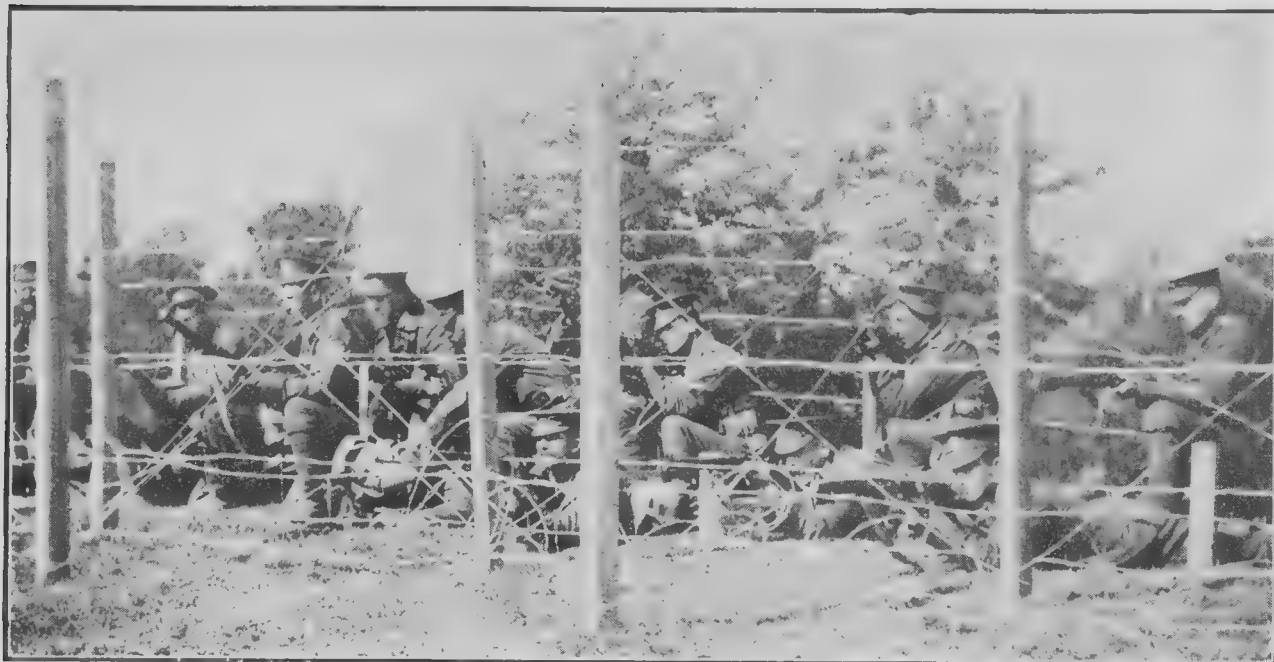
French Marines welcomed by residents of Ghent. The Marines are seen marching through the streets of the Belgian town.



British Naval Reserves in Belgium.
British Marines going to take up their position in the trenches outside Mons where the Germans suffered a severe repulse.



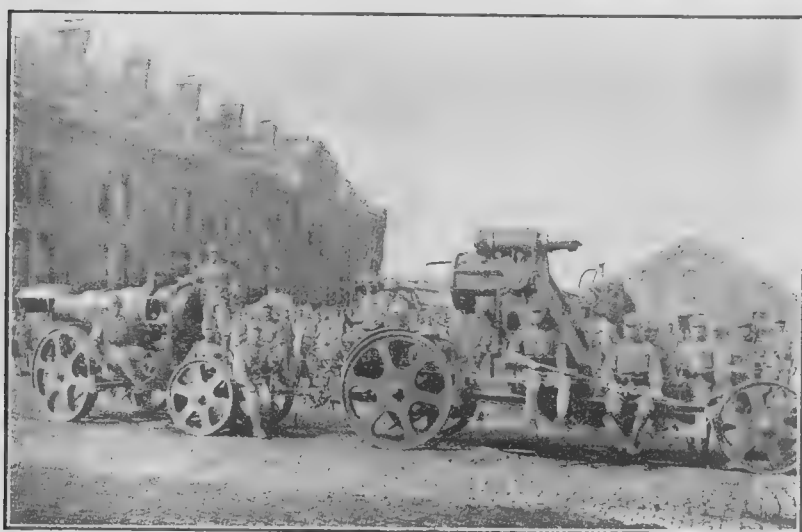
Indian Troops in France to help the Allies. Making their way to the firing line.



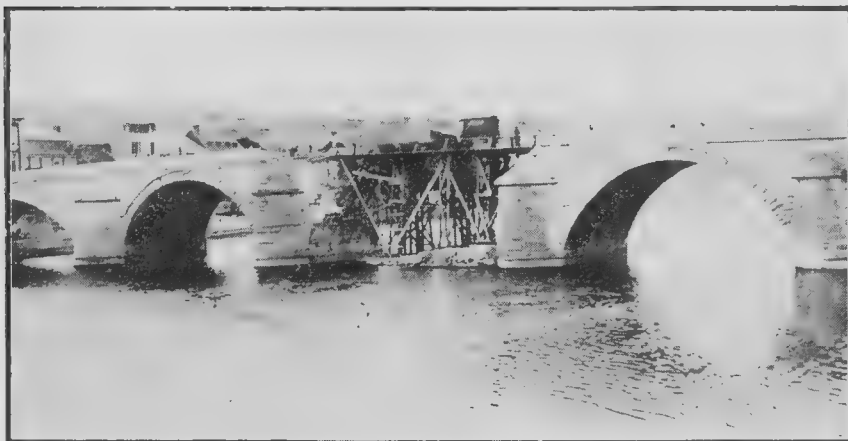
British Infantry behind barbed wire fence coolly awaiting a charge of German Cavalry.



Wounded British Marine, instead of going to hospital rejoins comrades in trenches.



One of the 100-ton German Siege Guns.



Ruined Belgian Bridge repaired by German Engineers.



Wounded British Sailors in a London Motor Bus in Belgium en route to the nearest Hospital.



Wounded British Sailor being conveyed to hospital in motor bus. The bus window has been smashed by shrapnel but otherwise is in good condition.



The exodus of refugees from Antwerp passing through Rosendaal in Holland.



Belgian wounded arriving at Folkestone, England, in charge of a British Nurse and Boy Scout. The Belgian reception in Great Britain was one of cordiality and affection.



British Outposts on the lookout for the enemy. The men display wonderful cleverness in concealing their whereabouts. The British soldier has shown unequalled genius as a scout.



In the Firing Line of the French Army.

A soldier defending a wounded comrade and at the same time obtaining a firm support for his rifle. A scene often witnessed in the present struggle.



British Defenders of Belgium.

British marines fighting from the trenches near Lierre during a German attack. The fire of the British tars was deadly.



British Marines carrying ammunition into the trenches near Antwerp. A detachment of the British Marines landed at Antwerp a few days before its evacuation.



French Infantry attacking German position in France. This was one of the richest farming districts in France, but now ravaged by the Germans. Since this picture the scene has somewhat changed and France is once more in possession.



Gordon Highlanders on the March.



Motor Cycle Ambulances in use by British at Front.
It will be observed that the motor cycle has side car converted into an ambulance. Several of these are already in use by the British Army at the front.



Boiler Works Converted into Hospital for Wounded French Soldiers.



The Czar exhibiting an Icon or sacred picture to his kneeling soldiers.



A Cavalry Division occupies a position about a mile to the rear.



Children in Flight from Antwerp.
Some of the little children who were compelled to flee from their homes in Antwerp during the bombardment of their homes by the Germans.



Officers of the German Staff considering messages brought by aeroplane scouts which resulted in the Germans being obliged to retreat.



A Group of British Prisoners of War in German Custody.



A British Warship Convoying five large Merchantmen.



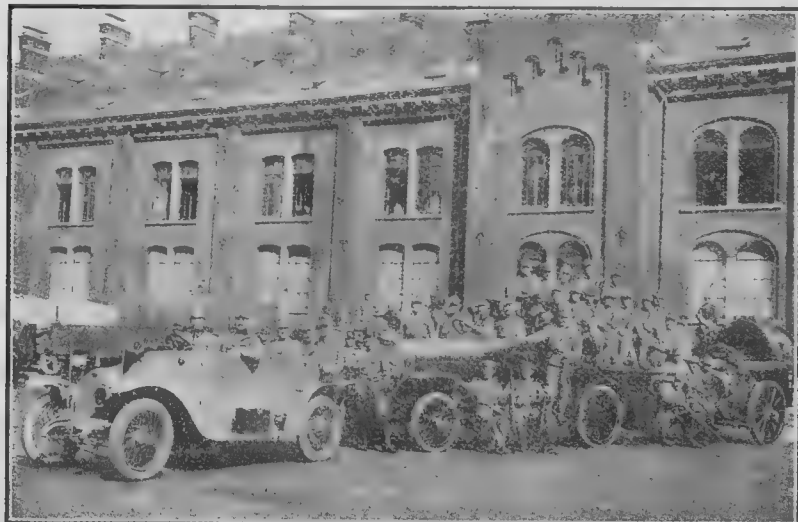
A British Water-Filter Cart being filled at a River.



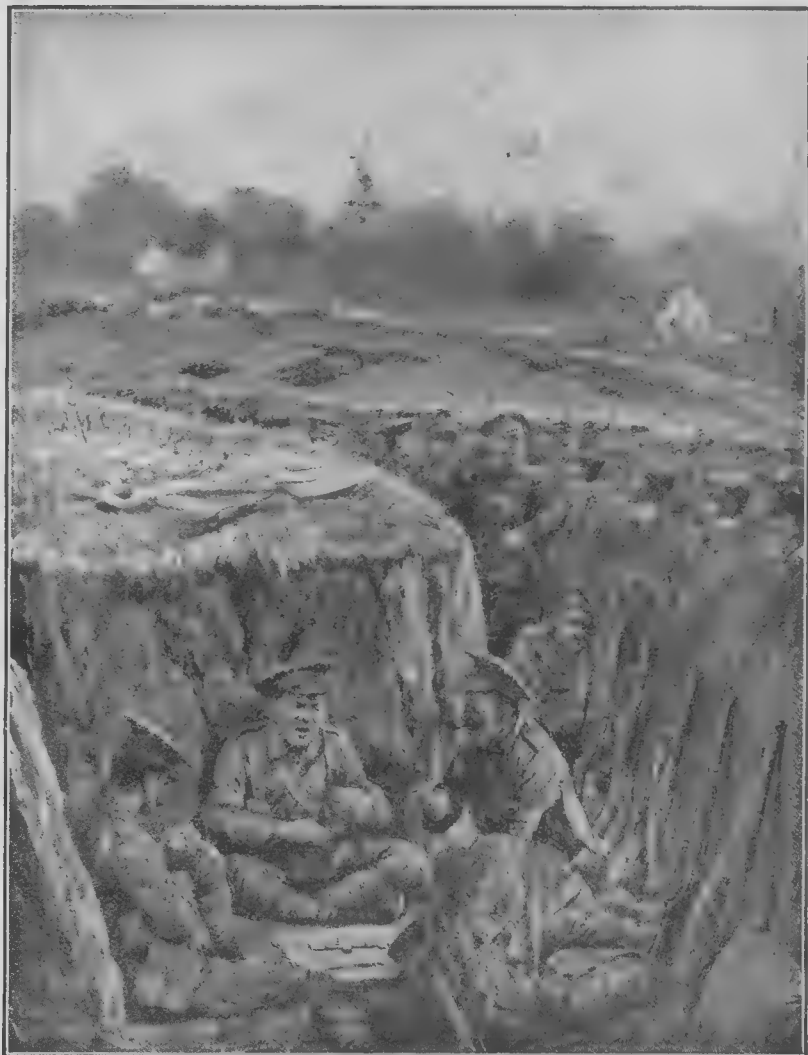
Germans in Antwerp.
The Germans did not treat Antwerp as badly as they did Louvain but on the slightest excuse would sacrifice life and property.



British Wounded Embarking on a Hospital Ship at Havre.



Siege Guns, lent to Germany by Austria, to assist in the Belgian campaign of destruction. Travelling in sections.



British Soldiers enjoy a game of Dominoes while shells burst overhead.



Embarkation of Alberta Horse. The arrival of the Alberta Horse at the Quebec wharf ready to embark on the transports.



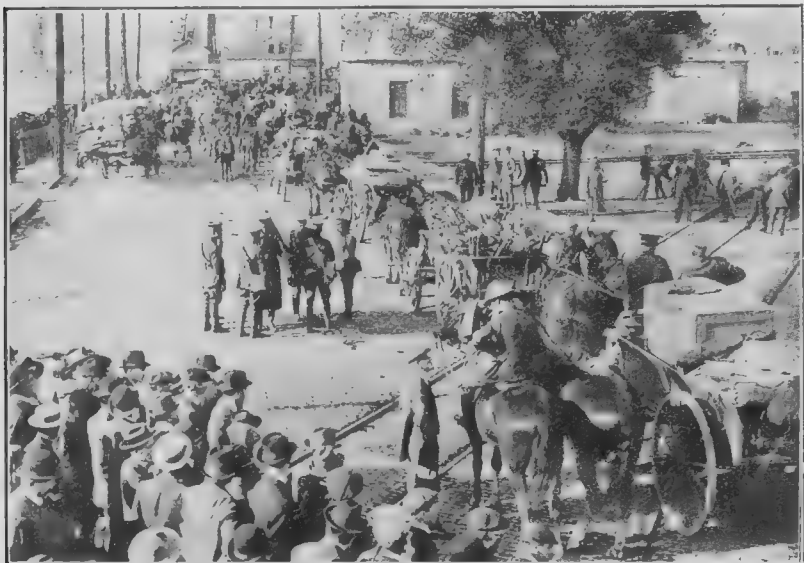
Alongside the Transports. Canadian Expeditionary Force took some fine horses. Some of the troopers are here seen preparing to load their horses on the transports. Note the 4.7 gun mounted on the deck of the "Montezuma."



The Serious Business of Moving an Army Division. Over 30,000 Canadian troops with full equipment have been safely landed in England.



How the horses were put aboard. This interesting illustration depicts the methods employed in loading the horses of the Royal Canadian Dragoons of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. They embarked on the transport "Laconia," which is seen alongside the quay.



Canadian Expeditionary Force off to Old England.



Canadian Field Hospital No. 1, which accompanied the Canadian Force to the front, on the march from Valcartier to Quebec prior to embarkation.



Wounded French Soldiers from the Battle of the Aisne.



A typical Indian Regiment of Infantry.



Searchlights on Old Lambeth Bridge, London.



London in War Time.
Searchlights operating from Charing Cross Station and Old Lambeth Bridge.



Lord Kitchener receiving a call from Lord Roberts in his room at the War Office.



General Botha, premier of South Africa and Commander-in-Chief of the South African forces.



Belgian peasant women in hospital at Alost who were maltreated and injured by German invaders.



Indian Troops in Camp in France.



Flight-Lieutenant C. H. Collet, of the Royal Naval Air Service, who dropped three bombs on the Zeppelin shed at Dusseldorf, Germany.



A hospital wrecked by German shells at Lierre, near Antwerp. Six wounded soldiers were killed in their beds.



Wearing his stole over his military uniform. A French priest on active service conducting a comrade's funeral.

THE PRINCIPAL RACES REPRESENTED IN THE RANKS OF THE ALLIES.



Russian Infantryman.



Belgian Foot Soldier.



English Infantry.



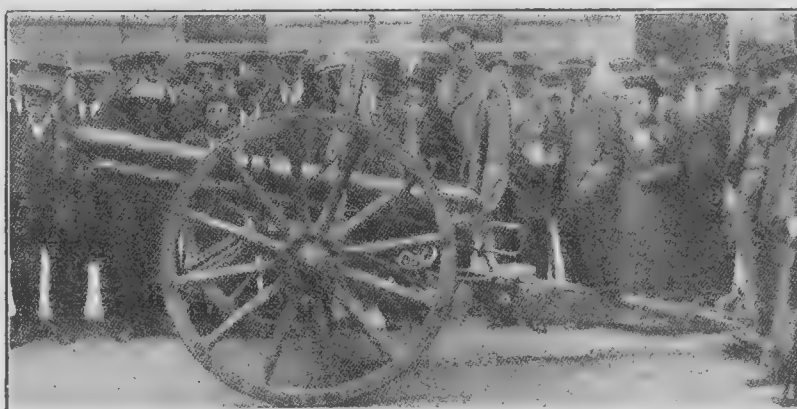
Irish Volunteer.



Indian Sikh.



Major General E. A. H. Alderson, C.B. commanding the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, one of the most popular officers of the British Army. He is 55 years of age and has seen much active service.



The first captured German Gun brought to London.



Graham White (centre), in charge of the Aviation Forces of Great Britain, and Lieut. Porte (right), who is to command the transatlantic flier "America," which was recently shipped over from the U.S.



A German machine gun was necessary to destroy two Irish Guardsmen.



Strathcona Horse, Winnipeg, Canada's Crack Cavalry Regiment. Now in the Old Land with the Canadian Expeditionary Force. Col. McDonnell, D.S.O., who commands, can be seen seated in the centre of the group.



German troops leaving Berlin for the front.

THE PRINCIPAL RACES REPRESENTED IN THE RANKS OF THE ALLIES.



French Infantry.



Algerian Sharpshooter.



Moroccan Sharpshooter.



Senegalese Sharpshooter.



Japanese Infantry.

can however adjust its speed down to that of the submarine and is therefore more fitted for joint operations with sub-aqueous craft, since it does not depend on a relatively high speed for sustentance in one medium. But the dirigible is a creation designed for one medium alone and no dirigible yet constructed can survive the loss of its lifting power without destruction. It cannot revert to the surface and become a two-dimensional vessel like the seaplane. Its mobility is poor and its construction renders it a vast and most vulnerable target.

The civilization of Egypt was the wonder of the ancient world—and is now a wonder to modern men who read of her wisdom, her religion, and her marvellous public works so graphically described by Herodotus. At the time of Rameses II., 1330 B.C., Egypt was in the height of her power, military, political, and literary, and produced soldiers, scholars philosophers, architects, and poets in abundance, and the Egyptian of that day was a brave and hardy soldier, and an industrious and skilful mechanic, as his works show. The national health was of a high class, and it took about 800 years of civilization to lower and degrade the Egyptians, so that in the year 527 B.C. Egypt was invaded and conquered by the Persians, and from that date the national health of Egypt was for ever gone and never could be revived. After the Persian invasion came the Greeks, then the Romans, then the Greeks again, and, lastly, the Arabs, and it is doubtful if a single descendant remains of the wonderful people who



Yet, after only three centuries of high-class Greek civilization, we find a fearful and lamentable change. The Greek athlete has become a weakling, the Greek soldier has become a coward, the Greek woman has become a courtesan, the Greek philosopher has become a sophist, the Greek politician has become a trifle!

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The Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

Civilization's Debt to Belgium.

The world owes brave little Belgium much.—New York Tribune.

The Retribution in Store for Germany.

When Germany has to settle the bills she will wish that the war had not been so prolonged.—Vancouver Province.

A Ravening Wild Boar.

To-day, all round the world, Britons are saying: "Come, come! The thing is serious. Let us all turn and hunt this wild boar."—Toronto Star.

Nothing of the Dove About It.

The German bomb-dropping aeroplane is said to resemble a dove. Dove it may be, but it lays a queer kind of eggs.—Detroit Free Press.

The Twentieth Century Huns.

Everybody is now learning what strategists mean by an "offensive move." Shelling a cathedral 700 years old is a typical illustration.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Day Lost.

The German artillery count that day lost when they haven't smashed a cathedral, an art gallery or a Red Cross station.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

If the Vandals Were Victors.

Everybody expects Great Britain to restrain the allies if the allies win. But who would restrain Germany if Germany won?—Boston Transcript.

Teuton Degeneracy.

In 1870 the Germans occupied Rheims and protected the cathedral. How they have degenerated since then.—Toronto Globe.

Petrograd a Dry City.

The Czar has made Petrograd sober by simply closing all of the brandy shops as a war measure. In this case, prohibition prohibits.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Rattler Might Pronounce It.

Orthoepists are worrying over the pronunciation of Przemysl. Zemizzle is the right way. The preliminary pr cannot be pronounced except by a rattlesnake with buttons on its tail.—Ottawa Free Press.

Not the British Way.

The regular casualty lists show that the British officers have not been sneaking away from the firing line nor yet driving on the soldiers from behind with their swords.—Hamilton Spectator.

Criminal Shortightedness.

Austria is said now to be drafting even the short-sighted who have hitherto been exempt. The Austro-Hungarian cabinet should furnish some recruits.—Duluth Herald.

In a Nutshell.

Sir J. M. Barrie, the author of "The Little Minister" and "Peter Pan," puts the whole case in a nutshell. The issue of the war, he says, is as to "whether soldiers or citizens shall rule in Europe."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

A Heavy Debt to Pay.

If Germany ever compensates those whom it has wronged and robbed in this war there will be nothing left for the Kaiser to misgovern.—Montreal Gazette.

"Civilization" and "Culture" at Berlin.

Was the parading of British and French prisoners in order that they might be hooted at in the streets of Berlin, another evidence of German culture?—Buffalo Express.

Belgium.

Belgium is the martyr of civilization and humanity. Upon Belgium has fallen the burden imposed by the bloodthirsty ruffianism of the Kaiser's hosts. Nietzsche scoffed at the Ten Commandments and the essential teachings of Christianity. His disciples in Belgium have faithfully carried out his teaching.—Manchester Guardian.

The Kaiser's Way.

When the Kaiser desires a war loan from his faithful subjects he takes it out of their bank accounts. As a financier the Kaiser has our own Charles I. of painful memory, beaten forty ways.—London Advertiser.

A Reign of Terror.

It is a solid truth that the Belgian soldier in the field was safer than his mother, his wife, or his child at home. It would be the same in Canada if there were a German invasion.—Edmonton Bulletin.

A Contrast of Ideals.

There can be no mistaking the contrast presented by the German and the British ideals of national honor and manhood in the instructions given to their respective armies.—Baltimore News.

Wolves in Sheep's Clothing

The despatches tell us that in view of a possible winter campaign the German government is getting together an enormous number of sheep skins in which to dress their soldiers. This looks like a case of wolves in sheep's clothing.—Lethbridge Herald.

Magnanimous William.

Twenty-eight thousand Iron Crosses have been handed out to the German army. These Iron Crosses are only vest-pocket size. They are not big enough to mark graves with.—Kansas City Star.

Brutal Might Not the Master of Human Destinies.

If civilization is equal to its task the Germans have relied in vain upon trickery, falsehood, international bad faith, brute force, vandalism and mutilation to impose "culture" upon the rest of mankind.—Victoria Colonist.

A Sample Scot.

A Scottish Samson carried a machine gun on his back and fought a troop of Germans single-handed. He died with thirty bullet wounds. Shades of Bruce! But what a claymore that Highlander would have swung!—Peterboro Examiner.

The Whole World Knows Why.

German apologists point out that Belgian "repressive" measures were necessary in order to safeguard the German troops. But why were the German troops in Belgium?—New York Evening Post.

"Of a Sort."

Now, Germany is a civilized nation of a sort, and certainly successful in many questions of police and internal administration which we find very perplexing, and in which our practice is not altogether satisfactory. It is supposed to have a thorough educational system. And yet its citizens seem bereft of the power of individual judgment.—Washington Star.

The Poisoned German Mind.

American sympathies are with the German people in their sufferings and losses, but not with their rulers, or with the military class, or with the professors and men of letters who have been teaching for more than a generation that Might makes Right. That short phrase contains the fundamental fallacy which for fifty years has been poisoning the springs of German thought and German policy on public affairs.—Springfield Republican.

The Savageries in Belgium.

Parkman's sketches of Indian warfare on this continent centuries ago, scarcely reveal any more barbarism than is shown in the stories of cruelty from the scene of battle. The outrages are perpetrated by men who, under German war leaders, are taught to forget any semblance of humanity in war.—Topeka Leader.

Kaiserism.

To the Prussian slogan "Germany over all" the British oppose no cry of "Britain over all." The single object of the Allies is to rid the world of Kaiserism and as far as possible to prevent the recurrence of such a terrible catastrophe as that which to-day has plunged the world in agony.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Rather Hard on the Hohenzollerns.

The late King Charles of Rumania, though not a genius, refuted the acrid witticism of the scientist Virchow, "Of the Hohenzollerns, some have softening of the brain, some have hardening of the brain, the rest have no brains."—New York Herald.

The Moral Judgment of the World.

What crimes have Belgium or France or England or Russia committed against Germany that Germany should condemn hundreds of thousands of their citizens to death? What crimes even have the Germans committed that their Kaiser and military caste should condemn them to death? The moral judgment of the world is ultimately irresistible, and because of these vast murders it has condemned German militarism to death.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Civilized World Outraged.

Germany has learned since the burning of Louvain how bitter is the sense of outrage in neutral countries because of the wanton conduct of a military commander. Its experience must be a warning to all nations engaged in the present war, whether or not an agreement on "international property" should ever be reached. There are crimes, utterly impersonal, that are so clearly directed against the good of the race that they can never be forgiven.—New York World.

What the Kaiser Does Not Know.

The Kaiser does not know men of the free breeds or he would not have adopted this ancient and dishonored method. To what effect can he have studied history if he thinks that any race of mankind that has tasted the sweets of liberty can ever be subjugated by such a policy? He may exterminate them, but he will never gain their loyalty, though he should live for a thousand years. The people of Belgium, whose fields he has wasted, whose homes he has devastated, whose towns he has spoiled, whose beauty he has needlessly ravished, will communicate, and have already done so, to the world in general, a horror and loathing for the man who inspired such devilry, and for the nation which countenances it.—Ottawa Citizen.

A Campaign of Falsehood.

The pamphlets by German publicists and men of letters which are now coming to this country, and the various similar publications written here, seem to indicate that the German public is still kept by its Government in ignorance about the real antecedents of the war and about many of the incidents and aspects of the portentous combat. These documents seem to Americans to contain a large amount of misinformation about the attack of Austria-Hungary on Serbia, the diplomatic negotiations and the correspondence between the sovereigns which immediately preceded the war, and the state of mind of the Belgian and English peoples.—New York Nation.

The Barbarians of Our Time.

The German idea of fighting is to bring home the terrors of war to non-combatants. When Germans invade a country they are more terrible to women and children and old men at home than to the armies in the field. Contempt of civilians is bred in the bone of the German soldier. The people who stay at home are in his view not worth a moment's consideration. Their function is that of slaves. They may be killed or mutilated to amuse the invaders, or compelled to do menial labor. They are much worse off than the soldiers in the field.—London Daily Chronicle.

"Blood-and-Iron" Madness.

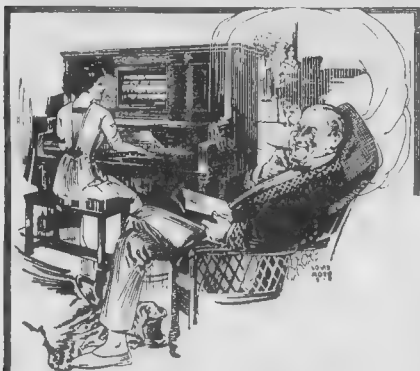
"Might Makes Right." Such, in the beginning of this twentieth century, is the infamous blood-and-iron doctrine with which a power-intoxicated, misguided people dares to palliate, if not to justify, the violation of Belgian neutrality and all the horrors following in its train. How can this relapse of a whole nation into a state of moral Nihilism be explained? Evidently, a people, like an individual, may become the pitiable victim of persecutory and ambitious paranoia, "where the subject believes that he is a man of unbounded wealth and power, of the rights of which he is, however, deprived by the machinations of his enemies. These patients are often so troublesome, threatening, and persistent in their determination to obtain redress for their imagined wrongs, that they have to be forcibly detained in asylums in the public interest." (Enc. Brit., 11th Ed., vol. 20, page 768.)—Contemporary Review.

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ENNIS & COMPANY, style Egyptian in walnut, cost \$700; owner moved to the States. Will sell for balance due, \$485.
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Flowers in Winter for Every Garden

By A. Gardner

In this climate of "a sub-arctic nature from October to April" as Dr. Speechly expresses it, to buy flowers in winter is a luxury which few can afford. By taking thought now, however, it is a comparatively simple matter to have a constant succession of bulbs in flower from November until late spring, and one which costs little in time, labour or money—this latter being a consideration worthy of attention in these days of wars and rumours of wars, with correspondingly high prices for all luxuries.

A bowl of scarlet tulips on the dining-room table in winter is no mean adjunct to a meal, and all will appreciate the charming fragrance of a pot of hyacinths, daffodils or narcissi whether in drawing-room or den. A few years ago it was the writer's happy lot to force some eight thousand tulips in a greenhouse, and when in flower they were transferred to pots and bowls of artistic colouring, and the pleasure derived from those sweet scented, sight-satisfying flowers at a time when one's eyes were

When the bulbs are in full hue (which is usually in four to five weeks time, or less as the season advances) they may be brought to the light, and after a few days partial shading should be put where they will obtain the most sun. From Sept. 1st to the end of November is the best time for planting, and by doing this in batches every ten days or so, and careful after attention, a succession of flowers will be the result from the middle of October until early spring.

Varieties.

Artus—Fiery scarlet, rather short of stem.
White Swan.
Yellow Prince—A rich, golden yellow, very sweet scented.
Thomas Moore—Orange scarlet, very handsome and sweet.
Rose Luisante—A silky rose.
L'Immaculee—Pure white.
Chrysolora—Bright yellow.
Scarlet Pottebakker.
White Hawk.



An Early Morning Bag of B.C. Duck

athirst for colour is still a goodly possession of memory. But although greenhouses are few and far between in this Western country, a supply of reliable bulbs, some fibre, and a little clean sharp grit and charcoal to keep the fibre open and sweet, with a warm but airy cellar in which to place the bulbs when planted, until they come into bud, will achieve very satisfactory results.

All seed-stores keep a mixture of fibre and shell, and to this should be added some charcoal (also obtainable from a seedsman) in the proportion of three or four lumps the size of a walnut to each bowl. Artistic pots in blue, green, red and any other shade desired are also usually stocked by seedsman, the most useful size being 5 to 8 inches in diameter.

Culture—Spread the fibre and shell mixture on a newspaper, and moisten with soft water, mixing it well together until thoroughly damp all through, but can still be taken in the hand and squeezed without a drop of surplus water escaping. Fill the bowls a quarter full with the fibre, add three or four lumps of charcoal, and place in position as many bulbs of the same kind as each bowl will hold without overcrowding. Fill up the bowls with the fibres, working it well in amongst the bulbs, place the bowls in a warm but airy cellar, for plants, like human beings, need air when they are growing or they will die. Water the bulbs about once every week or ten days, the time being judged by the condition of the fibre, which must never be allowed to become dry, neither must it be kept too moist, as either of these extremes will result in failure.

Rose Gris De Lin—Rose, flushed pink.
Any good bulb catalogue will give you descriptions and approximate time of flowering of different varieties, dividing them into early, medium early and late. Those I have mentioned are all good for forcing, but of course there are many other to choose from. It should be remembered the later Tulips have longer stems than the early ones. Roman Hyacinths, Paper White or Polyanthus Narcissi, Crocus and Scilla Sibirica can all be used for indoor culture with good results, but in all cases whatever is grown remember to buy only the very best quality bulbs, they will prove cheapest in the end.

The Food of Literature.

Some people with their hearts in literature may take comfort from the fact that here is a cataclysm which will feed and shape it in future years, as it was fed and shaped by the French Revolution for almost a century. . . . War is ugly, as ugly a monster as anybody can fancy, but it has, out of its very ugliness, been the raw food of many beautiful things in literature.—A. Milne.



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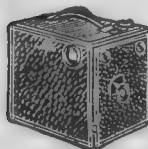
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When Almighty Voice was Silenced

By J. D. A. Evans, Crystal City.

[In April of 1896, the notorious Indian outlaw, Almighty Voice, was finally conquered in his retreat near Duck Lake by a detachment of the North West Mounted Police, who utilized a nine pound cannon loaded with 36 rounds of shrapnel.]

It was during the evening hours of one of the excessively sultry days Western Saskatchewan experienced in the first week of August last, that the writer was sitting in the garden situate at the rear of the Mounted Police Station at Gull Lake. In a cosy arm chair sat Mrs. Cutting; her husband the Sergeant in charge of the Gull Lake detachment, R.N.W.M.P., was reclining against the steps leading into the office.

"You've been in the force a long time, Sergeant?" asked the writer.

The Sergeant, who, to use the expression made to his questioner a few days previously by an official of very high standing in the Mounted, "hasn't a yellow streak in his entire make up," is

have forgotten about him nowadays. Were you in the force then?"

"I was," answered Sergeant Cutting. "And I was also present at the termination of his wild career. It was," he paused momentarily, "yes, in 1896, of course, but I've never forgotten the events. I was with the detachment sent out from Regina to get Almighty Voice, dead or alive."

"I would like to hear that story, Sergeant," remarked the writer, who had learned during the day that the Gull Lake police official is able to recite events in his now lengthy official career in a manner possessed by few men.

"It was in the fall of 1894 that Almighty Voice commenced to make himself a rather prominent figure in the records of the force. He was a Cree Indian, born at Duck Lake, and at this time would be about twenty-three years of age. People talk about men of physique; Almighty Voice was of this class and no mistake; as a sprinter, few



His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught reviewing troops at Edmonton, Alberta prior to their entraining for the front. In the direct rear Lieut.-Governor Bulyea.

The Duke's term of office was nearly up, and Prince Alexander of Teck was to have succeeded him. At the outbreak of war, the Duke of Connaught remained on in his Vice-Regal capacity. His long and thorough military experience gained in previous wars and his grasp of Canadian affairs made him the man of the hour. At the declaration of war he immediately plunged into military activities.

Lieut.-Governor Bulyea, who accompanies him in the picture, at the declaration of war on behalf of the Province of Alberta donated half a million bushels of oats for shipment to Great Britain.

one of the most pleasant men to converse with. At first he was of a somewhat reticent disposition to refer to the many years of faithful service he has performed in summer's sunshine and wintry blizzard, with the guardians of the trails of the northland. Possibly he might have been excused from conversation regarding his activities with the force. An hour prior to the writer's visit, the indefatigable officer had returned from a patrol through a large section of the enormous district over which his jurisdiction extends. But within a few minutes a smile crept over the sergeant's sunburned face; then, he laughingly replied:

"Yes, it's a fact that I have been connected with the Mounted Police for quite a time."

"And seen some strange happenings too," remarked the writer. "Some of you fellows could relate queer stories of the experiences you've passed through."

Mrs. Cutting laughed at this statement, adding that she guessed her husband could, especially so concerning the early days in the Yukon. Sergeant Cutting was a member of the first police detachment dispatched to this distant zone.

"I've been in some pretty tight places right enough," said he. "I don't know if you were living in Manitoba eighteen years ago; if so, you might recollect reading of Almighty Voice and his escapades."

"Almighty Voice!" replied the writer in tones of great surprise. "I was in the West at that time but I've never heard of Almighty Voice since. People must

if any Indians at all could begin to compare with him. I think it was in October of the year mentioned, that he was mixed up in a case of cattle stealing; however, he was arrested and brought up for preliminary hearing before a magistrate at Duck Lake and remanded. In those days, Sergeant Colebrooke, a splendid officer, was in charge of the detachment at that place. Two constables were serving under him. After the magistrate had given Almighty Voice a remand, he was placed in a cell at the Post; one of the constables was told off to guard the prisoner. Colebrooke knew very well the desperate character Almighty Voice possessed. About two o'clock the next morning, the prisoner requested to be taken outside and was conducted by the constable, who shortly afterward replaced him in the cell. When this guard went off duty at four o'clock and notified the relief, it was only for a few minutes that the prisoner was left alone—the constable was much surprised to find the cell empty; Almighty Voice had escaped! Without a moment's delay the guard awakened Sergeant Colebrooke and informed him of the occurrence. In a few minutes Colebrooke had started off in pursuit of the fugitive, but realizing the importance of taking an interpreter with him in case the Indian should be overtaken, returned to the Post and left at daybreak with a half-breed who could converse in the Cree very fluently. The district through which they passed was covered with very thickly grown bluffs which, of course, would afford a good hiding place for Almighty Voice. However, about noon Colebrooke caught up with the outlaw who had with him a young squaw,

his wife I should say, by name Prairie Chicken. The interpreter called out to Almighty Voice that he had better stop, whereupon the fugitive shook his fist at Colebrooke and through the halfbreed warned him not to approach too closely. Then Colebrooke beckoned to Almighty Voice that he wished to speak with him, and was just about to dismount and effect his arrest when the outlaw, who was sitting on the side of a cart with his rifle standing between his legs, turned sharply around and facing Colebrooke brought the weapon to his shoulder and deliberately shot the Sergeant through the heart. At this occurrence the interpreter turned his horse and bolted back to Duck Lake to notify the police. Patrols were soon dispatched from Prince Albert and Battleford instructed to arrest the murderer at any cost. The country was thoroughly searched, but Almighty Voice had made good his escape to the timbered country farther north and after this he was at large for eighteen months."

"Quite an escapade," remarked the writer. "How did the Police eventually get hold of him?"

"I'm just coming to that," replied Sergeant Cutting. "His finish up happened in a rather peculiar fashion. In April of 1896, a half breed ex-scout of the force was then ranching near Duck

was coming on, Raeburn and his men retired to recommence operations at daybreak. But before noon, the Sergeant was shot in the groin and a constable took him back to Duck Lake; later in the afternoon, Corporal Hocking and Constable Kerr were both killed by the Indians.

"For some days the police remained in the vicinity; the corpses of the policemen were in the bluff whither they had entered to charge the fugitives out. By this time many settlers and half breeds hearing of the affair, had collected at the bluff; occasionally a few shots would be fired at them. To Mr. Grundy, who was at this time postmaster at Duck Lake, Almighty Voice was known from childhood; hence, Mr. Grundy was of opinion that he could induce the fugitive to come out and surrender, and accordingly went out to the scene. As he was driving along the edge of the bluff, several spokes of his buggy wheels were shot out; then, he stepped down to walk toward the place. In the centre of this bluff, Almighty Voice with two other Indians, Dublin and Salteau, had dug out a pit in which they were hiding, covering this retreat with a blanket. Mr. Grundy had only walked a few yards before he was riddled with bullets, after which the outlaws came out for his body despite the heavy firing of those outside. After this murderous action it was de-



Belgian Sharpshooters picking off the Germans.

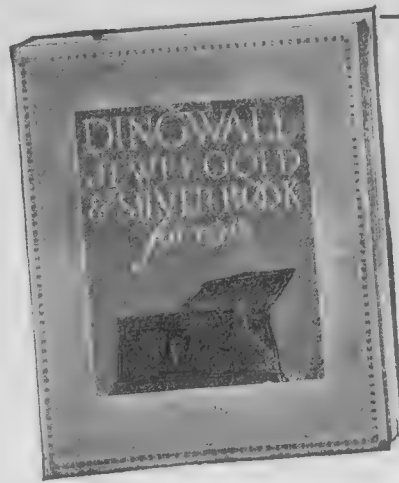
Lake. One morning toward the latter end of the month, he happened to be riding over the range in search of strayed cattle and horses, and saw in the distance what appeared to him to be an antelope amongst a small bunch of calves grazing between some bluffs. He rode toward the animals and soon found out that what he had considered to be an antelope was a young Salteaux Indian who was crawling on all fours endeavouring to catch a calf by the tail to kill it for food. The half breed spoke to him in Cree asking what he was doing. The answer received was a bullet in the shoulder from the rear. Turning around on the saddle, he at once recognized Almighty Voice who was then standing against a poplar tree. The fugitive sprang toward him with the intention of catching his horse. He didn't contrive to do this. The half breed spurred the animal and left Almighty Voice who made desperate efforts to keep up, eventually giving up the race and firing a few parting shots. The ex-scout lost no time in galloping to Duck Lake and reporting the fact that he had seen the outlaw some twenty miles distant from the town. The police immediately set out upon his trail. Inspector Allen was in charge of this detachment, but as the party were approaching some heavy timber in the vicinity of which the fugitive had been seen, Allen was shot in the shoulder and was at once taken back to Duck Lake for medical treatment, then Sergeant Raeburn assumed command. In a small poplar bluff on a side hill some Indians were noticed; the police rushed this place several times to force them out and received a fusillade of shots for their efforts. As night was

cided to send to Regina for reinforcements.

"Upon becoming acquainted with the details of the affair, Commissioner Herchmer dispatched orders that no more rushes be made on the bluff; he did not wish to lose any more men. A party of fifteen constables left Regina the morning following under command of Assistant Commissioner Mellrea and Inspector Macdonnell in full equipment of horses, saddlery and a nine pounder gun. The party hurried through to Duck Lake.

"One hour after arrival they started for the bluff, which was reached about half-past ten at night. It was well surrounded by police, settlers and half breeds. An occasional shot would be made by the outlaws, and the information was received from an Indian who was apparently informed some days before, that the fugitives were watching an opportunity to get out of the place, and Dublin was seen several times during the night dressed in the uniform of the dead constable Kerr. The police were awaiting daylight before taking further action; at the first signs of this, Gunner Smith, who had come with the troop from Regina, sighted the nine pounder at five hundred yards, putting in thirty-six rounds of shrapnel. After the discharge of the gun, a charge was made by the police on foot from one end of the bluff to the other, three mounted men patrolling the exterior. I forgot to mention that during the night, Almighty Voice yelled out in Indian that they were 'bucketa' (hungry).

"Throw in 'some food,' said he. 'We're hungry and we'll finish the fight to-morrow.'



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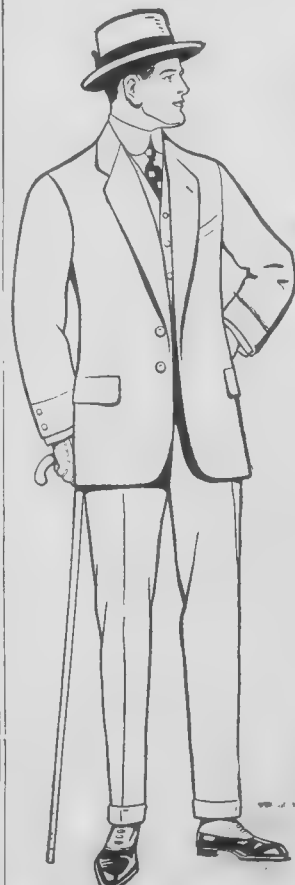
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If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified advertisement columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c. word, minimum 50c. Cash with order.

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WANTED—Reliable parties to do Machine Knitting for us at home. \$7 to \$10 per week easily earned. Wood, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address: The Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co., Orillia, Ont. T.F.

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FARM LANDS WANTED—For exchange on city houses. What have you to offer? Your listings solicited. Write E. J. Thompson, 712 Sterling Bank, Winnipeg, Man. T.F.

FARMS WANTED—We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Association, 26 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn. 12

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SEND 25 CENTS for bundle silk patchwork pieces. Ruth Robinson, 27 Cornhill St., Moncton, N.B. 11

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A SPLENDID CHANCE to get Airedale puppies of the finest breeding in this country; well reared puppies; in best possible condition and reasonable in price. Bowden Caerphilly Kennels, Ridgetown, Ontario. 11

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GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS throughout Canada during November for Railway Postal Clerks, City Letter Carriers, Clerks. Big pay, life jobs. Write immediately for free sample coaching lessons. Franklin Institute, Dept. M 177, Rochester, N.Y. 11

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POULTRY FOR SALE

S. C. WHITE LEGHORN COCKERELS, about 40, from \$1.00 to \$3.00 each, and also a few pens. Write for prices. L. H. Gardiner, Broomhill, Man. 2-15

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60 LEADING VARIETIES of poultry, geese, ducks, turkeys, guineas, pheasants, pigeons, rabbits, fox terrier, rat dogs, peafowls at a very low price. Must make room for winter. Write for prices. G. B. Damann, Northfield, Minn. 1-15

50 CHOICE S. C. WHITE LEGHORN COCKERELS FOR SALE—From best laying stock in America. Birds strong and healthy and beautifully shaped. Price \$3.00 for quick sale. A good chance to improve your stock. Maplehurst Poultry Yards, Headingly, Man. 11

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STAMPS—Package free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto. T.F.

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WRITERS wanted at once to send us poems or melodies for new songs. We can compose music and arrange for publication immediately. Dugdale Co., Dept. 117, Washington, D.C. 11

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS—My special offer to introduce my magazine "Investing for Profit." It is worth \$10 a copy to anyone who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the Real earning power of money, and shows how anyone, no matter how poor, can acquire riches. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how \$100 grows to \$2,200. Write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 471, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago. 10-15

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DR. JANET E. FERGUSON, 290 Portage Ave., Winnipeg. Free consultation regarding your ailment. Correspondence invited. Nervous diseases, Goitre, Rheumatism, Infantile Paralysis successfully treated. T.F.

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Grows hair like magic. Will not dye but nourishes the color glands to natural action. Directions for use on jar. Mail order price \$1.00, postpaid. Broadenaxe Co., 29 Stobart Block, Winnipeg. (Mrs. M. Ferguson.) Established 9 years. T.F.

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TIPPERARY

"It's a Long Way to Tipperary"

EDISON Reco 1, will be here on November the 15th. Get your order in now. The sale of these records will be tremendous. Will ship orders according to date received.

SEND FOR SPECIAL LIST OF PATRIOTIC RECORDS
ASSINIBOIA MUSIC STORE
MOOSE JAW, SASK.

"It afterwards transpired that Almighty Voice had told a scout that for several days the outlaws had been subsisting on cotton wood bark. Now to return to the police charge. It was considered strange that no defence was being made by the Indians or any attempt to get out of their retreat, so a search was made; then the bodies of the three fugitives were discovered in the pit, likewise those of Hocking, Kerr and Grundy. When the corpse of Almighty Voice was taken out, his head was simply a shell; the other two Indians were absolutely riddled to pieces.

"The remains of Hocking, Kerr and Grundy were taken to Prince Albert for burial; those of the Indians were conveyed to the Reserve and a big pow wow took place for several days. The mother of Almighty Voice appeared on a hill just before the firing of the cannon, and approaching the police requested that she might be allowed to go into the bluff and see her son; she was flatly refused and threatened all kinds of vengeance for a later date.

"No, I don't know where many of that police detachment are to-day; some, I fancy, are in Saskatchewan yet."

"That's the story of Almighty Voice," said Sergeant Cutting as he arose from the steps to answer the phone. "The Mounted Police have had some strange work to do in their time, haven't they?"

The writer nodded in assent, realizing

market has expanded comparatively little. This spring prices were the lowest in several years. The competition from Washington State, where producing costs are lower, was already commencing to be felt. The effect of the war thus far has been to increase the cost of production in British Columbia far more than in Washington State, and with eggs being produced in such great quantities on both sides of the boundary, the result is calculated to be the determination of prices in British Columbia, not by the local cost of production, plus a reasonable profit, but by the price at which Americans can lay theirs down with a reasonable gain.

At the time of writing, wheat and oats are costing the British Columbia poultrymen about twenty-five per cent more than when war broke out and poultrymen in the Vancouver and New Westminster districts are disposing of live fowls at the public markets in wholesale numbers. The live weight price for both young and old birds is down to 15 cents a pound, a low water-mark, at the New Westminster market.

As a whole, the farming population of Western Canada, and particularly the mixed farmers, will probably benefit by the war. The cause of the poultryman's trouble, it is patent, is a gain to the grain producer. The prices for livestock and the staple products promise to be much better this winter than last.



A Corner of a B.C. Chicken Ranch.

that the wheels of the law may grind "slowly though exceeding small." Almighty Voice was doomed to capture; he was well aware of that fact. The members of the Police Force were determined to avenge the death of two brave comrades and the respected postmaster of Duck Lake. The attitude of Almighty Voice and his two companions in the retreat amidst the cotton woods and elms was in defiance of law and order, and in the morning of a beautiful April day in 1896, the Indians of this vast territory realized that when Britain's representatives on the plains of the northland, the gallant members of the Royal North West Mounted Police, undertake to accomplish a desired end, the watchword adopted by them is "Do and dare."

The War and the Poultry Industry

By John T. Bartlett, Okanagan Landing, B.C.

Grain is the chief feed for poultry, especially during the important winter season, and the poultrymen of Western Canada, particularly British Columbia, have their own worries now that war has broken out and sent grain prices way up. The farmer who keeps poultry as a side line generally raises his own grain, straw and roots, and the situation for him is not necessarily fated. But for the specialist poultryman, living on two to ten acres of land and buying all his feed, there seem to be breakers ahead. The danger is that producing costs will reach so high a price that the duty barrier will not be sufficient protection against importation from the Northwest States, and that through this competition local eggs will have to be sold at an insignificant profit, or perhaps none at all.

Many poultrymen consider this a real danger, and one must admit that there are disturbing circumstances. Take the case of British Columbia. Here is a province, the poultry population of which has been doubling and trebling the past three or four years, whereas the home

How to Prevent Leghorns Flying

On the writer's little farm, although Leghorns are raised exclusively fully ninety per cent of the fencing used is but four and one-half feet high. So rarely are we troubled with our birds flying these fences, notwithstanding the prevailing reputation of the Leghorn as a "high flyer," that visitors often ask to be "let in" on our secret. One fellow even circulated the report that we had secured some sort of a patented device to attach to the wings of our birds to prevent their flying.

There is a "secret" which is more or less responsible for our success with low fences and Leghorns. It may be stated very briefly. Keep your birds, from the day they hatch until they leave your possession, familiar with their enclosure and feed and care for them well. Chicks quickly become attached to certain coops or enclosures and when a spot once becomes home to the pullet or cockerel so it will remain, provided the care and feeding given in connection therewith increase that attachment.

We start the chicks in the same yard in which we expect them to stay and about the only flying they ever do is to get back into the yard if they happen to get out. Occasionally in the fall when we are shifting the pullets about a bit or sorting the cockerel we have some trouble with their flying ability and, as we usually exhibit a number of fowls each winter, we do not care to take a chance on ruining some exhibition bird by clipping wing feathers. We therefore slip a coarse string over each wing, draw it fairly close up over the back and tie it. This restrains full spreading of the wings and usually effects a complete cure of the flying habit in a few days. But it is only in exceptional cases that this has to be done, for as stated above if one is careful to train his birds to look upon certain quarters as home they will usually stay.

Incidentally, some inventive genius ought to get up some kind of a device for preventing flying—something which will not injure the plumage or the fowls.

In Lighter Vein

A Misfit

Tom the Piper's Son: "How do you like your quarters?"

The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe: "Oh, dear! The basement should be half soled and we're so crowded I really ought to have an E width."

The Song of the Dental Demon

Oh, blithe and gay is the roundelay
Of one of my profession,
For what more fair than a dental chair
And a victim in possession?
I bind him firm, so he cannot squirm,
And then prescribe a filling;
Oh, sweet the sound when the wheels fly
round!
A dream of delight the drilling!

I swoop and swerve till I find the nerve,
His frantic sobs unheeding;
Then slide and slip while I catch his lip
To leave it bruised and bleeding!
I jab my thumb in his tender gum,
The probe and file applying;
A skilful punch or a sudden crunch—
Ah, see the splinters flying!

I spring a joke, while I pick and poke,
And chuckle appreciation;
His swollen tongue, adroitly wrung,
Forbids vituperation!
A careless lunge or an artful plunge
His aching face enlarges;
A final rasp and a parting gasp,
Then he pays me the charges!

Why He Wept

He was a hard-looking ruffian, but his counsel, in a voice husky with emotion, addressed the jury.

"Gentlemen," said he, "my client was driven by the want of food to take the small sum of money. All that he wanted was sufficient money to buy food for his little ones. Evidence of this lies in the fact that he didn't take a pocketbook, containing fifty dollars in bills, that was lying in the room."

The counsel paused for a moment, and the silence was interrupted by a sob of the prisoner.

"Why do you weep?" asked the Judge.
"Because," replied the prisoner, "I didn't see the pocketbook."

Really Crowded

A friend was complaining the other day to Captain Barber, Port Captain of the State pilots, about the crowded condition of the steamboat on which he recently made a trip.

"Four in a room?" replied Barber.
"That's nothing. You should have travelled in the days of the gold rush to California. I remember one trip out of New York we carried more than one thousand passengers, and if you put fifty on that ship to-day there'd be a holler that would reach Washington and make trouble for somebody. To show you how crowded it was, and what 'crowded' really means, three days out from New York a chap walked up to the old man and said: 'Captain, you really must find me a place to sleep.'

"Where in thunder have you been sleeping until now?" asked the old man.
"Well," says the fellow, 'you see it's this way: I've been sleeping on a sick man, but he's getting better now and won't stand for it much longer.'

Out of the Mouth of Babes

A clergyman famous for his begging abilities was once catechizing a Sunday-school. When comparing himself as pastor of the church to a shepherd, and his congregation to the sheep, he put the following question to the children: "What does the shepherd do for the sheep?"

To the confusion of the minister a small boy in the front row piped out: "Shears them!"

Quite a Flock

Census Taker: "How many are there in that bunch of Portugese?"

Landlady: "Six. A Portugoose, a Portugander, and four little Portugoslings."

BRAVO!

(Fred. E. Weatherly in the London Daily Mail.)

Kitchener sat in his London den,
Silent and grim and grey,
Making his plans with an iron pen,
Just in Kitchener's way.
And he saw where the clouds rose dark and dun,
And all that it meant, he knew:
"We shall want every man who can
shoulder a gun
To carry this thing right through!"

Bravo Kitchener! say what you want,
No one shall say you nay!
And the world shall know, where
our bugles blow,
We've a Man at the head—to-day!

Jellicoe rides on the grey North Seas
Watching the enemy's lines,
Where their Lord High Admirals
skulk at ease
Inside of their hellish mines.
They have drunk too deep to the
boasted fight,
They have vowed too mad a vow!
What do they think—on the watch—
to-night?
What toast are they drinking now?

Bravo, Jellicoe! Call them again,
And whenever they take the call,
Show them the way, give them
their "Day!"
And settle it once for all!

Faithful

Representative Fitzgerald of Boston has a story of an Irish couple in that city who, despite a comparatively happy married life, were wont to have violent misunderstandings. Nevertheless, the pair were devoted to each other, and when the husband died not long ago the widow was inconsolable.

"Well, there's one blessing, Maggie, for they do say that poor Mike died happy."

"Indade he did," responded the widow. "The dear lad! The lasht thing he done was to crack me over the head wid a medicine-bottle."

And French is facing the enemy's front,
Stubbornly day to day,
Taking the odds and bearing the brunt,
Just in the Britisher's way.
And he hears the message, that makes him glad,
Ring through the smoke and flame.
"Fight on, Tommy! stick to them, lad!
Jack's at the same old game!"

Bravo, Tommy, stand as you've stood,
And, whether you win or fall,
Show them you fight as gentlemen should,
And die like gentlemen all!

So Kitchener plans in London Town,
French is standing at bay,
Jellicoe's ships ride up and down,
Holding the seas' highway.
And you that loaf where the skies are blue,
And play by a petticoat hem,
These are the men who are fighting for you!
What are you doing for them?

Bravo, then, for the men who fight!
To Hell with the men who play!
It's a fight to the end for honor and friend,
It's a fight for our lives to-day!

SUFFERED FOR FOUR YEARS From Heart Trouble and Nervous Prostration

Mrs. John Hewson, Caledonia, Ont., writes:—"I feel it my duty to let you know of the great benefit your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills did for me. I suffered for four years with heart trouble and nervous prostration. I was so bad that I could not go upstairs without sitting down at the top before I could go to my room. I couldn't sleep nor lie on my left side, for it would seem as though my heart would stop. I thought my time had come. I was doctoring with the doctor, but didn't get any benefit. I was advised to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, so I got two boxes, and after I had taken one box I began to feel better, and after I had taken two I could go up and down stairs without resting, so I took eight boxes, and I am enjoying good health again. I consider it a Godsend to have your pills in the house."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Chiclets

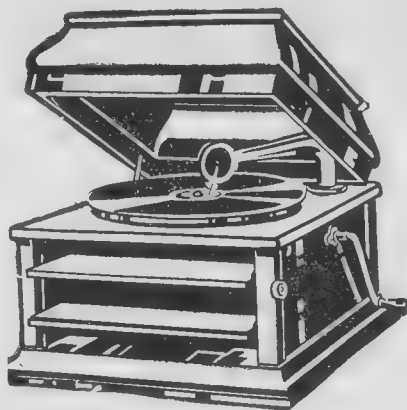
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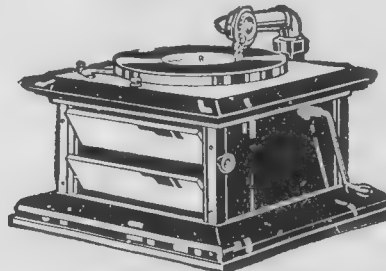
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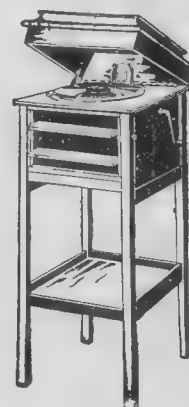
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Triumph

Let not the moil of time, nor stress of
care
Make in your heart the furrow of the
share
Of plough held by the hand or strong
opposing ill,
Nor break the path straight marked by
steadfast will.
To stress of time oppose that grip of
soul
Which guides life's coursers to the
destined goal.

Richard Sill Holmes.

The Man and the Message

A congregation were recently so
favorably impressed with their newly-
appointed pastor that they put up in
front of their church the notice, "Come

presenting Jesus to him as his only
Saviour. He listened as respectfully
and attentively as his condition would
permit, but it was easy to see that I
had taken no strong hold on him. Then
the Holy Spirit whispered to me—as
distinctly, I felt, as he ever spoke to an
apostle: "Present Jesus to him as the
pilot's Pilot." I had my point and made
haste to use it.

"How many times," I said to the old
man, "when the storm was on the river
and a fog made piloting difficult, the
only thing that saved your vessel from
going on the rocks was your clear eye
and calm and steady nerve. Now, my
dear man," I continued, "you are in the
strait of death, the fog is on and the
tide is drifting you away. What you
most need is a pilot, and Jesus is the
pilot's Pilot. Won't you take Him on
board?"

The old man gathered together what
proved to be his dying strength, and
answered in a glad, strong "I will," and
I could almost see Christ step aboard.
Instinctively we all gathered up close
to his bedside and broke into the
familiar hymn, "Jesus, Saviour, pilot
me."

Thereupon the old man died, and as I
looked into his rugged placid face, there
was in it, as you may well believe, "A
light that never was on sea or land,"
and he seemed to say to me: "I met
my Pilot face to face, and He took me
safely to the port."

The Marys of History

The name of Mary has played an
important part in history. In Scotland
the first Royal Mary was the daughter
of Duke Arnold of Gueldres, who mar-
ried James II., and afterwards became
Queen Regent. Then we have Marie of
Lorraine, who married James V., after
refusing Henry VIII. Their daughter
was the famous Mary Queen of Scots,
the most romantic and fascinating
figure in the whole history of the olden
Marys. The Mary who is best known
by her forbidding title on account of
her cruelty had best be passed over.

Henrietta Maria became the ill-fated
wife of Charles I. Mary of Moderna
was the second wife of James II. Mary,
the daughter of James II. by his first
wife, by her marriage with William of
Orange, invested their joint reign with
a glory which is even now undiminished.
Since then we have had several prin-
cesses named Mary—one the daughter
of George II., another of George III.,
while the mother of our late Queen was
Mary Louisa Victoria.

But the most essentially English of
all Marys in the history of the country
is our present beloved Queen.



A British Soldier Helping a German
Soldier to a Smoke.

and hear our new minister." We are
rather of the opinion that a wiser plan
for the members of this church to pursue
would have been one of silence for a
period of not less than six months. If
at the end of that time they were still
enthusiastic for their newly-appointed
shepherd, they would then seemingly be
justified in their boastful invitation.

A much more appropriate placard
would have been, "Come in and hear the
old story of salvation." It is never safe
to put the man before the message. Too
often do we hear the man—due probably
to the fact that the man gets before the
theme. But when the man hides behind
the message, he cannot be seen nor
heard. He is hid in Christ.

The Pilot's Pilot

This touching incident is told by the
Rev. J. Balcolm Shaw, the evangelist.
One night I was sent for to visit a
man who was dying. The little grand-
daughter who came for me led me to an
apartment house a few streets above
where I lived, and down into the base-
ment, where the caretaker had her
apartment. I found there a man
seventy years of age in the last stages
of pneumonia, with that labored breath
which made it unmistakable that death
was but a few moments off.

Upon inquiry I found that he was a
pilot. I talked to him about his soul as
seriously and wisely as I knew how,

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Young People

Empty Troubles

When I blow away a bubble, and then
gladly watch it float,
I forget that I have trouble. It is like
a fairy's boat,
But it's gone in just a minute,
For, you see, there's nothing in it;
Like an empty bit of nothing, lighter
than a drop of dew.
Dancing sunbeams glimmer through it;
Very often, if we knew it,
Light might shine through troubles, too.

When you have a foolish trouble, why
not treat it as a bubble
To be blithely blown away?
Just draw in your breath and blow it,
and almost before you know it,
You will treat your task as play;
Even though it may be raining,
You may cease to sadly fret,
And contentedly forget
To be sighing and complaining.

Come, let's blow away our troubles as we
blow away the bubbles
That so quickly disappear,
Leaving no sad traces here:
Trouble's gone in just one minute, for,
you see, there's nothing in it,
When we give up sighing sadly
And keep looking upward gladly,
Speaking only words of cheer.

—St. Nicholas.

Politeness In Little Things

There is a little rhyme that defines
politeness better than the dictionaries
define it:

Politeness is to do and say

The kindest thing in the kindest way.
Most of us are willing, even anxious, to
be kind in great matters and on special
occasions: but we often forget to be
polite in little things.

"How many shall I provide for?"
asked a caterer of the woman who em-
ployed him.

"I don't know," she answered. "I
sent out three hundred invitations, but
I have received answers from only half
that number. I really don't know what
to do."

Doubtless each of the one hundred
and fifty delinquents, if reproached,
would have made the excuse that the
presence or absence of one person could
not matter among so many; but when
the one is multiplied by one hundred
and fifty it matters much.

"I haven't heard from Alice since she
bade me good-bye last fall," said the
mistress of a summer home in which
she entertained many guests. "For a
time after she left I was anxious, but I
know that she is all right, because she
spent Christmas with a friend of mine."

Doubtless the girl who neglected to
write the note of thanks and apprecia-
tion meant to do it promptly; but she
was busy, or she forgot.

Sometimes we owe our lack of
thoughtfulness in the every-day affairs
of life to the unfortunate habit of con-
sidering "our own" as somehow less en-
titled to consideration than others.

"I'm so sorry my rapid rocking has
made you nervous," said a young girl to
an elderly visitor. "I would not have
done it knowingly for the world."

"It always makes me nervous too, to
see anyone rock so fast," said the girl's
grandmother quietly. The girl blushed
crimson. It had never occurred to her
to consider her dearly loved grand-
mother in such little matters.

There is, moreover, another side to
the matter. "I can tell you why Myra
is so popular," said a woman of wide
sympathy and experience. "She's con-
siderate. She is neither too early nor
too late. She is always in good humor.
She tries to do whatever is wanted of
her, but she never pushes herself for-
ward. She acknowledges invitations
and courtesies promptly, and never
changes her mind, for her own conven-
ience, at the last moment. She never
intrudes her moods upon her friends."

It may not be easy to earn such a
reputation, but it is possible. Politeness
in little things always brings large and
sweet rewards. The girl who is con-
siderate will never lack social pleasures
or warm friends.

I Sent a Letter to My Love

The children form a ring, leaving out
one to send the letter. She folds a pocket-
handkerchief in oblong shape to suggest
an envelope and walks around the inside
of the ring, singing.

"I sent a letter to my love;
I lost it, I found it,"
holding it first behind and then before her,
"I sent a letter to my love;
Oh what is this around it?"

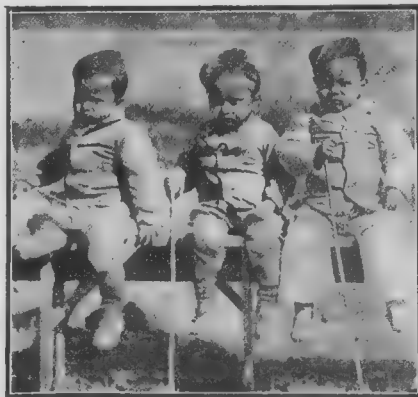
She looks doubtfully at the packet in
her hand, then around the circle, and
sings:

"Who will take my letter, my letter, my
letter,
Who will take my letter to my love
from me?"

Having chosen a boy, she approaches him,
singing:

"You will take my letter to my love
from me."

At the same moment she drops the hand-
kerchief at his feet and springs across to
the other side of the ring; the child who
received the handkerchief runs and breaks
through the ring after her. If he can tap
her with the handkerchief before she gets
back to his place, she must send the letter
again; if not the new holder sends it, and
so on until all have had it.



Offspring of a Famous Fighting Race. Three little
Gurkha boys, their fathers are now fighting
in the ranks of the British Army

I want to see the World

There was once a young Pig, who wished
to see the world. He lived in a sty with
his mother, and he used to talk of his great
plans, and of what he would do by-and-by
when he went out into the world. He had
been born in the sty, and the door was too
high for him to see the yard.

One day the farm boy did not shut the
sty door.

"Ho! Ho! now is my time!" cried the
Pig. "Now I'm off! It is no good for
you to come, you poor old thing," he said
to his mother. "You will be in my way,
and in your own as well, for I know you
do not care to see the world. I will come
back and let you have a look at me when
I am a great Pig."

"Take care, take care," said his mother.
"It may be well to go out into the world,
if you must, but it is best to stop at home
if you can."

"Poor old thing!" was all the young
Pig said, and he turned up his snout as
he said it.

He went through the door, out in the
yard. It was a square yard, with a high
wall all round it, and a high door in one
side of the wall.

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vanced.

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"So this is the world?" said he. "What a large place it is! Dear me! I must take care, or I shall get lost. I must keep close by the edge of the world, so that I may not lose my way."

So he walked on by the side of the wall, and soon saw a flock of Geese. They put out their heads and made a great noise as he went by. The young Pig did not like this and he went on as fast as he could. But as soon as he had passed, he felt quite proud that he had seen such strange things.

Next he saw two Ducks in a pond who cried "Quack! quack!" when they saw him.

"What does that mean?" thought the Pig. But he could not find out. "How much I shall have to tell when I get home," he thought.

By this time he had got to the high door.

"This must be the end of the world!" said he, for he could not see through the door.

Then I saw a huge red pig with two horns. There is but one pig of this sort in the world."

"Well, to be sure!" said his mother.

"I should have made friends with him," went on the young Pig, "but he did not look my way. And then, as I had gone all round the world, I came home. Ah! the world is a fine place, you poor old thing!" and he turned up his snout once more.

"I know all that is to be known now," said he. "The farm boy may shut the door when he likes. I am a great Pig now. I know the world."

"Well, to be sure!" said his mother.

Little in-a-Minute

By Jane Arnold

The big, Yellow Sun smiled down upon them and the Singing Brook hummed pretty little tunes for them to listen to.



A Type of the British Nobility now rendering inestimable service to the State

He went on, still by the side of the wall, and met a large Cow, and when he saw her great horns he thought he had best get out of her way as fast as he could. So he made haste and soon found that he was back at the door of his own sty.

"So here you are!" said his mother.

"Here I am!" cried Piggy.

"And what have you seen?"

"Oh! such things! I have been all around the world. I find it is square, and has a wall all around it, lest pigs should fall off. In fact it is like a big sty."

"Well, to be sure!" said his mother.

"And the end of the world," went on the young Pig, "is made of wood, and has two high posts, one on each side, to mark the place. The first thing that I saw in the world was a herd of queer pigs. They had but two legs each, and they were quite white. Then I saw two pigs that could swim. There are but two in the world. Think of that! And they said, 'Quack, quack.'"

"What does that mean?" asked his mother.

"Oh, it is what they say in the world," said the young Pig, with a grand air. "It is no good to tell you what it means, for you have not been there, you know."

They looked almost exactly alike, did these two little boys. Bobby wore a wide-brimmed sun hat with a blue band around it, and Dicky wore a wide brimmed sun hat with a red band around it. Bobby wore a brown linen sailor suit with blue anchors on the collar and Dicky wore a brown linen sailor suit with red anchors on the collar. Bobby had a beautiful toy ship to play with and Dicky had a beautiful ship, too. As for the ships, they looked just exactly alike. Each beautiful toy ship was painted white and green, and each had a big white sail as wide and as pretty as a dove's wing, and each had a strong little rudder, painted red.

Bobby and Dicky had made a make-believe wharf in the Singing Brook of sticks and stones and nice black mud. There, anchored at the wharf, lay the two beautiful toy boats, their white sails flapping and fat with wind. When their strings were loosed from the wharf, the Whispering Wind would carry the two little boats way, way down the Singing Brook to another little make-believe wharf made of sticks and stones and nice black mud that Bobby and Dicky had made farther on.

So the Sun smiled down more broadly and the Singing Brook began a merrier tune than the last one and Bobby and Dicky began to play.

"I am going to load my boat with little green apples, Dicky," said Bobby.

"Perhaps the Old Chipmunk who lives at the foot of the Pine Tree will go aboard and take them off with him."

Bobby began gathering small green apples as fast as he could and putting them on the deck of his little ship, but Dicky sat on the bank of the Singing Brook, doing nothing and only watching.

"When are you going to load your ship, Dicky?" Bobby asked as he put in the last apples.

"In a minute," Dicky answered, but before the minute had come, Bobby's ship, its white sail flying, had started down the Singing Brook to the other wharf. Dicky jumped up then and loosed his boat from its moorings, but it was very far behind Bobby's all the way. The two little boys crept softly through the willow trees that stood along the edge of the Singing Brook. As they came to the other make-believe wharf they saw the Old Chipmunk creep out of his house at the foot of the Pine Tree and go out on the wharf to wait for the little ship to come in. When it came, he unloaded all the cargo of apples and carried them over to his cellar. But when Dicky's ship came in, so late and so empty, the Old Chipmunk did nothing but smell of it. Then he sat on the end of the make-believe wharf in the sunshine and basked and did not even look at Dicky's ship again.

"I have thought of something very nice to do now," said Bobby, as the two little boys carried their ships back again.

"We will play that the flowers are children and we will give them a ride in our ships."

"Yes, we will!" agreed Dicky.

So Bobby picked many little flower children; clovers in pink bonnets and buttercups in wide yellow hats and daisies in gold bonnets with white strings, and he put them carefully aboard his ship. But Dicky only stood by in the grass and watched.

"When are you going to fill your boat with flowers, Dicky?" Bobby asked as he helped the last flower child aboard.

"In a minute," Dicky answered, but just then down the Singing Brook came the Whispering Wind. It filled the little white sails and away sailed the two little ships, the flower children aboard Bobby's fluttering and dancing with the joy of having a boat ride.

All the way down the Singing Brook, pretty passengers joined the flower children on board Bobby's ship. A gold butterfly fluttered down to the deck with his yellow and black wings, kissing the clovers beneath their pink bonnets. A silver dragon fly darted down to the ship with his rainbow-tinted wings to mend the white strings of the daisies' caps which had been torn by the frolicsome Whispering Wind. When Bobby's ship reached the other wharf it looked like an excursion boat but, ah, Dicky's ship was quite empty.

"I know the nicest play of all, now," said Bobby, "we will take our ships back, Dicky, and have a race."

"Oh, that will be nice!" Dicky answered, so the two little boys carried the two ships back and launched them side by side in the Singing Brook.

Down by the Singing Brook Dicky waited to launch his ship once more. The Whispering Wind filled the sails a third time, and away sailed the beautiful little toy ship, so pretty with its green and white paint, and its rudder that was painted red. Dicky ran along beside it, to see how fast it sailed. Faster and faster sailed Dicky's ship. It did not stop when it came to the Pine Tree where the Old Chipmunk was busy in his cellar sorting out his apples. It did not stop when it came to the wading pool where all the flower children stood, keeping cool and fresh and sweet. On and on sailed the little ship for the Whispering Wind was taking it a long, long way off to the place where the Singing Brook loses itself in the River and the River goes on down to the sea.

"Come back! Oh, do come back!" called Dicky to the little ship, but the ship sailed only the faster.

"Please come back!" cried Dicky, as his beautiful ship sailed out of sight.

"In a minute!" the Whispering Wind called back.

But the little ship never came back.

So Dicky went slowly across the field and home to dinner, but when he reached there what do you think had happened?

The fat, white potatoes, the yellow chicken meat and the red cherry dumplings were cold.

The Home Doctor

Chlorosis

This is a peculiar form of anemia which occurs in young women, generally between the ages of fifteen and twenty. If it is found after the age of twenty-five it is a relapse from a former attack. It is characterized by a yellowish green tint of the skin, and from this it receives its name. In any case of anemia where there is a doubt of the diagnosis, an examination of the blood itself will soon settle the question.

The blood of the chlorotic patient will invariably be deficient in hemoglobin, which is the coloring-matter of the red corpuscles and the carrier of oxygen to the system. While in other forms of anemia the red corpuscles may be found greatly decreased in quantity, in chlorosis they will be found in sufficient number, but poor in quality.

As it is the hemoglobin in the blood which enables one to breathe, it follows as a matter of course that any deficiency in it will affect the breathing power, and therefore the supply of necessary oxygen which comes to the system. The chlorotic patient therefore lives in continual bad air wherever she is, and her whole system suffers accordingly.

The whole muscular system of course suffers, because muscular force is in direct ratio to the amount of oxygen taken in. The heart muscle will be weak and irritable, and there will be a sense of breathlessness and probably palpitation following any exertion. As the entire system of muscles is affected, there will naturally be a sense of fatigue and lassitude, with pain at the base of the neck and in the small of the back.

The peculiar color is absent in certain cases, although it may declare itself on the backs of the hands and on the ears or the chest, when it is not noticeable on the face except as an ordinary pallor.

Another system that will usually be found in the sufferer from chlorosis is puffiness of the face and swelling of the ankles. There may also be a persistent dry cough, worse at night, or coming on after long talking.

As to the treatment of this condition, iron in some form or another may be said to be a specific, but must, of course, be regulated by the physician in charge, both as to the form of iron to be taken and the quantity.

There should be careful attention to general hygiene. Plenty of time should be spent in the open air, but fatiguing exercise should not be attempted until the muscles have regained their tone, and common sense should be exercised as to hours of study, diet and sleep.

Anemia

Anemia, from a Greek word meaning "want of blood," is of two kinds, primary and secondary. The primary anemias are so called because as yet medical science has not discovered their direct cause, and until this is done it is necessary to recognize and treat them as diseases in themselves. When the reason for the condition is found out, then the anemia, which is really only a symptom of some disease and not a disease in itself, will be called secondary instead of primary.

The principal forms of primary anemia are chlorosis, pernicious anemia, and leukemia. Chlorosis generally attacks young girls in the early teens. It is not very well understood, but seems to be a condition of poor blood formation rather than of blood destruction. Its treatment is simple, consisting in fresh air, good food and the administration of some form of iron. The results are prompt, and with a little care a perfect state of health may be established.

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Pernicious anemia is another matter. It attacks adults, both men and women, and is almost always fatal. The victims of this form of anemia are often well clothed in flesh and look robust. Furthermore, their symptoms are in many cases mistaken for those of kidney or heart trouble, paralysis, disease of the liver, and so on, until an examination of the blood establishes a diagnosis.

Leukemia means literally, "white blood." In this condition the red blood-

cells are greatly diminished. The course of leukemia is a great deal like that of pernicious anemia, and calls for about the same treatment—complete rest in bed, good air and food, plenty of sunshine, and the administration of some form of arsenic.

Secondary anemia can always be traced to some definite cause, such as rapid loss of blood from a wound, resulting in a condition of so-called acute anemia, the loss from hemorrhages from the lungs in tuberculosis, or the depletion of the blood from poisoning.

The poison in the system resulting from cancer or tuberculosis causes anemia by blood destruction, while wounds or hemorrhages cause it by blood loss.

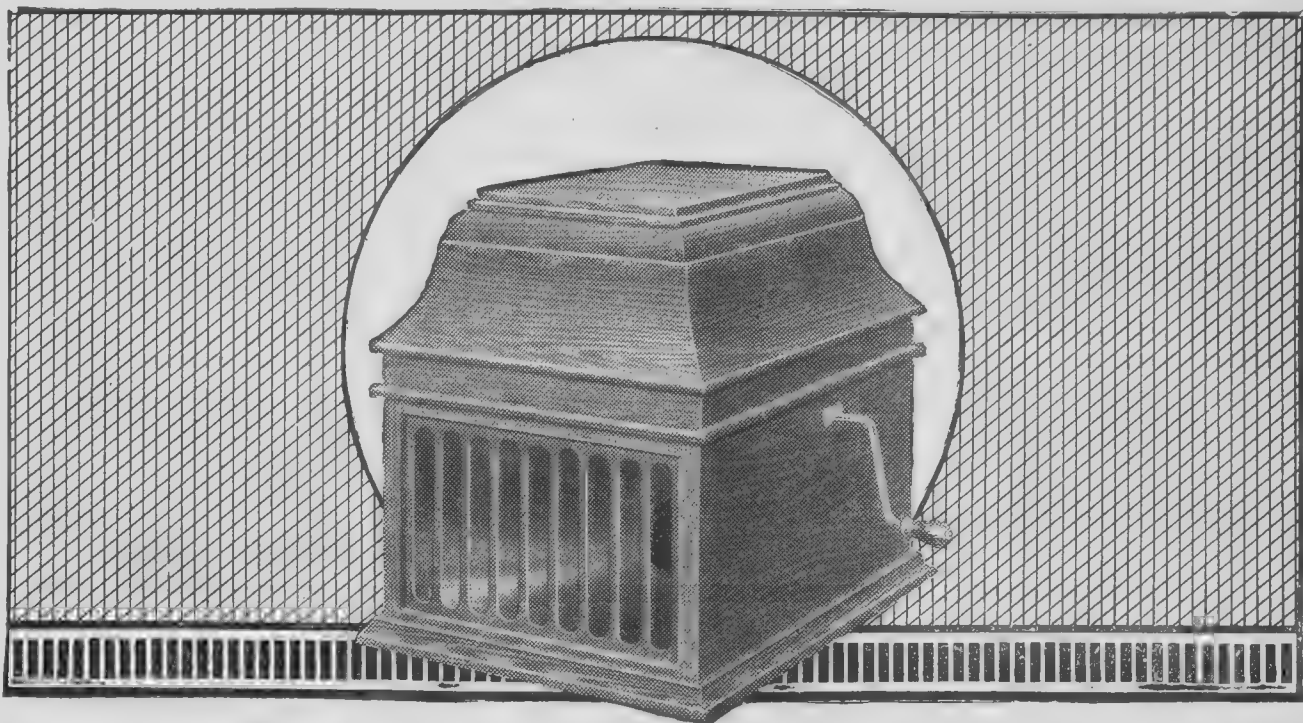
More than half the blood in the body can be lost without death resulting.

When this occurs in a hitherto healthy person, from a severe wound, for example, the system immediately sets to work to bring the blood back to its normal amount, the condition of acute anemia gradually yielding day by day as the body makes up its loss.

There is an anemia of the poor caused by a diet deficient in blood-building materials, or by inferior cooking, such as the habitual frying of meat.

Short Breath

Respiration in health and under normal conditions of rest or moderate exercise is an unconscious act, almost as much so as digestion or the beating of the heart, but it is very easily disturbed, even in health, and in certain



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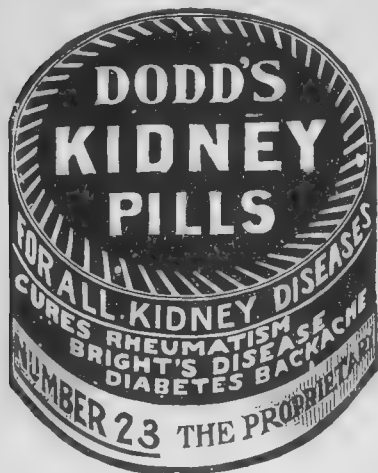
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diseases its disturbance is often one of the most distressing symptoms. The short breath following violent exertion, such as running or hill-climbing, is familiar to every one. It is due to the increased call for oxygenation of the blood and the temporary inability of the heart to pump the blood in sufficient volume through the lungs.

When shortness of breath is brought about by moderate exercise or mental excitement, it is due to some abnormal condition, such as anemia, obesity, a weak heart or indigestion. This tendency is relieved by attention to the weak point, whatever it may be, and a judicious system of exercises—a sort of modified training.

Permanent shortness of breath, or dyspnoea, as it is technically called, is a more serious affair, and is usually due to some actual disease. What the disease is of which this dyspnoea is a symptom can often be discovered only by a careful and thorough medical examination of all the organs of the body.

It is often called asthma, and treated at home by inhaling the fumes of burning niter paper or by some other of the ordinary remedies. But asthma is a distinct disease, although its true nature is not yet definitely determined. It occurs in paroxysms, usually at night, in the intervals of which the breathing is generally easy and quiet. Permanent dyspnoea is another matter, and is an indication of something wrong.

It may be due to a great variety of causes, only a few of which can be mentioned here.

closing of the channels through which the bile escapes from the liver. This obstruction may be due to plugging of the passages by gall-stones, to the presence of a tumor pressing upon the passages, or to inflammation and the resultant swelling of the mucous membrane lining these passages.

The other form, called "toxemic" jaundice, is an accompaniment of certain general diseases, such as malaria or yellow fever, of poisoning by phosphorus and other chemical substances, or of acute atrophy of the liver.

The color of the skin varies, according to the intensity of the jaundice that is according to the amount of coloring-matter circulating in the blood, from a light lemon to a bright saffron hue, or even a dark yellowish green. The eyes are frequently the first to show the yellow color, and in mild cases may be the only parts where the jaundice is visible. The saliva, perspiration, and other secretions are usually stained yellow.

There is generally an increase of perspiration. Itching also is very common, and this, like the perspiration, may be general, or limited to certain parts of the body, and grows worse at night.

Sufferers from jaundice, unless fever is present, usually have a slow pulse. Headache, and sometimes dizziness, is complained of, and the patient is likely to be exceedingly irritable.

There is no treatment for the jaundice itself. An endeavor must be made to discover the cause, and if this can be removed, the skin will speedily resume



The Czar Reviewing his fighters new in Austria

Anemia, or poverty of blood, may give rise to permanent dyspnoea, as well as to shortness of breath on exertion. The symptom is a regular accompaniment of diminished lung capacity, either through consolidation of more or less of the lung tissue in tuberculosis or pneumonia, or through compression of the lungs by an accumulation of fluid or air in the chest.

Anything that interferes with the free action of the heart, such as weakness of the cardiac muscle or disease of the valves of the heart, pressure by fatty deposits, an enlarged liver, or gas in the stomach, will produce shortness of breath.

Short breath in children is commonly the result of obstruction in the air-passages, caused by enlarged tonsils, the presence of glandular tissue in the pharynx, called adenoids, or a swollen condition of the mucous membrane in the larynx.

Persistent shortness of breath is a symptom that should not be neglected.

Jaundice

Jaundice, or icterus, is not a disease, but only a symptom, occurring in the course of other diseases; but it is so striking a symptom, and one so easily recognized, that it is often regarded as a disease in itself, while the underlying condition of which it is a symptom is looked upon as its cause.

It consists in a staining of the skin, the eyes, and indeed all the tissues of the body, with the coloring-matter of the bile, which is not cast out, as it should be, but is taken up by the blood and carried to all parts of the body.

It is produced in one of two ways: by obstruction to the outflow of bile or by the action of some poisonous substance which alters the constitution of the bile. The first form, "obstructive" jaundice, is the result of more or less complete

its natural color, and with this will disappear the itching, the headache and the other symptoms so often associated with the jaundice.

The Source of Bodily Energy

It is maintained by many thinking people, scientists and physicians among them, that the body is not a generator of energy, but rather a storehouse; that force does not come directly from food, but that food simply builds up the physical channel through which energy can manifest. These able writers say that they do not know the real source of energy, but they opine that all energy has a common origin. The body stores energy during sleep. It transmits this energy by action during the waking hours. The prime object of eating, if this be true, is to repair bodily waste but not to give strength. Sleep becomes of more importance than food as regards strength. Perhaps this view is not so far out of accord with what the Hindu Yogis have taught for years: That within the food we take, the water we drink, the trees and flowers we look at, lies a force, an energy, more subtle than the crude manifestation of energy which we can see with the microscope and test by the five senses. If the body is a storehouse of energy, the conservation of energy becomes an important factor in life. It takes energy to digest food and whenever we overeat we waste energy in the attempt of the body to take care of the superfluous material. In relaxation and in sleep the body is recharged with energy. To work while in a state of mental tension for a considerable period of time wastes energy and makes the body so positive that it cannot become recharged. Anger and all depressing or violent emotions have the same effect upon the body. Overindulgence in eating, drinking or anger reduce the stored supply of energy and cut off in degree the restorage of energy.

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There can be no doubt that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the most effective treatment obtainable for every form of piles. 60 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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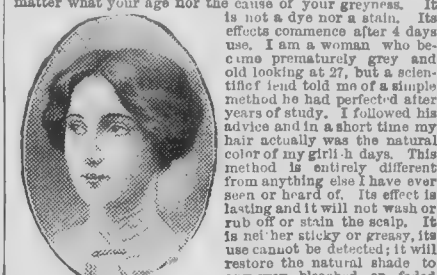
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Let me send you free full information about a harmless liquid that will restore the natural color of your hair, no matter what your age nor the cause of your greyness. It is not a dye nor a stain. Its effects commence after 4 days use. I am a woman who became prematurely grey and old looking at 27, but a scientific friend told me of a simple method he had perfected after years of study. I followed his advice and in a short time my hair actually was the natural color of my girl-h days. This method is entirely different from anything else I have ever seen or heard of. Its effect is lasting and it will not wash or rub off or stain the scalp. It is neither sticky or greasy, its use cannot be detected; it will restore the natural shade to any grey, bleached or faded hair, no matter how many things have failed. It succeeds perfectly with both sexes, and all ages.



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Household Suggestions

Potato Dumplings from Boiled Potatoes—One and three-quarters pounds of boiled potatoes, three-quarters of a cupful of rolled crumbs, one-half cupful of small croutons, one tablespoonful of butter, two eggs, one saltspoonful of grated onion, a dash of pepper, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-quarter cupful of flour. The potatoes may be boiled, peeled and grated when cold, or mashed while hot. When cold mix the potatoes with the rolled crumbs, the eggs, onion, pepper, salt, the melted butter and the flour. Fry the bread cubes in butter until yellow and crisp. Put one or two croutons in the middle of small balls formed of the potato mass, roll the balls in flour and cook steadily in boiling salt water fifteen or twenty minutes in an open kettle. Be-

move bones and gristle, fat and skin from cold cooked meat. Cut meat into half inch cubes and mix with it an equal amount of celery which has been scraped, chilled and cut in small pieces. Add salad dressing to moisten. Arrange on lettuce leaves, garnish with curled celery.

Roast Mutton with Pudding—Wipe a forequarter of mutton with damp towel, rub over with salt, dust with pepper. Put in pan with one cupful of boiling water and place in quick oven. In a few minutes water will have evaporated and bottom of pan will be covered with dripping. Baste with this every ten minutes. Bake fifteen minutes to each pound. For pudding: Beat together four eggs, one pine milk, salt to taste and flour to make a batter that will drop off the spoon.



Belgian Patrol Watching the German Advance

sure the water is boiling when the dumplings are put in, and keep it boiling. As soon as cooked take out the dumplings, drain in a hot place and serve immediately. Try one dumpling first—if it does not retain its shape add more flour.

Salmon Loaf—One-half pound of canned salmon; two tablespoons melted butter, two yolks of eggs, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper, half teaspoon salt, half cup rolled crumbs, one tablespoon lemon juice, two stiffly beaten whites of eggs, one teaspoon chopped parsley. Remove the bones from the salmon. All melted butter, beaten yolks, salt, pepper, lemon juice and parsley to the crumbs. Add mixture to the salmon. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites and steam in a well buttered, crumbed and closely covered mold one hour.

Meat Salad (Chicken or Veal)—Re-

Useful in Camp—Explorers, surveyors, prospectors and hunters will find Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil very useful in camp. When the feet and legs are wet and cold it is well to rub them freely with the Oil and the result will be the prevention of pains in the muscles, and should a cut or contusion, or sprain be sustained, nothing could be better as a dressing or lotion.

Pour under the roast twenty minutes before serving. Caper sauce for mutton: Over one-half teacupful of capers in vinegar, pour one-half pint of boiling water; let boil once. Add butter size of an egg, and stir in one tablespoonful of flour rubbed smooth in a little water.

Grilled Beefsteak—Cut a thick tenderloin steak into pieces about four inches square. Pour a little olive oil over each and let stand a few minutes. Put the meat in a broiler and cook over the hot coals to sear it and keep in the juices. Then place the steak in a baking pan, sprinkle with chopped onion, a sliced green pepper from which the seeds have been removed, a tablespoonful of tomato sauce, the juice of a lemon and a quarter cupful of oil. Cover closely and cook until tender, turning the meat so that it may be thoroughly browned. Remove the meat, add a little water to the sauce in the pan and boil up once. Serve steak on squares of toast and pour the sauce over it.

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Head Noises, and points out the way to regain clear and distinct hearing. Careful drawings of the ear and its complicated passages, made by the best artists, illustrate the book.

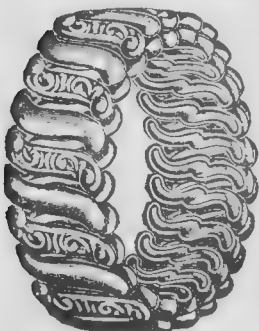
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About the Farm

Quack Grass Eradication

Where a field is badly infested with quack grass it should be ploughed from five to eight inches deep as soon as the hay or grain crop is removed, preferably early in August. All portions of the grass must be turned under. Within a few days the plough should be followed by a disk harrow with the disks set straight the first time over to avoid turning any of the sod. The disking should be repeated once or twice a week for six or eight weeks, and occasionally after that until freezing weather.

The following spring, cultivation should begin early, and be practised every week or ten days until the middle of May, when the field may be planted to silage or fodder corn. Thorough cultivation of the corn should complete the eradication under favorable climatic conditions.

present profit inside four years, hewing out your fortune with good tools, your own well-tempered dairy ideas and your good cows.

A record is an index of the type of animal kept and of the character of her keeper. The individual cow in whom is being fashioned the dairy ideal of the enthusiastic farmer-artist, is worth study. And the man is made a better man by contact with the embodiment of patient unselfishness exemplified in the exquisite types of your profitable cows.

Ration for Calves

With a view to testing the relative values of oat meal and wheat meal as ingredients in a calf meal, the department in 1912 commenced a series of calf-feeding



On Hallowe'en Night

Short crop rotations are useful in keeping quack grass under control, and when arranged so as to provide an opportunity to attack the quack grass at the right time, they permit eradication of the weed without losing the use of the land. —Andrew Boss.

Don't Forget the Milk Record

Dairy records constitute a valuable "first aid" to injured farmers whose dairy vigor has been dissipated in handling unprofitable cows, says the "Smallholder," (Eng.) Your time is too valuable to waste on poor cows.

Record means less work on the farm, because your selected cows are labor-saving machines.

Good cows make money, poor cows waste it; they also waste feed and stable room, time and temper. Get the dairy dollars now lost in handling poor cows, by selecting good cows. You can make double your income and eight times the

experiments, details of which are given below.

This experiment was conducted at fifteen centres with two even lots of sixty calves, whose average was seven and a half weeks. The experiment lasted 117 days.

The meal mixtures fed to the two lots were as follows:—Lot 1—1 part round flax seed, 2 parts maize meal, 2 parts oat meal. Lot 2—1 part ground flax seed, 2 parts maize meal, 2 parts wheat meal. The total and average gains in live weight made by each lot of calves were as follows:

Lot 1. Oat meal mixture: 60 calves; total increase, 11,202 lbs.; average increase, 186 lbs.; average daily increase, 1.59 lbs.

Lot 2. Wheat meal mixture: 60 calves; total increase, 10,984 lbs.; average increase, 183 lbs.; average daily increase, 1.57 lbs.

The cost of production (concentrated foods and milk only) was:—

Lot 1.—Oat meal mixture, \$3.75 per cwt. (112 lbs.) live weight.

Lot 2.—Wheat meal mixture, \$3.70 per cwt. (112 lbs.) live weight.

It is concluded that two meal mixtures are of practically equal value at the prices mentioned, but the department do not consider it advisable to modify their recommendations as to the use of the oat meal mixture until the results of further tests are available.

Humus Is a Necessity

The soil must have an adequate supply of vegetable matter in the form of humus to grow good crops, and it is most important that the farmer recognize this fact, else the application of available plant food in the form of expensive fertilizers will not give him the results which he expects, to say nothing of releasing sufficient plant food by thorough tillage to grow maximum crops. An abundant supply of humus in the soil aids in the natural drainage of fine-grained soils, and holds the moisture in more open-coarse-grained soils, giving it up as needed for the fertility in the soil and also for the work of the beneficial soil bacteria which aid in making available the fertility stored in the soil in an unavailable form.

For these reasons, the most important thing for the average farmer to determine with regard to his soil is whether it is in a good mechanical condition, and if it is not to put it in that condition. Vegetable matter may be added to it in the form of stable manure, which will at the same time add available plant food for the growing of crops. As much manure should therefore be made as possible, and every ounce of this valuable agent in maintaining soil fertility should be carefully saved and applied to the soil as soon as practicable after it is made. But this will not supply the vegetable matter needed by the soil on the average farm. The crop rotation must be adapted to this end by making it reasonably short and providing for the ploughing clover as frequently as possible, and if the clover cannot be grown for this purpose then some crop should be used for green manure until it can be grown. The legumes are of course, best for this purpose, but even a non-leguminous crop will prove beneficial in the supplying of needed humus to a soil that has become so depleted in this necessary substance as to make the clover crop a frequent failure.

Vice in Horses

Lecturing in Glasgow Veterinary College, Professor J. R. McCall dealt with "Animal Vices," and expressed the opinion that inherent vice was extremely rare in horses, while in nearly every instance vicious animals were the product of mismanagement and ignorance on the part of those who were in charge of them. The horse was a most intelligent creature, and possessed great powers of discrimination. He trusted those who treated him with consideration, but he also remembered the harsh word and the hasty lash. If repeatedly overloaded or subjected to the torture of a cruel whip and a heavy hand, was it to be wondered at that he developed into a "jibber" and absolutely refused to start? This, in his opinion, indicated the horse's intelligence, although jibbing was generally considered a vice. Some horses would jib at starting if held tightly and not allowed to start quickly. That he attributed to nervousness and want of self-confidence. If such an animal were allowed to "get quickly off the mark," in many instances he speedily forgot the habit. True, he might rush the hills at too fast a pace, but when he found he was not checked, and was able to negotiate them safely, he soon settled down, and ere long learned life's lesson and took things more quietly. Crib-biting and wind-sucking were habits largely begotten of idleness and weariness, and were prevalent in army stables and in studs kept for show purposes. Idleness was as bad for a horse as for its master. To while away the time the animal caught the

Miller's Worm Powders are a pleasant medicine for worm-infested children, and they will take it without objection. When directions are followed it will not injure the most delicate child, as there is nothing of an injurious nature in its composition. They will speedily rid a child of worms and restore the health of the little sufferers whose vitality has become impaired by the attacks of these internal pests.

edge of the manger with his incisor teeth, and powerfully contracting the muscles of the throat and neck was able to swallow air. This sooner or later led to gastric and intestinal derangement, attacks of colic, and malnutrition. He had known a six months old foal develop the vice when standing in a loose-box preparatory to show. He was emphatically of opinion that the habit was "infectious" or communicable to other horses, hence it was unwise to keep such an animal in close company. Many devices had been adopted to cure the habit, such as perforated bits, neck straps, and other ingenious contrivances, but they were of little avail. Regular work and plenty of it or turning the horse out to grass would probably mitigate the tendency to indulge in the habit, but on resumption of enforced idleness it invariably returned. Shying, another so-called vice, was frequently due to defective eyesight, and had been productive of many serious accidents. Some horses shied from freshness and high spirits, but in such cases the remedy was simple. Bolting was another dangerous pastime indulged in by some horses, and while it might be called a vice it was usually acquired in the first instance as the result of an accident or fright. It was remarkable that bolting was not more common, for practically any horse was able to overpower the ordinary driver if he so desired.

Pigs and Profits

The price of pork still keeps on a high level, and there are, as yet, but few indications of a severe adverse turn. We should not, however, advise small farmers to "keep all their eggs in one basket." Their sties should be filled to their fullest capacity, but they must consider carefully what the trend of the markets is likely to be before they launch out extensively into building and breeding, especially if capital is short, and all feeding stuff has to be bought.

Every pig keeper who can possibly do so should keep a strictly accurate account of each pig (or set of pigs) that passes through the sties, setting down its breed, color, cost when bought, weight at various times, amount of food consumed in all, weight of food eaten during special periods, place and time of selling, price per pound of meat when sold, as well as any special circumstances affecting the health, growth or condition of the animals during the time they remain in the feeder's possession.

This information is most valuable to the man who wishes his pigs to help keep him. In a moment he can find out what breeds or cross-breeds suit his district or his markets best, he can compare the result of feeding with one particular meal with that obtained from a different diet, and can also estimate the effect, as shown first in the weight, and secondly in the quality of pork produced.

It is often stated, as a kind of general guide, that it takes 5 lbs. of meal to produce 1 lb. of saleable pork, but generalities do not always fit in with the careful feeder's actual experience.

The tests, when the food is weighed, and the animals are also weighed, reveal the fact that some pigs, especially when old and heavy, do not increase according to this proportion; while others, younger and better bred, will need much less.

In one test 115 lbs. of meal fed with 90 lbs. of separated milk, a total of 205 lbs. weight of meal and milk consumed, gave a carcass weight increase of 56 lbs., that is 1 lb. of pork for rather less than 4 lbs. of meal and milk.

It is not suggested that every farrow or batch of pigs would give this return, but it is evident that if a pig keeper wishes to increase his profits, or discover where the leakage is if he is losing money, he must not be content simply to trot round with his bucket at stated times, but must weigh, weigh, weigh.—"Small-holder."

Pills for Nervous Troubles.—The stomach is the centre of the nervous system, and when the stomach suspends healthy action the result is manifest in disturbances of the nerves. If allowed to persist, nervous debility, a dangerous ailment, may ensue. The first consideration is to restore the stomach to proper action, and there is no readier remedy for this than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Thousands can attest the virtue of these pills in curing nervous disorders.

Anthrax

This fatal disease is due to the presence of a microbe in the blood—the bacillus anthracis—which gains entrance through a wound, with food or drink, into the lungs in the action of breathing, or by biting insects. It is marked by stiffness, costiveness, rise of temperature, and trembling in the limb. Death usually takes place within 48 hours, and the rapidity with which putrefaction occurs is very marked.

Though a good measure of success has been obtained by a vaccine in the prevention of the disease, the main efforts must be directed towards the destruction of infected animals. These should be immediately isolated in a small paddock, in which they can be buried or burned. If buried, the carcass should be covered with a strong solution of chloride of lime, and

the surface soil from the spot where it died sprinkled with the same solution, and shovelled into the grave with it.

Where the animal is found dead, if necessary to remove it, a sledge should be used, and the carcass never dragged over the ground. The place where it died, the sledge, and tools should be disinfected in the same way. Where wood is plentiful, and it can be done without danger of grass fires, all carcasses, earth, etc., should be burned thoroughly.

On no account should carcasses be buried in ground likely to be cultivated. Instances have been reported where plough horses, after an interval of some years, have contracted anthrax from infected soil.

If this disease is suspected, the chief veterinary officer of the Department of Agriculture should be notified, and steps taken to diagnose

It is safest to obtain a veterinary surgeon in suspicious cases, and work under his directions.

It is very contagious to human beings, and the soil, especially when rich and moist, is a great factor in preserving and propagating the microbe.

Fall Ploughing and Soil Fertility

Ploughing early in the fall liberates more plant food for the spring crop and conserves more moisture than does spring ploughing. By loosening the surface soil, thus allowing the air to penetrate, the soil particles which contain phosphorus, potassium, and lime are caused to oxidize, which sets free these elements for the plant. Fall ploughing has a tendency to let the rains percolate into the soil better which tends to dissolve and break up the complex soil compounds for the use of the spring crop.

Bacteria, which are found in the soil in countless numbers, generally work better where oxygen from the air is readily available, and these in turn break up the organic matter of the soil into simpler compounds, liberating nitrates or nitrogen food for the plant. This is one of the most essential elements for the early growth of the plant. It is often noticed that spring ploughing will not cause crops to lodge so badly as fall ploughing. This is explained by nitrogen being set free to a larger extent in the loose, porous, fall ploughed than in the more compact soil.

By opening up the soil the fall rains percolate much more rapidly into the soil, while there is a mulch formed on the surface which tends to prevent the water from the subsoil going directly to the surface and being evaporated. Early fall ploughing makes a reservoir of the subsoil, storing the water for the crop in the spring. Often where the ground is a little rolling, the water will run off.

The thought that sustains a book is but a small part of the book; a thought is common property; but the words belong to the writer, and he cannot be dispossessed of his verbal beauty any more than a sculptor and painter can be robbed of their surfaces.—George Moore.



The unsightly back yard has given place to beauty that has a money earning side

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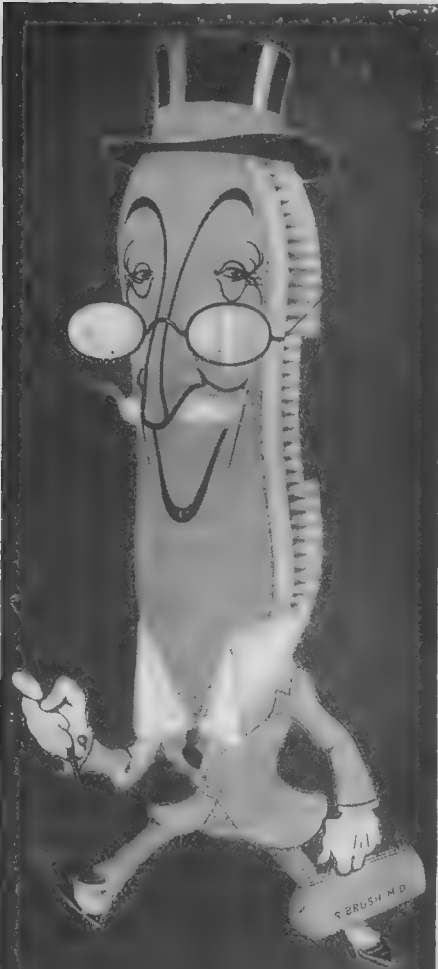
Is he prospering? Are you doing your part towards helping him to prosper?

Remember that unless he prospers you yourself will suffer.

Whatever he makes or sells, see that you buy it from him, rather than from someone else—to the end that he may be able to buy what you yourself make or sell, to the end that you create prosperity for him and for yourself.

Every Canadian is your next door neighbor—every Canadian needs your help now just as you need the help of every Canadian—every impulse of patriotism and every ounce of reason urge you to buy only Canadian-made goods—If you will resolve to do so and consistently carry out the resolve every Canadian workman will be employed, Canadian merchants will prosper, you yourself reap the benefits of "good times." — Remember —

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Fashions and Patterns

1075—Ladies' Costume, with or without Tunic.—Brown checked woolen and brown serge are here combined. This model shows the latest expression of the new styles. The basque is semi fitted, with dart seams to the shoulder. The flat broad collar may be omitted, and also the tunic. The style is especially good for cloth, silk or velvet, or a combination of these materials. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the lower edge. Pattern 10c.

1070-1067—Composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern 1070, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern, 1067.—As here shown blue serge was

lan" style. The coat is provided with a lining. A rolling collar finishes the neck edge. The coat closes at the centre front. This model is one of the latest words in wraps. It is especially designed for comfort, its lines are graceful, and if made of heavy woolen fabric it will make a fine serviceable winter wrap. In silk, velvet and evening materials it is serviceable also for dressy wear. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. Pattern 10c.

1065—Ladies' Kimono, with Vest.—Silk crepe in blue and green tones was



used, with trimming of faille silk in Roman stripes. The waist has raglan sleeves, and may be finished in wrist or short length. The girle may be omitted. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 5 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size for the entire dress. Two separate patterns, 10c. each.

1072—A Comfortable and Pretty Dress for Mother's Girl.—Striped woolen in brown tones was used for this model, with tan woolen for trimming. The dress may be finished with long or short sleeves. The pattern provides a lining. This style is good for gingham, galatea, chambrey, serge, voile, panama, cashmere or silk. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years, and requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material for a 12-year size. Pattern, 10c.

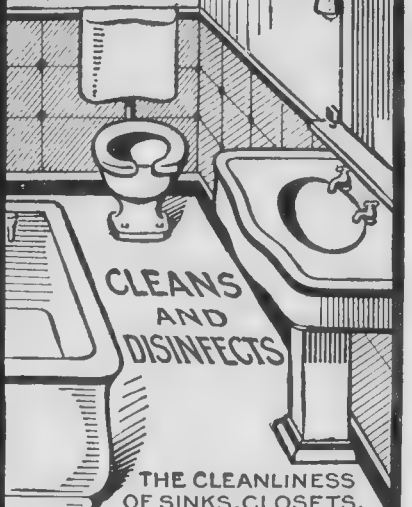
1039—Ladies' Cape Coat.—Brown broad cloth was used for this model. It is cut with full cape sleeve sections, joined to the back and front in "rag-

used for this model, with blue charmeuse for trimming. It has a deep shawl collar, that outlines a vest over the fronts. The sleeve has a shaped cuff. The belt and sash may be omitted. The model is good for cashmere, voile, lawn, dimity, batiste or flannel. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. Pattern 10c.

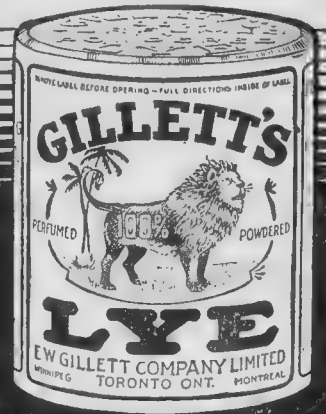
1074—Girl's Dress, with Long or Short Sleeve.—White dimity, with dainty embroidery or lace trimming would make this a pretty party dress. It is also good for lawn, nainsook, batiste, and for gingham, chambrey, cashmere, serge, galatea or seersucker. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size. Pattern 10c.

1068—Girl's Apron.—This model is easy to make, and is most desirable. It completely covers the dress, and may serve as a little play dress or "pin-afore." The pattern is cut in 5 sizes. 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch material for a 6-year size. Pattern 10c.

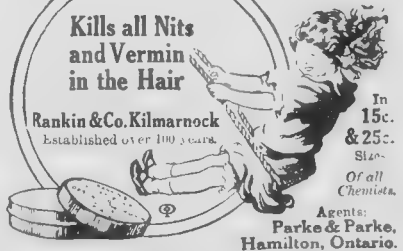
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1053—Girl's Dress with Long or Short Sleeve.—This popular style has raglan sleeve, portions combined with a yoke, to which the back is joined. The front of the waist is shaped at the closing. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with a band cuff, or in short length with a turn back cuff. The skirt is plaited under the belt. The design is good for serge, cashmere, velvet, corduroy, galatea, linen, gingham, chambrey or percale. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 10 year size. Pattern 10c.

1052.—Ladies' House or Home Dress. Blue chambrey with trimming of blue and white checked ginghams is here shown. The waist is shaped at the closing in front, and finished with a round rolling collar. The sleeve in wrist length has a band cuff. In short length it is

The neck is finished in square outline, with a neat shaped collar. The sleeve in wrist length is close fitting. The short sleeve has a pointed cuff. A shaped belt covers the joining of waist and tunic. The pattern is good for velvet, corduroy, silk, charmeuse, crepe, broadcloth, voile or cashmere. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 17 year size. Pattern

1073—Ladies' Basque, with or without Sash Drapery.—This attractive style was effectively developed in brown charmeuse, with fancy buttons and stitching for trimming. The basque is fitted with shoulder, under-arm and dart seams. The front extension is gathered at the side, and meets a sash drapery that may be omitted. The sleeve, a one-piece model, may be in wrist or short length, finished with a neat cuff. The pattern



finished with a facing. The skirt has a lap tuck at the front and back, and is joined to the waist under the belt. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 2 yards at its lower edge. Pattern 10c.

1057—Boy's Suit with Trousers.—This style makes a splendid coat or jacket suit for the small boy. It may be of velvet, vorduroy, serge, cheviot, flannel, galatea, gingham, kindergarten cloth, drill or linen. The trousers are cut in regulation style. The blouse is made with overlapping fronts and a broad or small collar, as preferred. The pattern, cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years, requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 4 year size. Pattern 10c.

1058—Costume for Misses and Small Women.—Brown serge in a new shade was used for this model, with facings of green satin on collar, sleeve and belt. The dress is made with regulation waist-line, and has a long tunic, the front of which is cut in one with a vest portion, to which the waist fronts are joined.

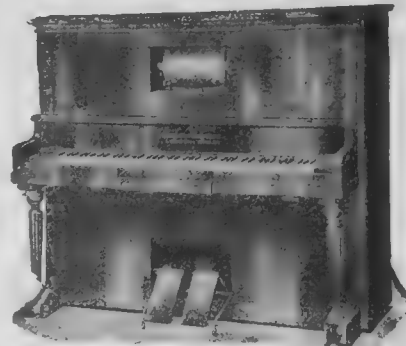
is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material for a 36-inch size. Pattern 10c.

1064-1071—A Splendid Combination for Travelling, Shopping or General Wear.—Cape wraps are a new and popular style feature. The model here shown combines a waist coat, that may be omitted. Pattern 1064 supplies the cape wrap. It is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt is made from pattern 1071, and is cut in five sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for cape and skirt, for a medium size, with $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards for the waist coat of 27-inch material. Two patterns, 10c each pattern.

1061—Ladies' Dressing or House Sack.—This dainty model may be finished with long or short sleeves. It is suitable for lawn, percale, or dimity, for cashmere, crepe, silk, flannel or flannel-ette. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. Pattern 10c.

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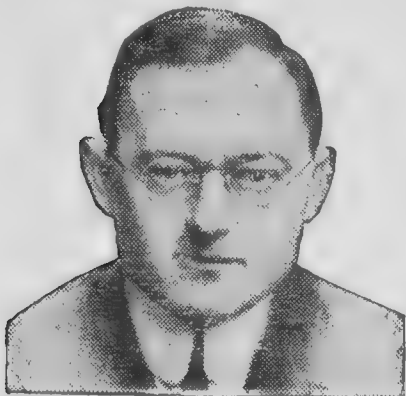
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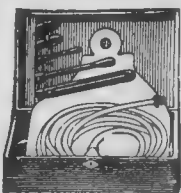
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1060—Child's Dress.—Dimity, lawn, crossbar muslin, nainsook, batiste, mull, or silk may be used for this style. It is also good for gingham, henrietta, albatross or flannelette. The sleeve is in raglan style, affording comfort and ease to the arm and shoulder. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2 and 4 years. It requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material for a 4 year size. Pattern 10c.

1059-1062—A Stylish Tunic Effect—Combinations of cloth and velvet will be very popular this season. As here shown checked woollen in brown and tan and velvet in a pretty shade of brown are combined. The yoke tunic is new and stylish, and becoming. The waist is cut with a yoke and raglan sleeve combined. The sleeve may be in wrist or short length. The waist pattern 1059 is cut in 6 sizes:—34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure.



The skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 8¾ yards of 40-inch material for a medium size. Two patterns, 10c. each pattern.

1063—Girl's Coat, with or without Cape portions.—Blue cheviot was used for this model. It is also good for serge, broad cloth, novelty cloakings, velvet, corduroy or ziblene. The fronts are lapped over the centre. The sleeve is a two piece model. The cape may be omitted. A neat cuff and rolling collar finish this trim style. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material for a 10 year size. Pattern, 10c.

1078—Girl's Dress.—Brown serge, combined with plaid woollen is here shown. The model would be equally effective in blue velvet, with cashmere for blouse and tunic. The style is smart and becoming. The skirt is a three piece model, and is joined to an underwaist, over which the blouse is worn. The tunic is attached to the waist under the

belt, but it may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material for a 10 year size. Pattern 10c.

9856—Ladies' House or Home Dress.—Serge, cashmere, linen, galatea, seersucker lawn, gingham, chambray, or linene are all appropriate for this attractive model. The closing is at the left side of front. The lines are simple, and the design is easy to develop. The sleeve may be furnished with a simple band cuff, or as illustrated with the prettily shaped cuff. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 6¼ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. Pattern 10c.

1079—Costume for Misses and Young Women.—This attractive model holds

several new style features. The yoke tunic is especially popular. The waist fronts are cut low to outline the chemisette. A jaunty revers collar finishes the neck edge. The sleeve is attractive in wrist length, with its deep cuff, and is also pretty with the neat shaped cuff, in short length. The design is good for cashmere, velvet, velveteen, combinations of woollen, cloth and silk and velvet. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 5½ yards of 44-inch material for a 16 year size. Pattern 10c.

1054—Ladies' Apron.—Checked gingham, striped seersucker, figured percale, lawn, drill or mohair may be used for this style. The front is made in panel shape below the belt, widen out over the belt and joining a back portion which is attached to the skirt by a belt. Ample pockets are a good point of this model, which affords splendid protection for the dress beneath. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. Pattern 10c.

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Attractive Embroideries

Our readers will find the embroideries illustrated in this column have been selected so as to give a variety of articles suitable for Christmas or holiday gifts, as it is none too early to commence to prepare these. No matter how one plans ahead early in the season to have Christmas gifts ready long before they are needed, it is seldom indeed that the holiday season finds us ready, and the articles shown on this page may be effectively brought out by even amateur workers, as the designs are simple yet effective.

The den or library set, consisting of cushion and scarf with an effective design tinted on Russian crash will appeal to many of our readers. If one wishes to work this very simply, outline stitch only need be used, but it might be embroidered in part solid stitch if one



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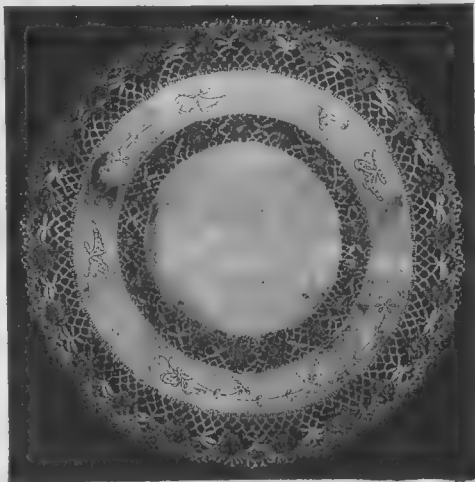
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prefers to do so. This set would make a very attractive addition to the furnishing of any room.

There is always a demand for a luncheon cloth or centerpiece suitable to use on a polished table and the handsome cloth pictured comes already made up from white linen and heavy cluny lace, and only requires a simple design embroidered in a combination of

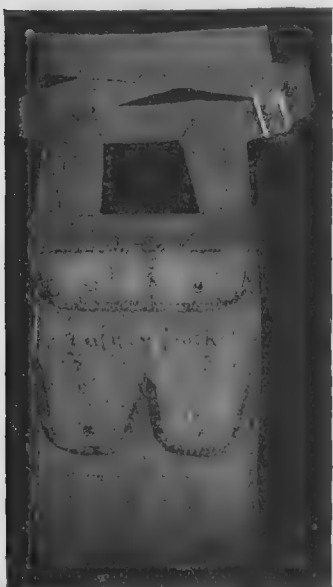
eyelet and satin stitch to complete a very handsome cloth, the embroidering of which would only take a few hours.

There is always a demand for pretty work bags, and a dainty one is shown here, the pretty design for tapestry embroidery (which only requires straight stitches taken the full length of the stamped lines in the various colorings matching the tinting), is on cream linen and the bag is eyeleted for the lacing cords, which are supplied together with the threads to embroider, and the bag only requires to be sewn around after the embroidery is done.

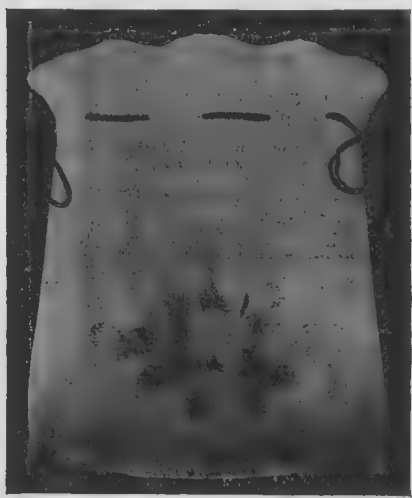


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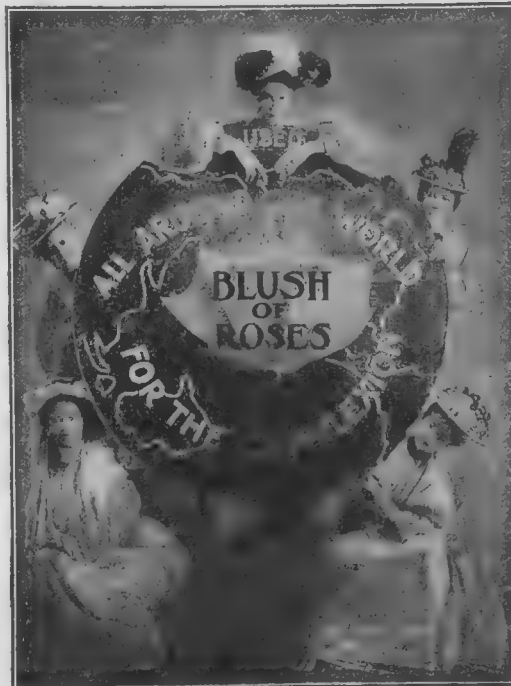
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Books gone to the dogs? Not at all! They have gone to the people.—James Milne.

A Few Points About the Hands and Hair

When the nails are fragile a little wax and alum rubbed upon them will strengthen them. If brittle a little almond oil or cold cream will be found beneficial.

White spots upon the finger-nails are caused by the bruising of the carium under the nail. To remove these spots use a mixture of refined pitch and a little myrrh upon them at night, wiping it off the next morning with olive oil.

When about to manicure the hands dip the fingers into warm soapy water and hold them there for a minute or two in order to soften the nails and the scarf skin about them.

The scarf skin should be gently pushed back from the nails before they are polished. It should never, unless absolutely necessary, be cut with the scissors.

Aganails, improperly called hangnails, may be prevented by proper attention to the scarf skin which surrounds the nails.

For manicuring only a pair of curved nail scissors, a nail-file, an orange stick, a chamois polisher, a bottle of vaseline and a box of rose salve or nail powder are necessary.

Before clipping the hair it is a good plan to braid it loosely, and then, taking the braid in the fingers, lightly rub the hairs the wrong way. Then it may be seen if any of the ends are split; if they are they should be clipped off.

The only virtue in going by the new moon when clipping the hair is that it tends to regularity.

If after the most scrupulous care the hair shows any signs of dandruff or any other disorder, a scientific skin specialist should be consulted.

Nothing will benefit the condition of a scalp which is prone to dandruff more than systematic massage, which starts

and keeps in order the circulation and sets the wheels of nutrition running.

Singeing the hair is based on the fallacy that the hair is a hollow tube and "bleeds" when it is cut. All I can say is that the merest tyro in the study of the hair knows that it is a solid shaft and contains no fluid which could exude when it is cut. In spite of assertions to the contrary, the hair does not grow more rapidly when it is singed.

At night the hair should be loosely braided and allowed to hang.

Boys

A recent visit in two homes, in both of which the boys were not the least important members of the household, produced distinctly different impressions. In the first home the boys were attractive; in the second they were almost repellent. The breeding in the one was as evident as the lack of it in the other. Each was a home of wealth, in both the boys were sturdy and physically attractive specimens of American boyhood, but the contrast in other ways was painful.

The essential difference was not to be found in the boys, but in the homes. Had either family by chance been reared in the other home the conditions would doubtless have been reversed, and the assertive, thoughtless, ill-mannered ones would have then become the attractive, well-bred and well-behaved little fellows who had added much to the pleasure of the guest.

And not the least of the sources of uneasiness in the second home was the too evident desire of the mother that her boys should not forget their "company manners." In the first home there plainly were no "company manners" at all. The life was the daily life of the household. The boys were at ease because their manners fitted them, like their clothes. They were not the unusual but the usual, and had not been donned, like their best suits, because visitors had come. The pleasure of the visit was not destroyed by pity for the sensitive (if not sensible) mother, nor by resentment at the all too manifest lack of training in her boys.

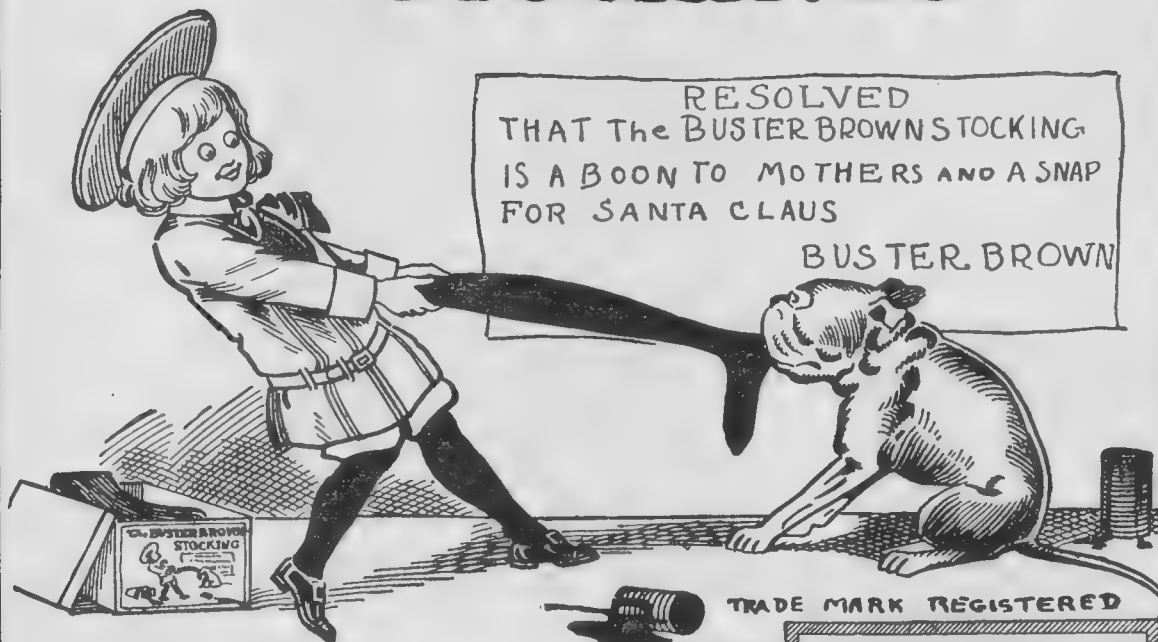
No "Good-Morning" for the Boys.

If a boy does not learn to be courteous in his own home, it will be difficult for him to learn afterward or elsewhere. In the second home, to which reference has been made, the visitor noticed that the lads had no morning greeting for him; but this did not surprise him when he discovered that there was no "good-morning" for the boys themselves from any of the members of the family. One of the boys, it is true, held a chair at the breakfast table for one of the women guests, but his awkwardness disclosed the fact that he was not in the habit of performing the act for sister or mother. Evidently, ordinary politeness was not deemed necessary for those who really were nearest and dearest. It was for those outside the family. Later, those boys will be sent to college and be taught logic and various ologies to develop their ability to think; but it will be too late then for them to understand that considerateness and thoughtfulness are far more important than the intellectual and the logical; or if not too late, they will learn as a mature man learns to speak a foreign language, only with such defects that even his knowledge is discounted.

"I told a cabman in Paris to take me to the bourse," said an American who recently had returned from abroad. "He couldn't understand me in my pronunciation, and I had to call in another man to help me. Yet after my man understood where I wanted to go, and he had pronounced the word 'bourse' for me, I couldn't see the slightest difference between his pronunciation and mine. But the difference was there just the same," he added, with a laugh.

And the difference between the men whose later lives may be similar, but whose early home training was different. "is there," too, though they may not be able to explain or define. That boy's keenest mortification will come not from his mistakes in the more important matters of his life, but from the smaller, though no less essential, defects in his early training.

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Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. Kindly note we cannot send any correspondents the names and addresses of the writers of the letters published. Persons wishing to correspond with others should send letters in stamped, plain envelopes under cover to the Correspondence Department and they will immediately be forwarded to the right parties.

Living on a Homestead

Alberta, August, 1914.

Dear Editor: I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for the past two years. I enjoy reading the different opinions expressed in your columns. My attention was first drawn to "Homesteads for Women," by "Engineer" of August issue. I live on a homestead with my parents in southern Alberta and enjoy it very much, but I do not approve of unmarried women homesteading; expenses are heavy if you intend making a home of it. It is also too rough a life for a girl if she is going to keep in the law and do the duties a man has to perform. When the men find it lonesome do you think the girls can stand it better, "Engineer"? Dear Editor, if you will allow a few more lines I would like to ask "Sunset Bill" of August issue who asks "What is Love?" to explain himself a little fuller. He speaks of love at school (chums), love of a sweet girl (fancy). Do you mean that is Love? My address is with the Editor.

Just a Girl.

The Bachelor's Cat.

Nova Scotia, Sept. 2nd, 1914.

Dear Editor and Readers: As I am a reader of The Western Home Monthly and not seeing many letters from so far East, I decided to write a short letter for my first. I enjoy reading very much and the short stories and letters are very interesting sometimes. But by the time the work is all done on a farm there is not much time left for reading. Can do mostly anything when it is necessary, in the barn, field, or in the house, and think it doesn't hurt any girl to learn these things; she may never have to do some of them, but then she will know how if she has to. I have never been in the West, but long to go, if only to see some of the places I hear so much about. I have a number of relatives and friends in different parts of the West and by corresponding with them, hear a lot of news about each place. Everybody is talking war now, and it is getting very bad indeed. What a dreadful thing for men to have such work to do. If all could only live in peace and brotherly love how much better it would be. Like all the other girl writers, I pity the young men who try to work, farm and house. But a strong will and stout heart will win in the end and some day it will be a happy home with a woman's hands to keep things in place, where once was only a little hut just big enough for one man, and a cat, or do bachelors keep cats?—perhaps it is just old maids who entertain them.

Would like to correspond with some of the Western lads or lassies. My address is with the Editor.

Handy Sue.

A Small Village

Saskatchewan, Sept. 3rd, 1914.

Dear Editor: This is my first attempt at writing to you, and I wonder if I will see my letter in print. I do love reading The Western Home Monthly. I am not a subscriber myself, but my sister takes it, and I am always anxious to see it.

I live in a little western village, and there are only seven houses in town, besides two general stores, a hardware

store, pool room, hotel and post office, so you see it gets pretty lonely sometimes. I wonder if anybody would write to me? I am only seventeen and a half, and I am very fond of reading, music, and riding.

I guess I will have to quit now, or I will be taking up too much room. My address is with the Editor; do write, somebody, please. I remain, yours sincerely,

Flapper.

Many Fine Pictures

Manitoba, Sept. 8th, 1914.

Dear Editor: As I have just finished reading the September issue, I thought I would join the happy crowd. I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for several years, and enjoy reading the correspondence column. I think The Western Home Monthly is a splendid book, and is a good paper for the bachelors to take. It has good stories in it and many fine pictures. I agree with "Yankee Billy" on the sport question. I am very fond of skating, especially with girls. "Broncho Girlie" looks at the right side of the suffragettes. I am sure a number of the women would make better use of their votes than some men would. The women would not sell their vote for a drink of whisky or some cigars. It is hardly fair the way the police use the militants in England, but they should not destroy buildings the way they are doing. I pity the liquor question if the women ever get votes. The letter that "A City Boarder" writes on liquor is quite right; it is one of the worst curses there is. There is to be an election in our town on local option this fall. I am sorry that I can't vote, as I am not old enough. I will leave my address with the editor and will answer any letters if anyone wishes to write to me. Thanking the editor for the valuable space in his paper, I remain,

Buffalo Bill

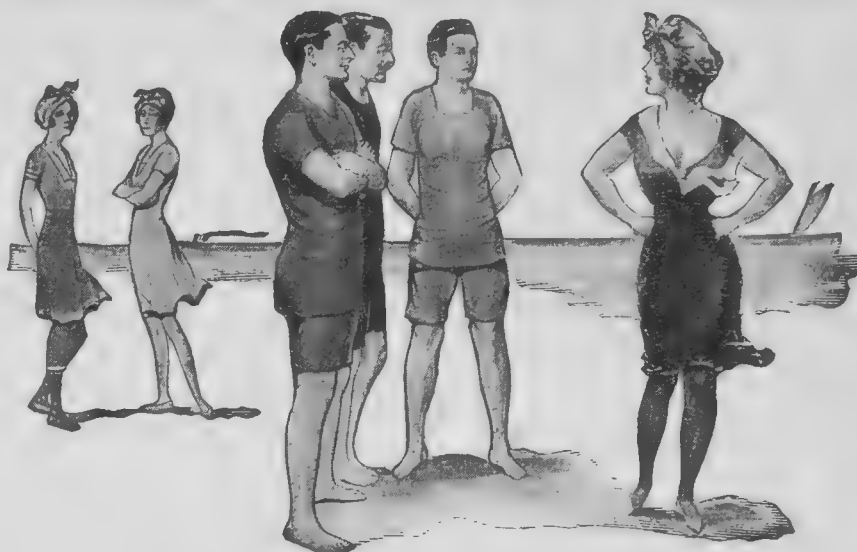
From "Eastern Girlie"

Mattawa, Ont., Sept. 6, 1914.

Dear Editor: For some time I have been a reader of your valuable magazine and find it very interesting and instructive as well. It appears to be a great Bachelor paper in which they may appear "lonely," (?) "oppressed," (?) but that is only from their point of view (perhaps?) I am just an every day Eastern Girlie and can boast of no charming or fascinating attractions, but would pass all right in a crowd. I would enjoy a few letters from some of those "shy" (!) or lonely Westerners if they will write first and I assure you I would do all in my power to write good instructive letters containing a few "tried" and "tested" recipes for good cakes, etc., which I am confident would cheer them greatly (?) I am a lover of out-of-door sports, both summer and winter amusements. I do not blame girls for rejecting a man who only takes "one glass," that leads to "just one more" and so on. Then what is there left for her? Nothing, save the knowledge that she has instead of a noble, loving man—a drunkard; one that cares more for the saloon than his wife and home and as the old proverb says "When poverty comes in by the door, love flies out through the window," and little wonder, for we cannot realize what loneliness she must endure perhaps ten miles from any neighbor. Dear Editor, I trust you will not think me ungracious for intruding and occupying so much of your valuable time, but earnestly hope that your temper will not give out till this letter has succeeded in occupying a space in The Western Home Monthly. Now Western boys do not think me a real old preacher, but some of you write me stating to what extent my knowledge of western life proves correct (?) I will answer all correspondence with pleasure. I notice in the August number of The Western Home Monthly "Sunset Bill" has seen a great many girls but not one has captured his heart. Do not despair. I am sure you will yet

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And they tell how THEIR LOOKS IMPROVED ALSO. They seem specially grateful to CERTONE for that. It is remarkable what an improvement comes in your looks by putting on a few pounds of good solid flesh, getting rich blood, better complexion, brightened eyes and the pleasing glow of good health. August Jackson wrote: "CERTONE has done wonders. When I look in the mirror I hardly know myself. I look at least ten years younger." A. T. Young wrote: "My cheeks which were getting hollow have again filled out." Mary Hebine wrote: "I am 64 years old. The wrinkles in my face and the small hollows in my cheeks have nearly disappeared by six days' use of CERTONE." Maude Brickell wrote: "Since taking CERTONE I have gained so much in health and looks that all my friends want to know what I have taken." Laura McLane wrote: "CERTONE has done me all the good and you can't imagine how many compliments have been given me."

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R. A. WAUGH

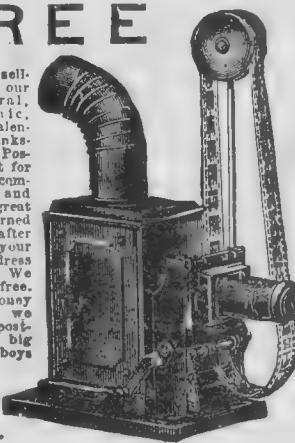
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succeed. "Only Me" states that it would be a wise move to ship some Eastern old maids West but I fear that might meet with opposition. "It's easier said than done." We are quite content with our lot, "Only Me" (?)

Please send name.—Ed.

A Dangerous Job.

Skookum Chuck, B. C., Sept. 17, 1914.

Dear Editor and Readers: I have been a subscriber to your paper for some years so I think I will join the crowd in the Correspondence page. I am a donkey engineer in the logging camps of B. C. It is a very good paying trade as I make from \$75 to \$90 per month and board. It is a rather dangerous job as one has to work on steep side hills and gulches with the engine snubbed to stumps to keep it from sliding and upsetting, and many a time when moving it breaks a line and coasts down hill or turns over, while the engineer is getting out of the way to save his hide. But all this will be over after October as I have bought a farm and I am going to try my hand at batching, although I don't think I will be hard to please after eating Chink's cooking in the camps. I am of the same opinion as "W. A. B." in the July number that a farmer is more independent than the tradesman. "Thistle" certainly gives a good idea of the future suffragist. I agree with "Thistle" that women should have a right to vote as well as the men, as they have just as much interest in the laws of the country as the men. I think that the wife should have her say as to whether her husband sells the home or not if she worked and saved to get it. Here in B. C. a man can sell the farm and stock and all without the wife knowing anything about it. If ever I have a wife she will have a joint interest in the place so she will have her say and "vote." I am a teetotaler myself so will help the women close the curse of men (the saloons) when they get the vote. I would like to hear from some of the girls on the liquor question and also hints to a bachelor as to cooking so I won't poison myself. Hoping to get some letters I will give my farm address as I will be farming by the time this gets in print. I will sign myself,

Votes For Women.

Please send name.—Ed.

Higher Ideals

Ceylon, Sask., Aug. 1, 1914.

Dear Editor—After looking over The Western Home Monthly for July I decided to write a few lines. We are having a very good summer here this year; the crops are looking fine, and if there is no hail there will be a good many happy farmers this year. In looking over the letters in the July number, I was struck by the truth and character of Northonia's letter, and think we should all have a day to balance our books and look up our unnecessary failings and correct them. I notice a lot of the writers give their views of the opposite sex, and I must say that one of the qualifications I like in a young lady is given on the page of Temperance Talk under the title of "Making Good." If there were more girls in the West like that one, there would be more young men making good. I have travelled several thousand miles, and I always notice that the quiet and industrious fellows are without companions, and the wild and fast fellows have one or two girls on their arms, and making lots of noise, and when it comes to getting married he selects a good, sensible wife and laugh at the rest. Now, girls, that may be pretty straight talk, but before you pass judgment please stop and consider, and ask yourself if you are careful who you associate with. As for Woman Suffrage, I hope women get the vote in the West, for I think if they do they will abolish the bar, which is a curse to the nation. During the four years I have been in the West I have seen more men go to ruin over drink than in any other way, and I have seen a good many unhappy homes that were caused by drink. If women will vote down the liquor traffic, I say, with all my heart, I will work for woman suffrage. Well, as it is getting late and my letter is getting long, I must close. With best wishes, yours for higher ideals.

A Saskatchewan Batch.

Which is the Greatest Trouble?

Victoria, B.C., August 21, 1914.

Dear Editor: But perhaps I should begin by saying "Dear Peshishuk" (however unpronounceable the name is) as it really was his letter which fired me with enthusiasm to write to defend the charming girls who do not happen to live in Manitoba, but I will give the Editor the benefit of the doubt. It was decidedly mean of "P." to put charming Manitoba girls, thereby exempting the charming British Columbia girls. So good-bye, step uncle. Wasn't "Sunset Bill's" letter interesting? I suppose there is a good deal of truth about falling in love with love as you say, "S. B." As to whether marriage is a failure, who can say for,

Everybody has their cares and trouble. Whether they go it single or double; The single person's greatest trouble Is when and where they can get double.

Mother always says that those who are not married sometimes think they are missing a lot, while those who are, know they are not. I am anxiously awaiting the replies to "Kitty's" question as to which kind of a woman would make the best wife; lazy and affectionate or tidy and cranky. If I were a man I believe I would prefer a happy medium, but that is dodging the question. When you get the receipt for lasting love, will you please send it to me, "K."? The September number has just arrived and it reminded me of the letter I started. Wishing The Western Home Monthly the success it deserves I will sign myself by the name that our postman calls me when he has a nice letter. Sweet Alice.

(You "ken" dear Editor, that someone said that a woman could not write a letter without a P. S.? Well here it is.)

P. S.—I enjoy the stories in this magazine very much. It is an ideal paper. Good luck to everybody including "P." for I do not hold spite long.

To Aura Lee

Wheat City, Alta., Aug., 1914.

Oh, Aura Lee, you sound strange to me. Don't you know you should not jest, And make sport of the boys who strive so hard

For a home in the Golden West. We almost all were Eastern boys, And left an Eastern home Because it seemed so crowded there, Not because we wished to roam.

But when we saw the prairie, The glorious Western plain, It looked so good to us, we vowed Never to go East again; And so we all took homesteads and Worked with might and main To get the virgin soil in shape To grow the golden grain.

Though at night we are often tired From working among the seed, We always take an hour just to smoke and read.

The W.H.M. magazine looks very good to me; And while reading it one eve I saw your letter, Aura Lee.

You seem to think that Teetotaler is a very funny one Just because he writes to Eastern girls to have a little fun. No doubt, like me, he is lonesome, and his letters make you stare. But please don't take him seriously, for it's mostly all hot air.

And please don't think the girls are scarce out in the Golden West. They are not. Teetotaler was just handing out a jest.

I sometimes think that he must be a very funny man, For the girls in the West, like the girls in the East, Will marry when they can.

And now I hope you will understand the letter that he wrote.

And when you read another one just treat it as a joke, And don't you get excited and make an awful fuss,

For I am very sure the Western girls Are good enough for us.

G. O. K.

The Summer Complaint of Infants

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There are many preparations on the market to-day, claiming to make the same cures as "Dr. Fowler's" but these no-name, no-reputation, so called strawberry compounds are nothing more or less than rank imitations, and are liable to be a detriment to your health.

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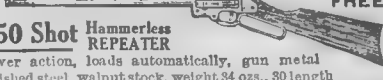
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Woman's Influence.

Saskatoon, June 26th, 1914.

Dear Editor:—On reading the correspondence page of the W. H. M. for June I am pleased to notice a greater variety in the subject and style of the letters. Too often the letters are all too much of the same type.

Now "Dido" on the one hand, after a jab at "petticoat government" (of course he would die an old bachelor rather than submit to it), proceeds to express himself in verse, while "Machinist" of Kamsack, who surely possesses a practical mind, desires to correspond on gasoline engines.

I should like to echo a remark of "Canadian Frank" in appreciation of Dr. Gordon's page, "The Young Man and His Problem." Although I am not a very young man, being on the wrong side of thirty. I must confess I always read the doctor's pithy and pointed paragraphs, even before I turn to the correspondence columns, and never fail to find them both interesting and inspiring.

Now, by way of introduction, I may say I am a bachelor farmer, who would like a few correspondents, for although I believe I can stand loneliness as well as anybody, I like company best, and I also like a good fat mail.

I am fond of reading, although work doesn't permit of much of that during the summer months; take a little interest in photography, dance a little, play cards a little, but do not drink, gamble, smoke and chew. I notice that the woman suffrage question is still under discussion, and I hold that every woman should demand and should have a vote. Women, although of course they are not perfect, do in the main exercise an elevating and purifying influence wherever they congregate with men, and they should be willing to, and should be allowed to, exercise their influence in public affairs. People who are opposed to woman suffrage invariably

raise the objection that women would have to give a little time to politics if given the vote. They would read the papers, go to political meetings and go to vote on polling day, and that in doing so they would neglect their homes.

Surely these people would not argue that women never read, and if they do would they or their homes be worse off if they threw away their ten cent novels in favor of the political news in the daily and weekly papers; also they could profitably drop an occasional social engagement to attend a political meeting and further, I think that politics would gain and not lose in dignity if men and women went to the polling booth together. Very often we hear women, and the very best of women too, say that they do not want the vote, possibly because they feel that men may be trusted to do what is fair for women, but this attitude is wrong. The help of women is needed in politics and any woman who is conscious of her ability to give a sensible opinion upon public affairs, and whose convictions are on the side of morality, sobriety and for the uplifting of the race should insist that her opinions should not be of no avail when questions come to be settled by the vote, but that their views should be allowed to find expression at the polls. As regards the militant suffragettes of Britain I certainly do not defend their methods, and very possibly if they could have realized at the commencement of the militant campaign to what lengths their tactics would eventually lead them they would never have adopted the course they have done. But nevertheless the fact remains that they have advanced the question in Great Britain to the position that sooner or later women are bound to get the vote. Now I am afraid, Mr. Editor, that I have said so much about woman suffrage that I shall have to bring this to a close, or find my letter closed out for want of space. Just one more word,

however. I notice some writers descant upon the loneliness of country life, but after all is country life so lonely as it is made out to be? Personally, I feel less lonely (and I have lived most of my life in cities) right out on the prairie, with a few friends within visiting distance than I do amongst a host of people with whom I am scarcely on speaking terms. And this is the case with many city people.

Yours sincerely,

Jerry.

Please send name.—Ed.

To the Front Again.

Toronto, Ont., Sept. 23, 1914.

Dear Editor,—

Anyone who bothered reading my first letter to you will think, I fear, that I am rather sarcastic, so I am trying to make myself believe that no person notices it. However, there is some satisfaction in seeing one's first letter in print, and I wish to thank you. The Western Home Monthly becomes more interesting every time, and I hope to see it coming to our house regularly before long.

This summer I spent six weeks in the country, and although heretofore my favorite place of abode had been the city I must say that country life has never appealed to me so strongly. Perhaps my ideas are peculiar, but I think there is something about the woods, the winding creeks, broad fields, and last, but not least, the fresh air, which makes a person feel happy and mighty independent. I do not think a farmer is any more independent than any person else earning a living. True, he is his own boss, but if he does not attend to business properly he will soon be anything but independent. Who does not agree?

Are bachelor homesteaders really very lonesome? I wish I could find out just to satisfy my curiosity. It seems to me if three or four or even two half lively

chaps were together they could have heaps of fun. Of course, some districts are sure to be quieter than others, but just look what I read recently. "Manitoba Pearl" has three brothers in the West, and she says they just laugh when they read letters of pity and sympathy (meant for their benefit). They are very ungrateful young men indeed, for the writers of such letters were probably led to believe that Western homesteaders are most unfortunate creatures. I almost thought so myself when I read a letter from "Engineer." One phrase in his letter made me feel quite sad, in fact, viz., "the lonesome drag of homesteading." My heartfelt sympathy "Engineer."

Your letter was good, "Sunset Bill." May I ask you a question or two? Do you honestly believe that love, in the true sense of the word, is nothing more than a "sweet and passing fancy?" You say your experience has taught you so, and I am presumptuous enough to say that, in that case, you have still to meet the "right one." Let us hope that love is more substantial and lasting than a passing fancy. If it is not, how do you account for people enjoying years of happy married life? Had you not asked to hear from those who do not quite agree with you, I should not have made these remarks.

"Peshishik," I enjoyed your letter very much. It was a change. Could you not tell us some more about your travels between the G.T.P. and Arctic Circle? I like fun all right, but cannot claim to be a "charming Manitoba girl." Ontario is every bit as good, however.

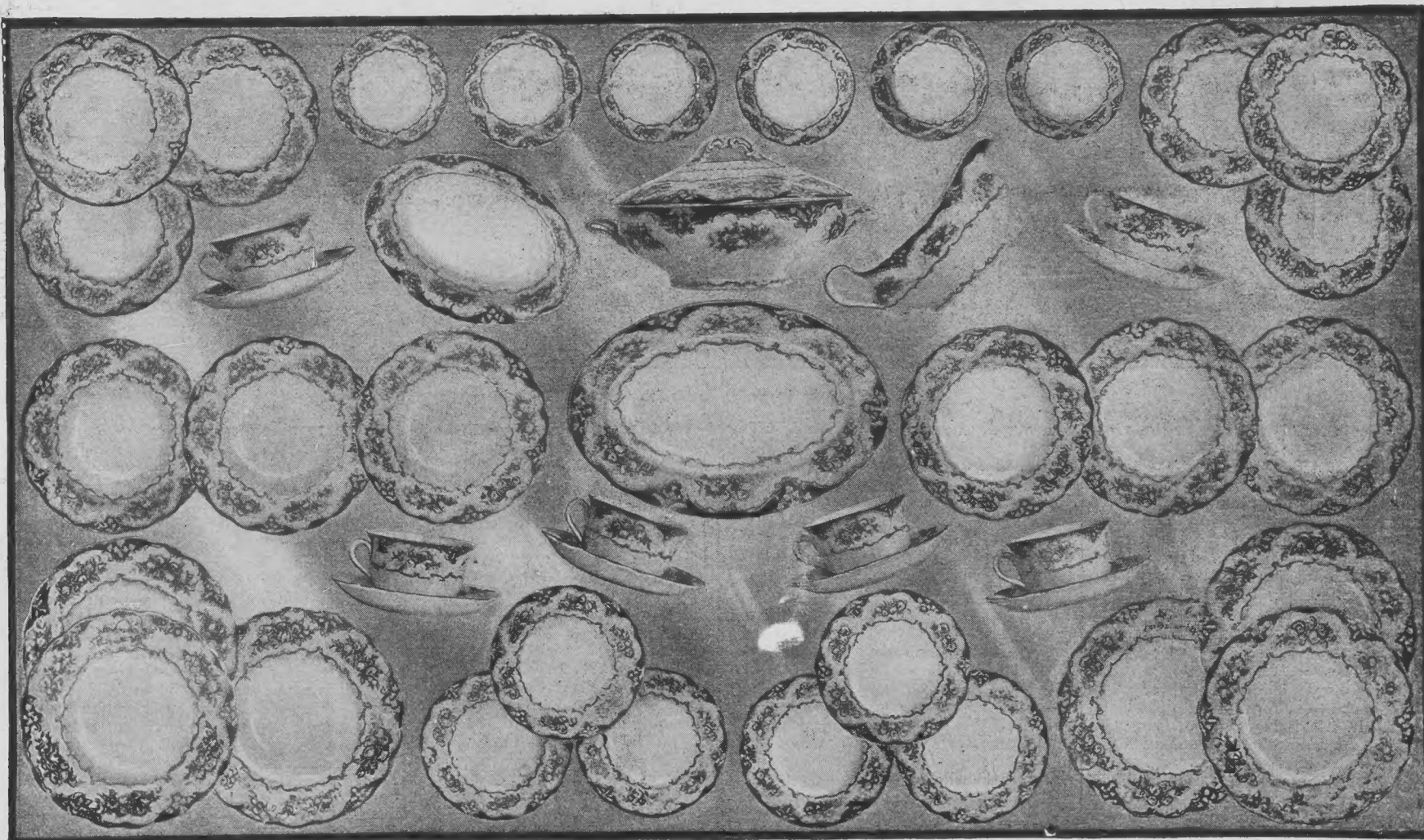
If I do not soon stop, my first letter will be my last, so

Auf wiedersehen

Aura Lee.

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The above illustration only begins to do justice to this handsome combination Dinner and Tea Set, which we have decided to give away Free to our readers.

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Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada

Woman and the Home

Let the Child Make His Own Decisions

Encourage the boys and girls to make their own decisions in such matters as their pleasures, their outdoor pursuits, the choice of their clothes. Make them feel due responsibility in the preparation of their studies. Nothing of all this is incompatible with parents and children being on terms of intimate friendliness. The mother or father should always be ready to be consulted, to aid in reaching a conclusion—but first let the child work the problem out on his or her own lines and then refer to the parent for approval or disapproval of the solution, but not for assistance in finding the solution itself.

Such drill as this and such custom of ruling one's life and one's self is of good stead in the inevitable battles of life that the most loving parents cannot ward off from their children.

"You weren't terribly lonely and blue because I was away?" I persisted.

"Why, of course not," she laughed. "I missed you, and it is lovely to have you now, but I wasn't unhappy just because I was alone."

"A wave of thankfulness rose in my heart," said my friend. "I had struggled hard to teach my girl self-reliance and I had won for my daughter what I had had to learn for myself through bitter fights—the ability to get along by herself."

The Too-Dependent Child Must Suffer.

A lesson well worth while for any man or woman! The woman who has been child-like dependent upon her parents, wretched when they were away, the prey to agonizing homesickness when forced to leave them for a day, has sorrow and loneliness ahead of her when she is obliged to rely upon herself. Being a woman, she may sit in her own room

judgments, to stand for their own individualities, to rely upon their own powers, need not in the process have refused tenderness and confidence, encouragement and faith. But they have supplied their children with a fund of strength which will abide when the parents have passed beyond and left the younger generation to draw upon its own resources.

Said a mother to me the other day, "I do not wish my children to depend upon me so much that when I die after they are grown they will be heartbroken and feel that their lives are blasted. I hope they will always remember me and love me and feel that my life is a dear memory and an influence for good—but no more than that."

Courage was her portion, and courage of a high sort is required to enable parents to take this point of view. To appreciate that since the children must live their own lives they should be trained to do this, to be independent growths, not parasites—here is a task which makes a demand upon the reserve forces of fathers and mothers, blots out selfishness and incites to high endeavor. How many parents are equal to the charge?

my brain could be kept unaffected by any of the tempting errors of the age, and my heart centered in the adoring love of God, all would be well with me in perpetuity. He was still convinced that by intensely directing my thoughts he could compel them to flow in a certain channel, since he had not begun to learn the lesson, so mournful for saintly men of his complexion, 'that virtue would not be virtue, could it be given by one fellow-creature to another.'

I was docile, I was plausible, I was anything but combative: if my father could have been persuaded to let me alone, if he could merely have been willing to leave my subterfuges and my explanations unanalyzed all would have been well. But he refused to see any difference in temperament between a lad of twenty and a sage of sixty. He had no vital sympathy for youth, which in itself had no charm for him. He had no compassion for the weaknesses of immaturity."

Families, happily, are no longer divided by such keen religious differences as that of Gosse and his father, but similar clashes are occurring every day all around us, whenever a father of limited intelligence and positive temper attempts to "form" a son of greater power and



Fruit Trees Flowering in British Columbia

Not only of the strength to meet temptations to evil do I think when I reflect upon the necessity for children learning to get along without their parents. One great consideration which moves me is the thought of the heart-sickening loneliness they will be spared if early in life they are taught to take it for granted that they must rely upon themselves. I recall the testimony of a friend upon this subject—a friend who had all her life suffered from the effects of having during her girlhood been "tied to her mother's apron string."

"When my eldest daughter was thirteen she went for a visit to the home of an old friend in the country. Her father and I were called out of town unexpectedly at the time fixed for her return, and by a series of misunderstandings there was no one at home to welcome her when she came back. A comparatively new maid was the only person in the house. I returned the next morning full of sympathy for my lonely child."

"Were you very unhappy when you came home last night and found no one here?" I asked.

"Not a bit," she said. "Of course I was a little grouchy at leaving Aunt Jenny's, for I had a beautiful time, but that was all."

and eat her heart out in solitude. The boy who has been similarly reared has equal pain, equal eagerness to get away from it. He also has that which she lacks, the opportunity to escape the hurt, to go on the street, to seek companions of any sort—good, if they are at hand; if not, anything he can find to help him forget his heart hunger.

"It is the exacting parents who are loved," said some one to me once when I commented upon the fact that the children of a certain self-sacrificing mother seemed to get along about as well after her death as before. "Yes," she went on in reply to my exclamation of surprise. "I have often remarked it. Notice the mothers who make door mats of themselves for their children and never let them do anything for themselves, and you will see those mothers are not the most cherished or considered. But if you will observe those who keep their children up to the mark, who demand a high standard, you will find they are the mothers who make the deepest impression and wield the strongest influence."

The "Door-Mat" Mother is Not the Most Loved.

There is a good deal in this. The parents who have taught their sons and daughters to arrive at independent

When the Boy is the Better Man of the Two

The mistake of the hard-and-fast fathers is in accepting themselves as the normal standard of all that is right and desirable and proceeding on that complacent assumption to trim or stretch their boys to conformity with the model. And when the boy is the better man of the two the worst of it is that he will conform or tend to conform, outwardly and only too readily with whatever model is set before him. He may be rebellious at heart but is unable to express himself, and therefore is forced to surrender at discretion to save any peace of his life. Later when he comes to himself he may rebel and escape; or the habit of conformity may be so strong that he will be crushed under it and spend his life in vain regrets; in either case the mistake will have yielded a full measure of tragedy in several lives.

We have a pathetic record of such a clash of temperaments in Edmund Gosse's "Father and Son"—a book which, if I could, I would put into the hands of every father. The elder Gosse was a man of the profoundest religious convictions and these convictions colored his whole life. "My father then believed," writes the son, "that if

more perception. We no longer fight about religion, but we do fight about money and questions of money."

Women need to learn to ignore petty and narrow perfections, to get the effect without the detail, to save the force some women expend on morbid scrubbing and scouring and apply it in bringing entertainment and enlightenment, and good, old-fashioned fun into the household. Most good women are too conscientious, and I have known "earnest" women to drive people to drink.

I despise bad housekeeping, and so many "bright" women are bad housekeepers. They think they are great enough to live above unwashed dishes and untidy rooms. I hope never to attain this pinnacle of greatness, but I do wish my sisters would abolish standards of painful excellence with their consequent worry and nagging for an unvarying standard of cheerfulness and humorous treatment of daily mistakes and bits of "bad luck" that one might quite as well laugh as cry over.

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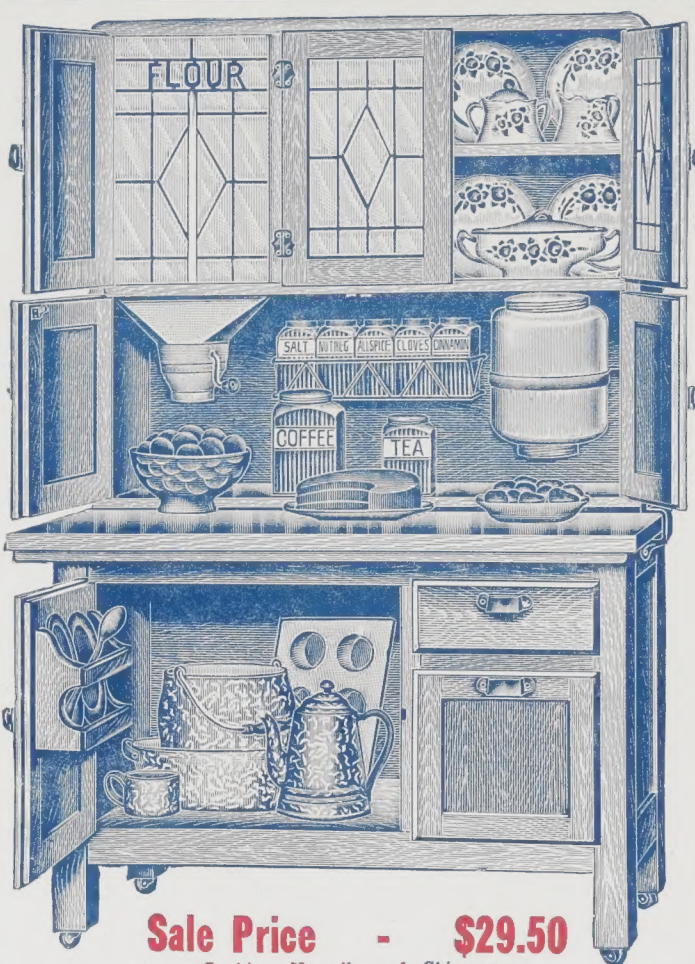
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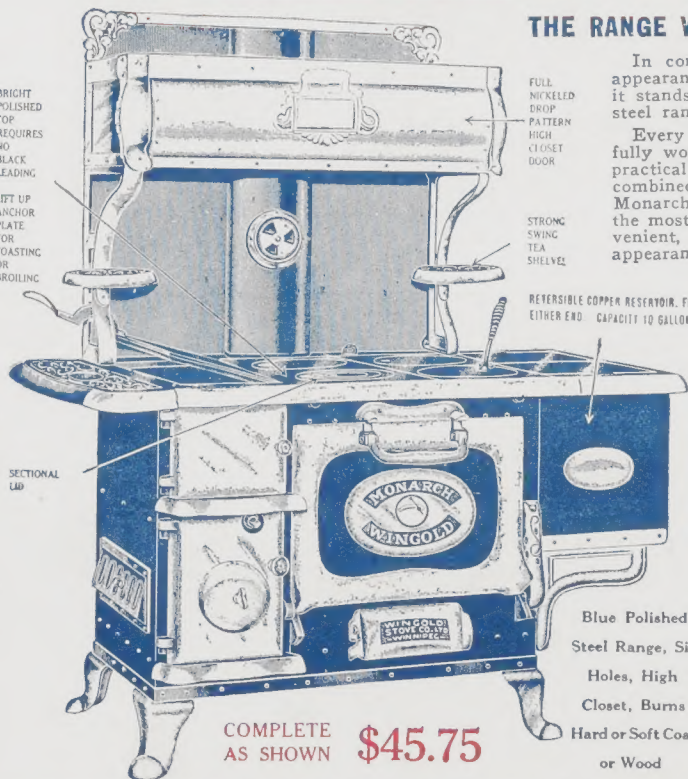
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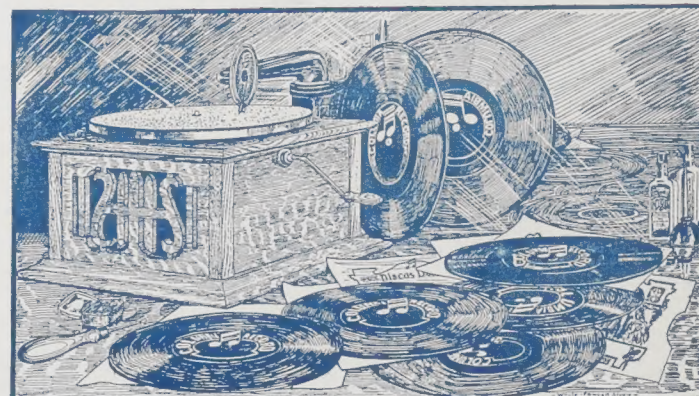
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